

Chatelaine

Ten Cents

DECEMBER, 1935



Nellie McClung, Madeline Murray, Ruth Hume

Strike that COLD at the *source* before it gets serious!



Gargle Listerine to attack cold germs in mouth and throat

AFTER any long exposure to cold or wet weather, gargle Listerine when you get home. Medical records show that late-season football games, particularly, take their toll in health. Heavy chest colds often follow a day in the open. The prompt use of Listerine as a gargle when you reach home is a precautionary measure which may spare you such a serious complication.

Listerine, by killing millions of disease germs in the mouth and throat, keeps them under control at a time when they should be controlled—*when resistance is low*.

Careful tests made in 1931, '32 and '34 show that those who used Listerine twice a day or oftener caught fewer colds than those who did not use it. Moreover, when Listerine users did contract colds, they were milder and of shorter duration than those of non-users.

At the first symptom of a cold or sore throat, gargle full strength Listerine. If no improvement is shown, repeat the gargle in two hours. While an ordinary sore throat may yield quickly, a cold calls for more frequent gargling.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy at home and in the office and use it systematically. Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Canada) Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

LISTERINE for Colds and Sore Throat

TO USERS OF TOOTH POWDER

Your druggist has a new, quick-cleansing, gentle-acting, entirely soapless tooth powder worthy of the Listerine name.

Listerine TOOTH POWDER

Regular Size 25¢

Double Size 40¢



COLONIAL Sheets

and
PILLOW
SLIPS



"COLONIAL SHERCOTT"—Very fine quality for those who like smooth textured sheets.

Canada's finest since 1846, Colonial Sheets and Pillow Slips have the look, the feel, the heft of quality. They are substantial, smooth textured, perfectly white and absolutely free from artificial weighting — tests show they stand over 50 trips to the laundry without sign of wear. You will like Colonial Sheets and Pillow Slips. You will like the way they "dress" your beds. Made from long fibred cotton tightly spun into fine count yarns, by skilled operators—many of whom are the third generation of their family to work in our mills. Sold throughout the Dominion.

A Product of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY Limited
... Makers of the famous COLONIAL Towels ...



COLONIAL—Excellent value in long-wearing well made sheets.

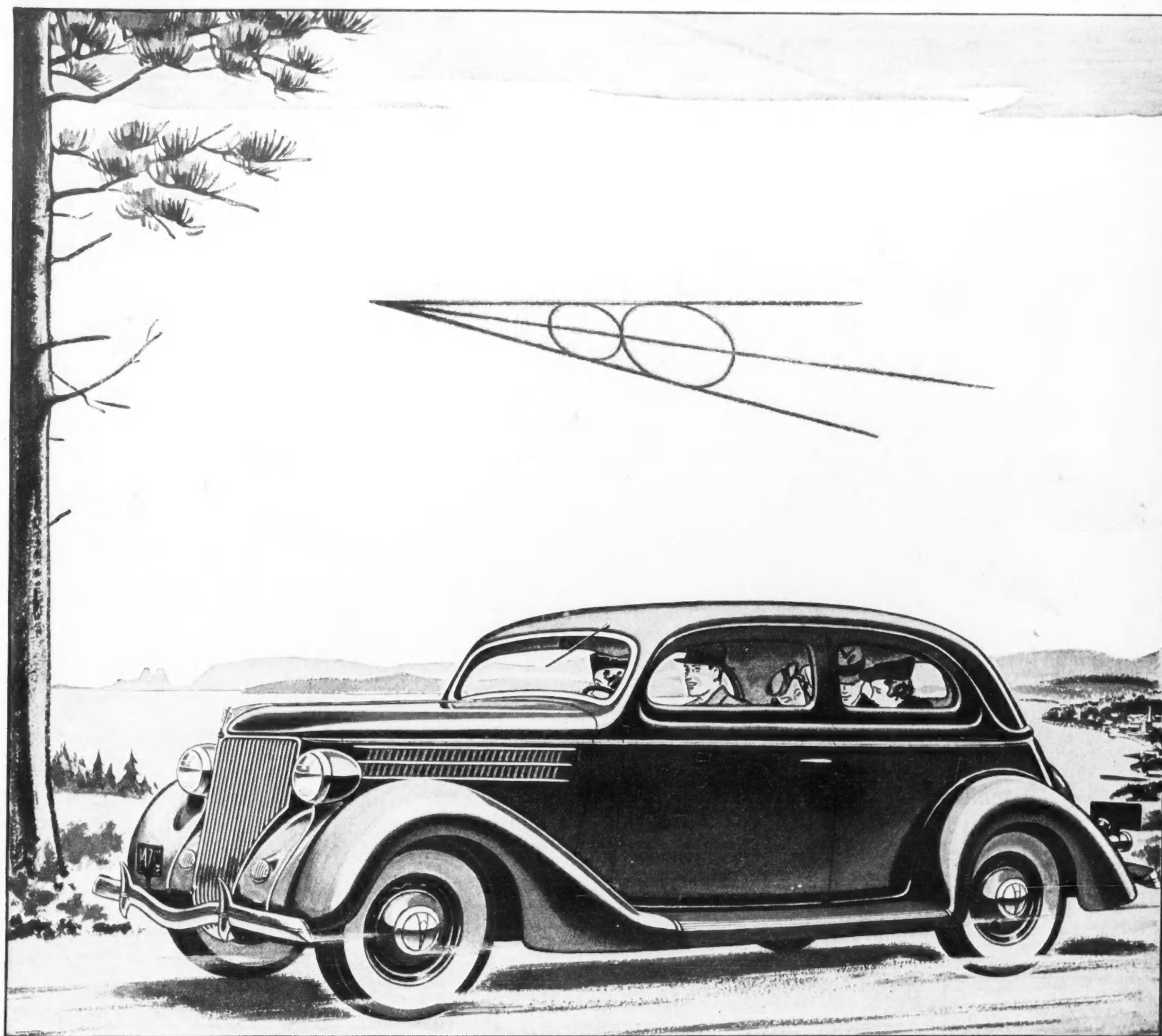


COLONIAL PERCALE — De Luxe quality sheets for those who insist on nothing but the best.



COLONIAL SUPER-WEAR — A durable sheet at a popular price.





THE NEW FORD V-8 FOR 1936

Distinguished new beauty of line has been combined with the outstanding comfort, safety and performance that have put the Ford V-8 in a class by itself. The car that led all others in 1935 has been made still better for the new year. It has been proved by the past and improved for the future. . . . The New Ford V-8 thus provides every modern feature with the assurance of satisfactory service. There are no experiments in it—nothing about it that has not been tried and tested. This means a great deal to motorists—especially in mechanical construction and in everything that concerns safety. . . . The Ford V-8 gives you fine-car performance because of its V-8 engine—it stands out also because it is such a safe car. It has a genuine steel body, electrically welded for still greater strength. All body types have Safety Glass throughout at no additional cost. The big, powerful Super-Safety Brakes stop the car easily, quickly and with certainty. Ease of control—always a Ford feature—has been increased by a new steering gear ratio and new ease of shifting gears. . . . The Ford V-8 for 1936 is the finest, safest, most dependable Ford car ever built.



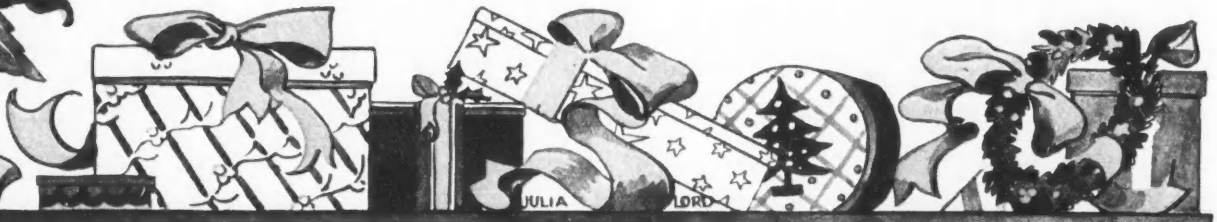
Chatelaine

A MAGAZINE FOR CANADIAN WOMEN

H. NAPIER MOORE, Editorial Director

BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, Editor

N. ROY PERRY, Advertising Manager



Mildred Foulke Meese, who wrote
"Nothing Lasts."

CONTENTS

Volume VIII - Number 12

FICTION

Snow on Christmas (short story)	Isabel Garland	7
Girl on the Island (short story)	Velia Ercole	10
Transatlantic Tunnel (short story)	R. V. Gery	14
Nothing Lasts (short story)	Mildred Foulke Meese	16
The Baroness's Head (serial)	Paul Schubert	18

GENERAL ARTICLES

Was Marriage Easier Then?	No!	Dr. H. B. Atlee	12
	Yes!	Nellie McClung	13
How Do They Keep That Way?		Helen Norsworthy Sangster	21
Men and Menus		B. W. Keightley	24
The New Cars for a New Year		J. B. Johnson	47
Windows		H. Napier Moore	76

BEAUTY CULTURE

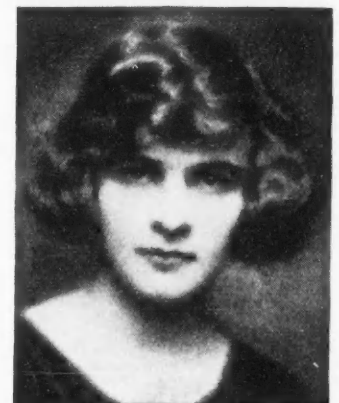
Fashion Shorts	Kay Murphy	34
Your Hidden Beauty	Annabelle Lee	36
Fashions and Fabrics		41
Speaking of Chic		43
How to Be Slender		45

HOUSEKEEPING

The Day Before and After Christmas	Helen G. Campbell	58
Celebrate Christmas in Your Own Sweet Way	Helen G. Campbell	60
Meals of the Month	M. Frances Hucks	62

CHILDREN'S FEATURE

The Bear Who Was Never Bessie	Anne Elizabeth Wilson	22
-------------------------------	-----------------------	----



Isabel Garland, author of
"Snow on Christmas."

FUNNY HOW things work out, even in editorial plans. Last month it seemed as if the family were dominant in the stories. Remember the father, sister and daughter who played such widely varied rôles in last month's fiction?

This month we have some strikingly contrasted mothers aiding and abetting the dramatic situations of our stories. But since mothers are the centres of the Christmas festivities everywhere, it seems only right. So meet Mrs. Anthony, Mrs. Creswell, Mrs. Tallman and Mrs. MacAllan.

You'll find Mrs. Anthony making eager preparations in "Snow on Christmas" for her famous son's return, with an equally famous wife. She is one of the charming old women who live in small Canadian villages—mothers who have given brilliantly entertaining children to the world. You'll live vividly with her through her tumultuous Christmas Day.

And you'll probably dislike Mrs. Creswell very much indeed. Pale blonde hair, sea blue eyes, lovely golden skin—she's a woman who has only two interests in life; her son and her beauty. She has held the interest and companionship of her son for many years. Then a new kind of girl came along and she faced the most bitter struggle of her life. You've got to admit she had a lot of courage.

But Mrs. Tallman has all the qualities of a truly great woman. She brought all her intelligence to bear on her son's experience in first love. The rest of the family hooted with laughter. They always do. But Mrs. Tallman had enough sympathy and good hard sense to realize the potentialities for tragedy that lay in her son's infatuation—I'll wager she is the ideal mother we'd all of us like to be.

Mrs. MacAllan, as played by Madge Evans in "Transatlantic Tunnel," is a woman of the future—

strangely like a woman of today, or yesterday. She must sacrifice everything she considers important in her life to help her husband. His dream seems fantastic—the linking of New York and London by a mighty tunnel. It is fantastic. But she learns that only too often it is no parable that a woman must give up everything to follow her husband.

So much for mothers, this month. I'd be glad to know which one you enjoyed meeting most!

Nellie McClung, of Victoria, B.C., who debates with Dr. Atlee, of Halifax, on the marriage problems of today, has just published "*Clearing in the West*," an enthralling book telling of her childhood and girlhood days. She takes up the cudgels for the young people of today, as she feels they have a far more difficult time in making a success of marriage than their parents did. Dr. Atlee is a well-known writer of fiction. Do you think his arguments in this discussion should come under the same heading? We'll publish the most interesting letters on the debate in coming issues.

Mr. B. W. Keightley, of Montreal, has some hilarious adventures to tell in "Men and Menus," of his sojourns in the restaurants of Europe and England. I think you'll chortle over this feature, and insist on reading it aloud to the man in your own house. And while you're thinking of reading aloud, do hurry and gather the children around you while you read them Anne Elizabeth Wilson's newest child story, "The Bear Who Was Never Bessie." You'll all love it.

And so, a happy Christmas to you all!

Byrne Hope Sanders.

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
LIMITED

481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO 2, CANADA

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, Chairman of the Board.

H. T. HUNTER, President.

H. V. TYRRELL, Vice-President and General Manager.

Publishers of: Chatelaine, Maclean's Magazine, Canadian Homes and Gardens, Mayfair, The Financial Post, Hardware and Metal, Canadian Paint and Varnish Magazine, Sanitary Engineer, Canadian Grocer, Drug Merchandising, Dry Goods and Stylewear Review, Men's Wear Merchandising, Bookseller and Stationer, The General Merchant of Canada, Canadian Hotel Review and Restaurant, Canadian Machinery and Manufacturing News, Modern Power and Engineering, Canadian Trade Abroad, Canadian Printer and Publisher, Canadian Advertising, Canadian Automotive Trade, Bus and Truck Transport in Canada—BRANCH OFFICES: Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal; 429 Lexington Ave., New York; 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; 621 Monarch Bldg., San Francisco; England, The MacLean Company of Great Britain, Limited, Sun of Canada Bldg., 2 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1. Telephone Whitehall 6642; Telegraph, Atabek, Lesquare, London—YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—In Canada \$1.00; all other parts of the British Empire, \$1.50 per year; United States and Possessions,

Mexico, Central and South America, France and Spain, \$2.00 per year; all other countries \$3.00 per year. Single copies 10c. Copies on sale at bookstalls of leading London Eng. hotels 9d. Copyright, 1935, by The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited. Registered in Canadian Patent and Copyright Office. Registered in United States Patent Office. The characters and names in fiction stories appearing in Chatelaine are imaginary and have no reference to living persons. Manuscripts submitted to Chatelaine must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher will exercise every care in handling material submitted, but will not be responsible for the loss of any manuscript, drawing or photograph. Contributors should retain copies of material submitted. Chatelaine is fully protected by copyright and its contents may not be reprinted without permission. Use of its articles, in whole or in part, for advertising purposes or in stock selling or promotion is never sanctioned.



Near Baie St. Paul by Clarence Gagnon, R.C.A.

Courtesy of The Museum of the Province of Quebec.

Beautiful gift announcement card

TO CARRY YOUR PERSONAL GREETINGS

No Canadian landscape artist has achieved higher distinction than Clarence A. Gagnon. Born and educated in Montreal, Mr. Gagnon studied at the Montreal Art Association, and completed his artistic training at the Academie Julian in Paris. In 1912 he was elected a member of the Royal Canadian Academy. His paintings and etchings hang in many important galleries in Europe as well as on this Continent.

YOUR GIFT will be announced on a beautiful Christmas Card — one that you would be proud to send to the most discriminating of your friends.

The Announcement Card consists of four pages, 7 by 8 inches in size, printed on high grade art paper. On the third page will appear this lovely Canadian painting, reproduced *in full color*. It was painted by Clarence A. Gagnon, famous Canadian landscape painter and a member of the Royal Canadian Academy. It hangs in the Museum of the Province of Quebec. Permission to reproduce it has been courteously granted by the Government of Quebec.

This scene, near Baie St. Paul, portrays with rare fidelity the rugged beauty that characterizes the Laurentian district of Quebec.

CHRISTMAS GIFT ORDER FORM

To CHATELAINE, 481 University Avenue, Toronto:

Please send your Magazine to each of the following for the whole of 1936—the first issue in a special colored wrapper, and my Personal Greetings on your Gift Announcement Card, to reach them as nearly as possible to Christmas Morning. I enclose \$.....in payment.

Name
Address

Name
Address

Name
Address

Name
Address

Name
Address

*Gift Announcement Cards to Carry
Personal Greetings of—*

Name
Address

Attach a plain sheet of paper to contain any extra names and addresses; and write your own name and address on the extra sheet.

CH-D



CHRISTMAS is such a short time ahead—and the problem of finding the right gift for one's friends becomes more urgent every day! Why not save yourself this last-minute worry—choose Chatelaine, and we will take over the whole responsibility. An ideal gift, one that will be appreciated throughout the whole year—a gift that is a tribute to your judgment and good taste.

As soon as you have filled in the Order Form and mailed it to us with your cheque or money order, your responsibility is ended. Our special Christmas staff will see that each of your friends receives the lovely Gift Announcement Card by Christmas Day, hand-addressed, and car-

rying your personal greetings. They will see that the first number of the magazine is mailed in a gay, Christmassy wrapper. In other words, they will look after all the worrisome detail that too often takes the zest from the joy of giving.

So many gifts are forgotten—or broken—or put away—as soon as Christmas Day is over. A year's subscription to Chatelaine is a gift that will not lose its freshness. Each month it will bring new entertainment and practical help. Give Chatelaine—and solve the Christmas problem in the most satisfactory way!

**12
CHRISTMAS
GIFTS
IN ONE**

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT RATES

These rates are for One Year for Canada and Newfoundland. Gift orders for other countries may be included, but extra postage is required as shown at the right.

All Gift Subscriptions on an order must be from one person. Your own subscription or renewal may be included in the order.

1 or 2 GIFT ORDERS, each . . .	\$1.00
3 GIFT ORDERS	\$2.00
4 GIFT ORDERS	\$2.50
5 GIFT ORDERS.	\$3.00
GIFT ORDERS over 5	60c each

FOREIGN POSTAGE

Postage on Gift Orders outside of Canada and Newfoundland: to Great Britain and British Possessions, 50 cents extra; to U.S.A., Mexico, Central and South America, France and Spain, \$1.00 extra; to all other countries, \$2.00 extra.



SNOW ON CHRISTMAS

by ISABEL GARLAND

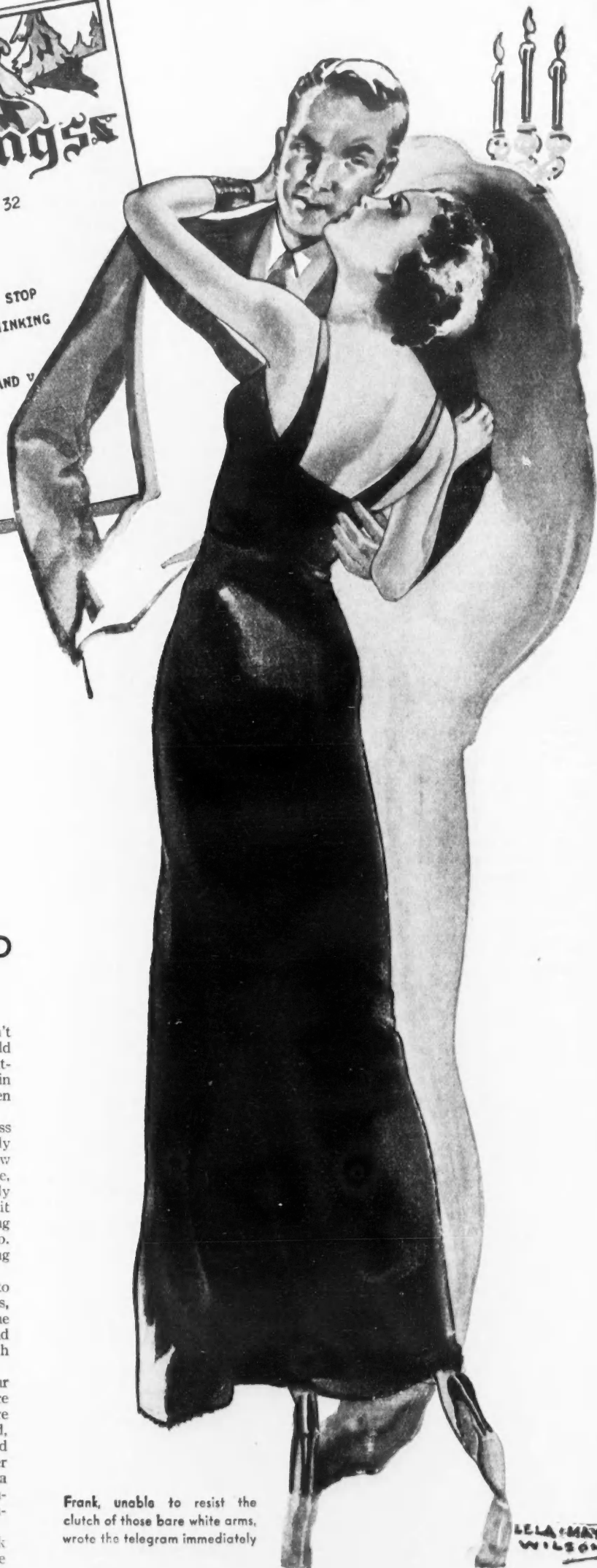
SHE AWOKE as usual just as the first faint glow was creeping into the sky. It couldn't have been later than five and it was bitterly cold. Even under the six quilts she could feel the air's icy fingers. Christmas morning—and just above the sharp, wintry outlines of the bluffs hung the Morning Star. She had seen it this way so many times in that strange half-hour when the world seems hung like a bubble halfway between heaven and hell.

There were some advantages to growing old, after all. One was the need of less and less sleep. For the last few years she had not missed a dawn—grey ones that broke reluctantly into still greyer days; golden ones ushering days of sparkling splendor; the lemon-yellow dawns of summer; the chill, white dawns of the long winters. By turning on her right side, she could look across the cornfield with its frosted stubble to the brown hillside, sparsely powdered with snow. She had so hoped to have a "white Christmas" for them. Perhaps it would snow during the morning. They couldn't possibly come before noon. It was a long drive from Detroit and they would probably be tired after the concert and sleep late. No. Certainly not before one, or even two. That would give her more time anyway. Everything must be in perfect order when they came.

She smiled happily as she lay there, a straight, thin figure in the big, old bed—the bed to which she had come as a bride, the bed in which little Frank had been born; an enormous, ugly frame of yellow maple, with a mattress as unyielding as a hardwood floor. But Jane Anthony would have scoffed at the suggestion of discomfort. In thirty-five years she had spent only three nights away from home and the mattress fitted the lines of her body with the reassuring restraint of an old shoe.

Across the cold, grey sky swept a finger of flame, and in its brilliance the Morning Star glimmered and was gone. A minute later, and the whole heavens were alight. Their radiance touched the foot of the bed and crept slowly upward to illumine the intent, middle-aged face on the pillow. So a queen might have looked as she lay on her death-bed—worn, haggard, but with remnants of a royal grace. It was plain to see where Frank had got his lean good looks, his aquiline nose, the handsome modelling of temple and jaw. In another era, another setting, Jane Anthony would have made a noble contessa in velvet and pearls. Even a striped, flannel nightdress, its high neck trimmed with ruching, could not make her commonplace. And her eyes, dark, strangely luminous, touched now with sunrise light, were as compelling as the eyes of the Medici.

She was thinking, "I'll singe and stuff the turkey, first thing—chestnut dressing—Frank always loved it. Then I'll bake the pie and fix my vegetables. There'll be time enough before



Frank, unable to resist the clutch of those bare white arms, wrote the telegram immediately

Now for Xmas! This Marvelous Gift Opportunity!

THIS \$2.00 CARLTON CAKE PLATE

RICH SILVERWARE . . ELABORATE CHASED DESIGN . . SATIN FINISH

only
50¢

with outside wrapper from a
Crisco tin (any size)

\$2.00 Value Certified
by Arbogast & Holdorf, official
insurance company appraisers:
"We have appraised this plate
and are of the opinion that a
workmanship of this quality and
\$2.00 or more."

Heavily Silverplated—
Durable—will give splendid ser-
vice.

Berkeley Pattern—
Chased design similar to that
used on rarest sterling.

10 inches Across—
Large Size—
In a gleaming satin finish.

SAVE \$1.50 on CRISCO'S GIFT OFFER!

Madam: Accept this wonderful chance to have for your own this stunning \$2.00 Carlton Cake Plate (Berkeley pattern) in heavy gleaming silverplate in soft satin finish! The picture above cannot show the beauty of the all-over decoration—similar to chased work which silversmiths often use to embellish the most expensive sterling silver. What a wonderful

Christmas gift it will make! This amazing \$2.00 value is yours—at just one-fourth its true value—when you send 50¢ in coin with the outside wrapper from a tin of Crisco—any size.

Crisco extends this special inducement so you'll learn that a light creamy shortening gives you light cakes, pies and fried foods!

CRISCO

*Now you can afford to use
Crisco for everything*

ORDER BLANK Important: Orders for delivery by Christmas must be received by Dec. 10.
Procter & Gamble, Dept. XCH-125, 170 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

I am sending you 50¢ in coin with an outside wrapper from a tin of Crisco (any size) in return for which please send me one (1) Carlton Cake Plate in Berkeley pattern—made of genuine Silverplate.

Name _____
Street No. _____ Prov. _____
City _____

(This offer expires April 1st, 1936)

GUARANTEE: The Manufacturers of Carlton Silverplate have given us their unqualified guarantee that this Cake Plate is plated with pure silver; further, that it is made by skilled workmen from selected materials. With proper care, each piece of Carlton Silverplate will give satisfactory service.

MADE IN CANADA

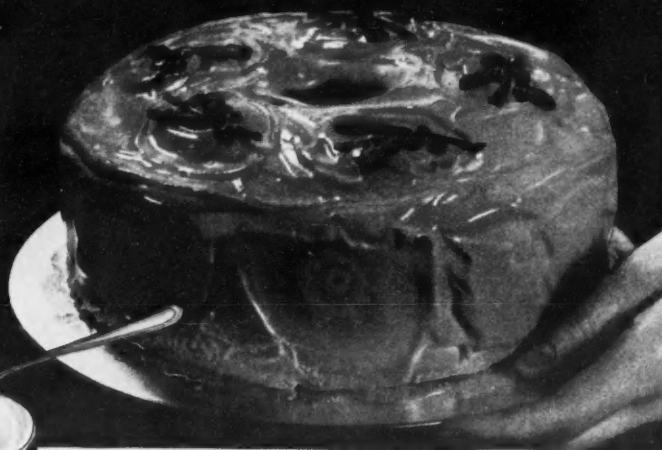


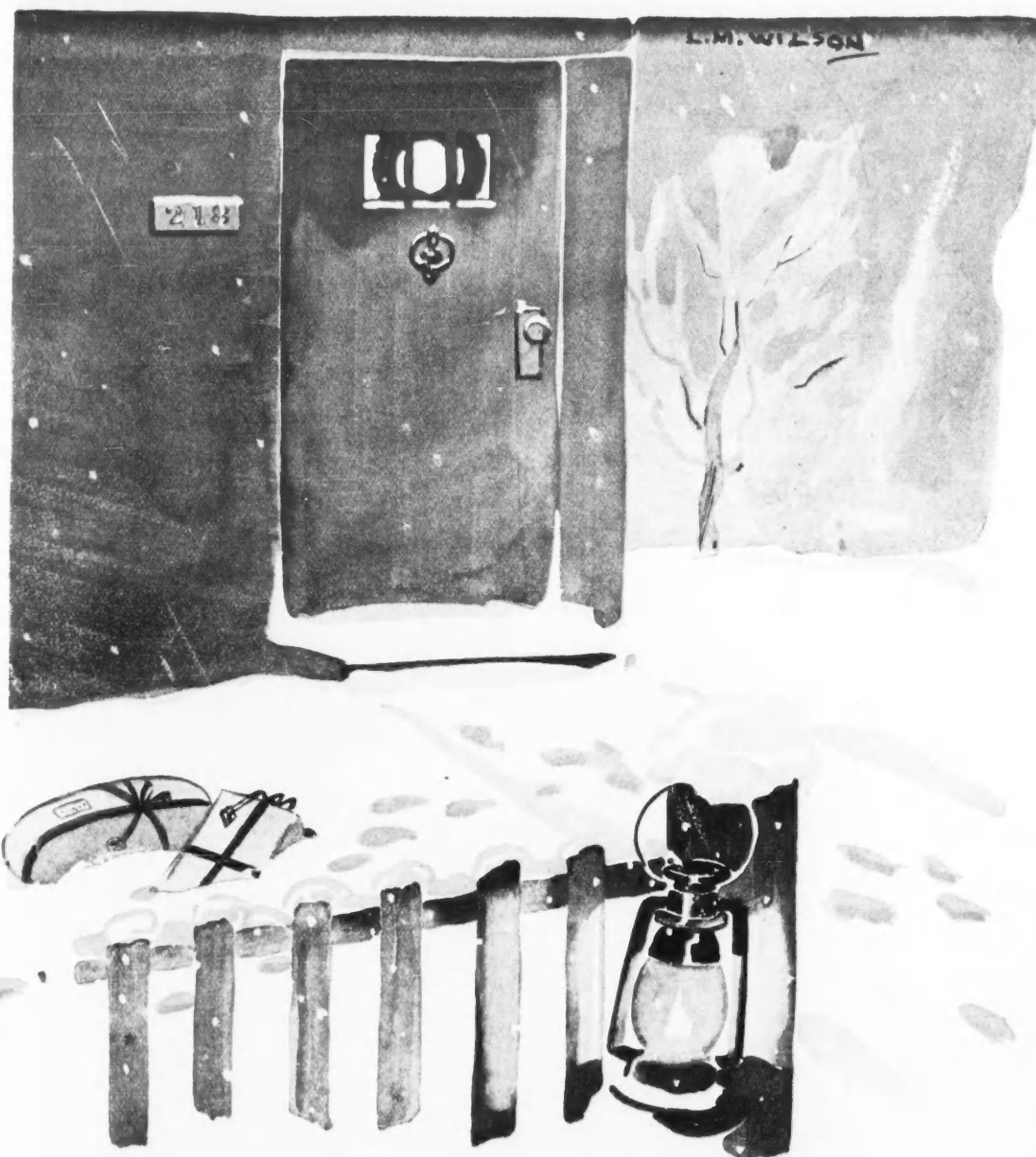
This is the CARLTON CAKE PLATE in use

When you think that Crisco is such a light, creamed-up shortening that it makes feather-light cakes—well, the question is: Why not make your pies and fried foods just as light and digestible? They will be—and taste marvelous!—if you make them with the very same creamy-sweet digestible shortening.

And, here's the point—when you

use Crisco for cakes, pies and fried foods, the family rejoices! Such luscious cakes at economical cost! Crisp fried things without any indigestible greasiness. Tender, light pastry without the old-fashioned heaviness! Yes, today while Crisco is so moderately priced, especially in the big thrifty 3-lb. size, it's smart to use Crisco for all cooking and baking!





ILLUSTRATED
BY
LELA MAY WILSON

enough clean socks and hemstitched handkerchiefs to last a lifetime, he was coming back to Canada and bringing his wife with him. They had been in Canada before, but only on brief professional engagements that left them neither time nor opportunity for a trip to the little Ontario village, where Jane Anthony lived alone in the house to which Frank's father had brought her. He had left her a minute inheritance when he died, just enough to sustain herself; and occasionally Frank would send a cheque, if the idea occurred to him. But, though the roof leaked badly over the kitchen stove, and the old black wool coat was a shabby threadbare garment, and the price of food had leaped alarmingly, Jane Anthony counted herself fortunate. Through the long, dark winters she sat snugly by her base burner, and in the light of the kerosene lamps dreamed of the past, or pored over Frank's infrequent letters, the photographs, the newspaper clippings that she had subscribed to an agency to send her.

It was through one of the clippings that she discovered that Frank and Vail were contemplating a joint American concert tour, and were booked to give a concert in Detroit on Christmas Eve. Her heart leaped with a desperate, unfounded hope. She had taken the money she had expected to use for a pair of new overshoes, to telegraph Frank in care of his manager, and invite him to bring his wife home for Christmas dinner.

His reply had sent her into the seventh heaven of delight. "Swell. Vail and I accept with pleasure. Expect us when you see us. Love, Frank."

For three months she had thought of little else—planned for and dreamed of this day. Early in December she caught a severe cold and was plunged in despair lest she might be ill for the holidays. Frank wrote casually of a concert cancellation, and his mother lay sleepless on her flat little pillow, fearful lest the Detroit date be similarly treated.

"We're due back in Detroit the day after Christmas," he

wrote, "but Christmas Day is free and we're planning to spend it with you. We can take the morning train to the city. We'll have twenty-four hours, no matter what happens. Be sure and have enough watermelon pickles!"

Down in the kitchen, the cuckoo clock proclaimed six, and Mrs. Anthony came out of her reverie with an exclamation of alarm, climbed out of the warm bed into the icy chill of the unheated bedroom. Tying her flannel dressing gown tightly about her, she scurried down the steep, ladderlike steps that opened into the kitchen and set about fire-making in the big, old stove, with the skill of one who has performed the identical actions for half a century.

Susan Baxter rapped on the kitchen door about eleven o'clock and stepped into a cosy room full of savory odors and alluring still-lives. Mrs. Anthony, her cheeks blazing, was stepping about like a young girl, quite oblivious to the fact that her knot of grey hair had slipped down on to her shoulders, and that a streak of stove-blackening marked her forehead like the brand of Cain.

"Come in, Sue!" she said gaily. "Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas, Aunt Jane!" the little girl replied, holding out a holly-trimmed wicker basket. "Mother sent this to you. My! but your kitchen smells good. I suppose you're just up to your neck in getting ready. What time do you expect them?"

"Oh, it's hard to say," Mrs. Anthony said. "I imagine Vail's a late sleeper: she has a right to be, goodness knows! And they'll probably get a late start. I'm not going to worry any. I'm just going to get everything ready and then sit tight. Oh my! Now, aren't they sweet!" She surveyed the eight little glasses of jelly and jam, with their red ribbon bows, delightedly. "I'll give them to Vail and Frank for breakfast. They'll look real pretty sitting on the table. Thank your mother a million times, dearie, will you?" She shook her head apologetically. "I'm kind of ashamed of myself this Christmas. I've been so taken up with my own

plans, I haven't done a thing for anyone else. I'm being good and selfish and I'll probably get punished proper for it some-day, but just this minute I'm happy enough and brazen enough to say—I don't care. Can't you sit down a minute, Susan? Try one of my Christmas cookies. I always used to make them for Frank when he was little."

Susan sat down, selected a cookie and chewed on it thoughtfully for a few seconds. "They're awful good," she said. "Best I ever ate. I guess you're just the finest cook in town, Aunt Jane. I'll bet Vail will love these cookies! Aunt Jane, could I go into the parlor and get that book of her pictures and look at them again?" Her round, freckled little face was eager and her eyes reflected the light that shone in Mrs. Anthony's.

Realizing that here was a kindred spirit, Jane Anthony gave smiling permission, and Susan, after scrupulously washing and drying her hands, spread the portfolio open upon her knee and turned the photographs carefully.

"Oh my, but she's beautiful!" she said reverently. "I think she's beautifuller than anybody—Constance Bennett or Joan Crawford or—anybody."

"She certainly is a picture," Mrs. Anthony agreed, pausing a moment in her activity to glance over Susan's shoulder at a lovely, demure profile in a nimbus of light.

"And she's really, truly going to come here and sit right in this house and talk to you—?" Susan's face was exalted.

Mrs. Anthony laughed. "It don't sound likely, does it? Cleopatra sitting on my kitchen chair! And eating my green tomato pickles!"

"Aunt Jane, do you suppose—do you think that if I—?" Susan was stuttering in her excitement.

Mrs. Anthony paused, potato knife in hand, and looked at her. "What do you want, honey?" she asked. "I'll bet I know. Let me guess. You want me to let you stop by for a minute and see Vail Stuart, is that it?"

"Oh no!" Susan said in terror. "I wouldn't want to really see her. I just thought that maybe if you'd leave the shades up in the parlor, I could come sneaking over after dark and look in the window. Could I—do you think?"

Mrs. Anthony patted the flushed cheek. "I'll leave the shades up, Susan, don't you worry," she said. "And if you just happened to think up some kind of an errand—like borrowing a cup of sugar or something—maybe you could meet her. How'd you like that?"

By one o'clock, everything was ready—down to the last detail. A small fir tree, bravely decked in tinsel and colored balls, filled the parlor with its aromatic breath. The table, set with the best that the house afforded—including the heirloom teaspoons, graceful, pointed, paper-thin—was a bewildering array of cut glass dishes filled with rich pickles, preserves and jellies. The turkey, covered with a clean towel, reposed on the warming shelf, emitting an odor of celestial import. On the parlor table, beside the framed photographs of Vail and Frank, sat the gay, tissue-covered presents—Frank's collar case, crocheted of two-tone floss, a bed-jacket of softest pink flannel, edged with tatting and tied with satin ribbons down the front.

MRS. ANTHONY looked at herself anxiously in the bedroom mirror. The glass was faulty and had a streak across it that distorted her face, placing one eye surprisingly in the middle of her left cheek. She bent her knees a trifle and studied herself in the faithful part of the glass. Her grey hair had been stiffly crimped with a hot iron. She wore a grey silk dress, with a real lace collar, a pair of brown silk stockings that her Sunday School class had given her, and some black pumps with long, sharply pointed toes, in the style of fifteen years earlier. She moistened her forefinger and smoothed down her eyebrows. Her color was high, almost too high, but it was impossible to subdue it, even with powder. Cooking always did that to her. It made her look blowsy, she decided, and sighed as she turned away from the glass, absent-mindedly

[Continued on page 26]



"Get her in quick!" Vail commanded and instantly took charge of the huddled little figure in the deep snow drift.

the turkey goes in. After I get him in, I'll set the table—use that lovely crocheted cloth Aunt Sarah made—and fix a big, piled-up centerpiece of red apples and sprigs of pine. The tree's all fixed, luckily, and my presents are wrapped. I wonder if Frank will like the collar-box I made him. Of course, he probably has a dozen of them, now he's so well off; but just the same, mine will be different. And Vail—oh, dear! Every time I think of her I get a kind of chill. I know it's silly of me, but I do. She's probably just as human and nice as anybody, once you get to know her; and, after all, she did marry my Frank. But anyone as beautiful and famous and rich as that always scares me to death. I wonder what she'll think of this house—of me."

She let her eyes roam slowly around the little sloping-roofed chamber, with its dormer windows, its violently rose-trellised wallpaper, faded now to a dim echo of its former glory; the maple dresser, wearing its best scarf for the occasion—a piece of pink linen almost completely covered with French dots. The curtains had been freshly washed and starched; in fact, the room was in immaculate order with the exception of the bed, which was to be remade with the best hemstitched sheets and pillowcases and covered with her greatest treasure—a patchwork quilt that had been made for her mother by her grandmother. There were flowers, too—a few hardy sprays of everlasting, standing stiffly erect in the ruby glass vase that had been taken down from the top shelf of the curio cabinet.

For the fourth time in the thirty-five years of her married life, Mrs. Anthony was leaving her bed. She would sleep,

tonight, in Frank's cot bed, under his old camping blankets, serene in the knowledge that her son and his beautiful young wife were sharing the same roof.

Oh, how she had longed to have them come! Sometimes it seemed as if, by the very fervor of her wish, they must be drawn to her. She had not seen her son now for nearly seven years. Seven years ago this coming February, she and Frank's father had scraped together the money to send Frank to Europe to study singing with a famous operatic tenor, now retired and living in the South of France. By scrimping and saving they had managed to keep him there for three years, and found a joyful and adequate payment in his brief reports of his progress.

"Sang for the Grand Duke Nicholas," he would scrawl on the back of a gaudy postcard. "Went off pretty well—" and in the reflected glory of his triumph, two old faces glowed with pride.

The entire town, from the group of cronies in the backgammon club behind the post office, to the Ladies Aid sewing valiantly in the church basement, was kept fully informed of Frank Anthony's musical and social achievements, and the *Mapleton Observer* relied on occasional European communications to give a touch of glamour to what was usually a humdrum account of who was suffering from a cold, and who had taken a trip to Mindoro—fourteen miles away—lately.

"At the weekly meeting of the Study Club, Mrs. Frank Anthony gave a brief talk on the French Riviera, illustrated with postcards sent her by her son, Frank, who is on his way to greater musical triumphs in the operatic field."

"Well, mother," Frank wrote, some time toward the close of the third year, "I'm about to earn a little money, thank heaven! I've got a date to sing a joint concert in Paris with Vail Stuart. It's a swell break for me."

The *Mapleton Observer* came out with a headline: "Frank Anthony to appear in Paris concert with noted soprano." Their pictures were run side by side, Frank in white flannels; Vail, picturesquely lovely, in a Juliet cap of pearls.

THEREAFTER, AS Vail Stuart's name appeared more frequently in Frank's letters, his mother had written him to send her some pictures of Miss Stuart, and when they came—a big bundle of theatrical photographs—she pored over them for hours. It was hard to believe that the slumbrous-eyed Carmen, in mantilla and comb, with hard red lips and a ready dagger, was the lovely wide-eyed Juliet, the exotic Aida, the powdered and jewelled Manon. There was one photograph that she liked best. It was only a snapshot that Frank had taken, but it showed a slim, dark girl under a wide summer hat, with cherries around the crown. She had thrown her head back so that the light could reach her face, and she was laughing, with eyes narrowed against the sun. This was no prima donna, no artificial creation in theatrical furbelows; this was a pretty girl that a man might marry. And when Frank cabled that he and Vail Stuart had slipped away to London for a hurried marriage, it was the snapshot that was framed and set in state on the living-room table.

And now, seven years after she had sent him off with

"You'll do." Most casually, but he was pleased with her. Heads were turned as the two went through the hotel lounge, down the white steps into the sparkling day, and Paul, grinning, whispered softly:

"The beautiful Mrs. Creswell and her son were seen—" Mrs. Creswell's lips twitched, but she continued silent, in her graceful, swinging walk until they were clear of the hotel. Then she laughed openly, gaily, filled with pride and good humor.

"Paul! Did you see them? What is this place you've brought us to? I got no indication of this in the dance room last night. All seemed normal enough. Do you think it's safe? Might I be corrupted and turn into one of those effigies knitting there?"

"I'll save you, darling," Paul said lightly. "Besides I doubt if they'll have you, now they've seen that hat. But the place is all right. It's ripping here, really. I've been out this morning discovering."

"Paul! You should have waited for me. That's illegal." "They weren't important discoveries; there's your beach, mother. Now aren't you glad you trusted me?"

"Marvellous! I think you've been very clever. Why haven't we known about this place before?"

"I've known about it a good while," Paul said briefly. He was staring into the sun, at the tiny islands which rose mistily out of the sea, his eyes, blue as his mother's, screwed up until they were black-lashed slits, his straight nose wrinkled.

"It's perfect," he said. "Quite perfect."

"Can one go to the islands?"

"Probably. But I think they are privately owned. Would you like an island, mother?"

"Would you? Are they for sale?"

Paul laughed, then said with quick, young enthusiasm, "I'd like to build a house on that one. Look, how the shape . . ." In a spate of words he built an airy edifice, but his mother, though she listened to him, and followed the gestures of his shaping hands, heard him without pleasure; and noticing her face he broke off suddenly, with a laugh.

"Sorry, mother, I know this bores you."

"It does not," Mrs. Creswell said emphatically. "Be fair, Paul. But you make me feel you're discontented."

Paul's silence did not contradict that. But after a minute's staring at the sea he said, obviously making an effort:

"It isn't that, at all. I know you can't stand town all the year round, and I love being with you. And I'd be darned

ungrateful if I didn't put myself out a bit. It's just now and again I feel my life's a bit too much holiday and that I ought to be getting on with my job."

"But you're getting on with it all the time," his mother protested. "You admitted yourself that travelling as we do would be the greatest help to you. You're seeing every style of architecture, then when you settle down it's not as if there was necessity for you to make money. You can take your time."

Paul shook his head, a gesture he had, as if he were driving away unpleasantness physically. Then he straightened, breathed deeply and thumped his chest.

"Darling, let's drop the subject and swim. I'm probably just a loafer at heart, or I wouldn't be touring an attractive young woman round the world instead of building bungalows. Coming in?"

"Not for a bit. I'll sit in the sun and give this sunburn the authentic touch."

"You won't be bored? I'm afraid you won't meet anyone you know on this beach."

But presently she almost walked on to the Carter girl's mother. Was it the Carter girl who had brought Paul here? Did he know? But that was most unlikely. A moron he had called her, after that dance.

"And have you brought that good-looking son of yours? Of course, you needn't tell me. You two are inseparable, aren't you?"

"Well I rather think he brought me," Mrs. Creswell dropped on to the sand which plump little Mrs. Carter invitingly patted. "I didn't know anything about this place."

"Oh, I've known it for years. Are you at the hotel? Of course. I'm so glad. I have Sylvia with me, and there is such a mixed crowd. Will you have some chocolate? I just love munching like this. One feels so free in these places. The way one goes into the pâtisserie and just picks up a cake."

Mrs. Creswell turned away from the chocolate.

"I never take anything between meals."

"And very little with them, I'll be bound," Mrs. Carter said, tactless, good-natured and quite honest in her admiration of this beautiful woman. "At our age I suppose we can't let nature take its course with our figures. But I gave up long ago."

MRS. CRESWELL dropped into the silent well of her own being and the woman's chatter hardly disturbed her more than the distant wash of the waves. Had Sylvia Carter anything to do with this desire of Paul's— to come to this place one had scarcely heard of? A lovely place. The headlands were like misty arms encircling the glittering sea. How silver the day was, blue and silver and young; and Paul out there. Splendid Paul, with his sweetness and his humor and his unflinching delight in her, compensation for all the unhappiness of her youth. There were girls for Paul to dance with, to swim with, to play with, to talk with. But never one who could do these things better with him than she could do them. It was a work, her life's work, keeping Paul for herself; to it went all her intelligence, her will and unremitting effort.

"Of course he thinks the sun rises and sets in you. I never saw such a devoted boy." At last Mrs. Carter's italics penetrated.

"We're great friends," and Mrs. Creswell's distaste was swept away. She smiled, her slow and lovely smile. Suddenly she quite liked Mrs. Carter, so shapeless, so badly rouged, so definitely middle-aged, panting round Europe, a moving background for her daughter.

There was no splendid comrade of a child to color Mrs. Carter's days and keep her young. Just this girl, coming up the beach, a wet, slim thing with untidy limbs. Cruelly, Mrs. Creswell watched the girl slop toward them, and sat secure in her own perfection. Not this for Paul. No danger here, nothing in those round eyes, that spoilt mouth, that one could not defeat. She met the girl's gush of greeting with amiabilities. Yes, Paul was in the sea, probably a long way out. She thought she would join him; oh yes, she swam.

She went into the water to find Paul, swimming into that silver distance with slow, strong strokes and feeling her own strength and ease in the water brought her a sense of triumph which belonged to more than mere physical victory; that power in her would always find Paul, always take her far from these young trespassers who threatened her property. For years yet Paul would need no more than a perfect comrade; and she could be that, meeting [Continued on page 32]



THE GIRL ON THE ISLAND

by VELIA ERCOLE

LET'S LEAVE CHRISTMAS SNOWS FOR THE SUNNY
SOUTH . . VIA THIS STORY OF TWO WOMEN WHO
FOUGHT CRUELLY FOR THE MAN THEY BOTH WANTED

MRS. CRESWELL walked over to the mirror, adjusting a strap of her bathing-suit.

"It's not decent," Pheeny, the maid, said.

"It's smart. Next season's really, Henri practically whispered as he sold it to me." But it was not that subtle affair of straps and lacings which drew Mrs. Creswell's regard. She was examining her face, her golden-brown limbs, twisting until she saw her satin-gleaming back with its miraculous coat of tan. Miraculous, because an hour ago her lovely back had been as pale as her blonde hair and blue eyes demanded.

"Good stuff, this," Mrs. Creswell said approvingly, but there was no approval on Pheeny's bleak, horselike face.

"Painting yourself," said Pheeny, "like a naked savage. What next will you be buying in bottles!"

"You forget yourself, Pheeny," said Mrs. Creswell absently, not that she really minded Pheeny, but she was conscious of a sudden ache of surprise that a body which looked so slim and young should have no awareness of youth in it. The beach outside, the sun on silver waters, should be clear trumpet calls to young bodies. And what I want to do, said Mrs. Creswell to herself in a moment of rare honesty, is crawl back into bed and stay there for the rest of the day.

"The long drive yesterday tired me," she said to Pheeny, excusing herself.

"Naturally. And dancing until two this morning."

"Don't be silly," Mrs. Creswell said crossly. "I didn't feel tired last night, and I wasn't going to spoil the evening for Master Paul."

"Master Paul would have found plenty of girls to dance with. The hotel is full of them. Painted young savages with nothing on—"

"That will do, Pheeny. Besides he would rather dance with me. And he would rather swim with me. Get me the beach suit, Pheeny. Don't stand there!" She said all this fiercely, glaring at that ageless woman who had always been unchanging in her changing world. "Hurry."

Paul knocked on the door, his familiar tattoo, and then he called,

"Ready, mother?" His voice sang high through the closed door and it worked enchantment on the tired brown body.

"Almost ready, dear." Mrs. Creswell pressed the tips of her fingers to her forehead, raised herself on her bare feet, and breathed in airy sunshine, drew it in greedily, like a drug, to meet the moment's need.

"Well, sit quietly; don't go in the water," Pheeny said. The multi-colored tumble of the beach suit was in her gaunt arms.

"Oh, stop croaking, Pheeny! I feel fine now."

"One day," Pheeny said, "you won't be able to do it. You can't really do it now. You only think you can. Here's your suit." And when her mistress was in the suit, Pheeny laughed, a little grunt of a laugh and said with such triumph that no one would have guessed how this whole business hurt her faithful, old heart.

"You're getting fat, in spite of everything you do. And if you diet any more you'll probably die."

"You're intolerable this morning, intolerable! Give me—"

"Oh, come on, mother! It will be lunch time before we get down, and I'm not going without you." Paul's voice was sufficient to combat Pheeny's expression. Mrs. Creswell took her beach hat from the maid's hand, snatched it, saying nothing; but there was pride in her, and triumph in her flung-back fair head. You see, she said voicelessly to Pheeny's pity and Pheeny's taunts. You see? He won't go without me.

Paul came in, gay and splendid and eager to be gone, but he spared time to notice what his mother was wearing, and said, removing his cigarette from his lips:

"You look very much the part, mother. What have you done to your face?"

"Secrets, darling. Will I do?"

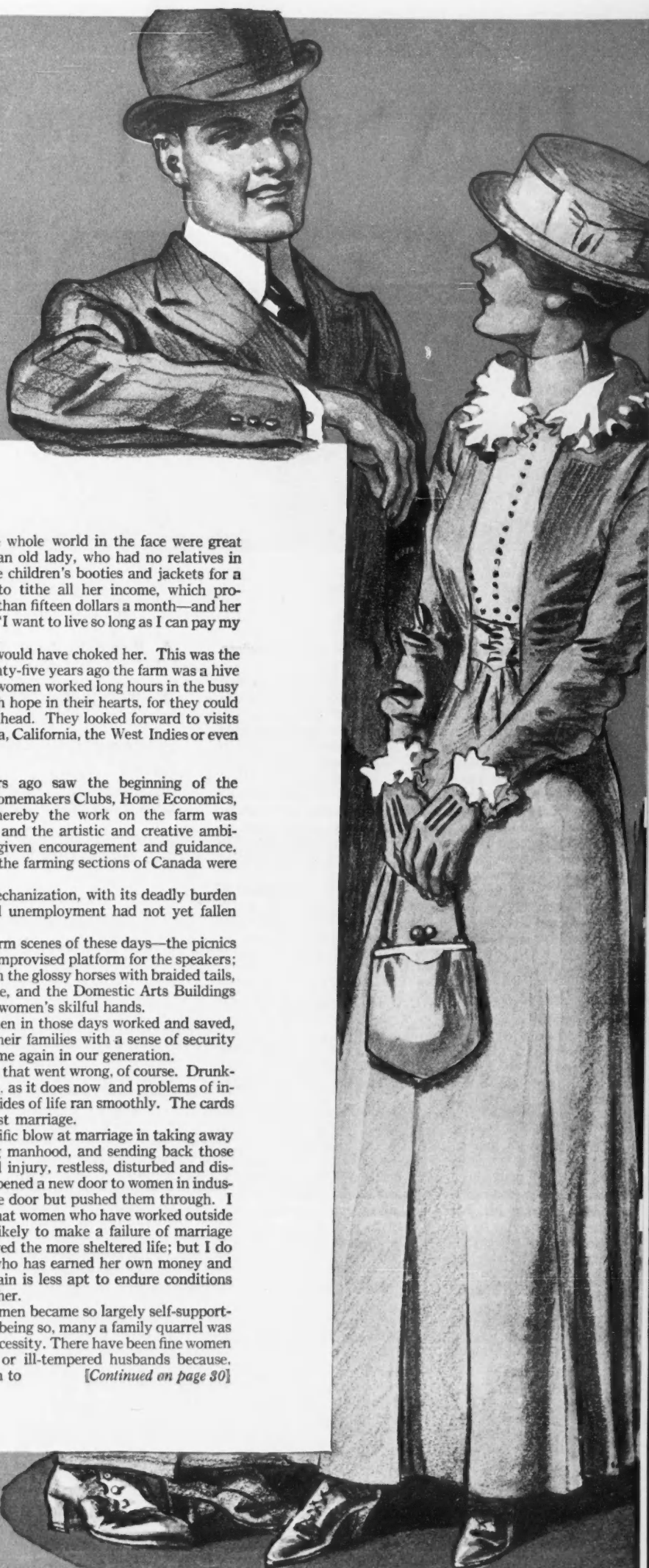


Holly posed on a rock, smiling, while Paul turned to Mrs. Creswell. "You look terrible," he said. "Why did you come?"

EASIER THEN?

YES!

says NELLIE McCLUNG



THERE WOULD be no chance for me, if the resolution stated that successful marriage *should* be easier to achieve now than it was twenty-five years ago, for many signs would point to this happy condition.

With women freed from the hard work of the home by labor-saving devices, free medical services, Red Cross work, health talks, baby clinics, information on child psychology going out over the air and in newspapers, higher standards of living—for some at least—and women's magazines bursting with interesting articles on making the home more attractive, and how to prevent chins from sagging, one might well believe that marriage has a better chance for success than it ever had. By the same course of reasoning all life should be more secure than ever it was. Machines have lifted the heavy burden from human backs; the wealth of the world was never more generously in evidence; science and invention have reached a state of advancement where one is almost relieved from the necessity of thinking, and yet sorrow and sighing are heard on every hand and life was never so hard and hazardous.

So it is with marriage. Marriage is not only more difficult but with many it is impossible. Humanity's burdens have overflowed. The saturation point has been reached, said a young man to his fiancée, hoping to find a solution for the pressing question of where they would live if they did get married. "I suppose we could go and live with your folks!"

The young lady was not so sure.

"You see," she explained, "my folks are still living with their folks!"

Twenty-five years ago, any young man, section hand or general worker who was willing to work could support a wife and raise a family, have his own house and little garden. Look back twenty-five years and recall how few were the families who ever had to receive public aid. I remember hearing an old-country woman complain that the Canadians were all so well-to-do that no one needed to work for anyone else! Of course, we hasten to add that these little houses, where the man who worked on the section or did odd jobs around town had his home, were bare of radio, phonograph, electric light, pyrex dishes, mohair furniture, or silver flatware. A generous use was made of packing boxes for dressers, hay-filled mattresses, iron forks and black pots. But it was a home where the bread of independence was eaten.

John Watson, father of Pearl Watson and her brother, Danny, had his home in a box car, and was able to build an addition each time the angels paid their visit.

The people were happy because they were busy and healthy, and because there were no glaring contrasts to make them bitter. There were better houses, to be sure, with pianos and chenille hangings, but these belonged to the storekeeper, lumber man and grain buyers. It was part of the philosophy of the day, carefully taught in church and Sunday school that contentment and independence and

being able to look the whole world in the face were great virtues. I remember an old lady, who had no relatives in this country and made children's booties and jackets for a living—being careful to tithe all her income, which probably was never more than fifteen dollars a month—and her comment on life was: "I want to live so long as I can pay my way."

An old-age pension would have choked her. This was the spirit of the day. Twenty-five years ago the farm was a hive of industry. Men and women worked long hours in the busy season but worked with hope in their hearts, for they could see they were getting ahead. They looked forward to visits to other parts of Canada, California, the West Indies or even the old country.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago saw the beginning of the Women's Institutes, Homemakers Clubs, Home Economics, and other agencies whereby the work on the farm was cheered and lightened, and the artistic and creative ambitions of women were given encouragement and guidance. Twenty-five years ago the farming sections of Canada were in full bloom.

The blight of overmechanization, with its deadly burden of interest charges and unemployment had not yet fallen upon agriculture.

I like to recall the farm scenes of these days—the picnics on the river with their improvised platform for the speakers; the agricultural fair with the glossy horses with braided tails, rosetted in red and blue, and the Domestic Arts Buildings filled with the work of women's skilful hands.

Young men and women in those days worked and saved, and hoped and raised their families with a sense of security that, I fear, will not come again in our generation.

There were marriages that went wrong, of course. Drunkenness took its toll then, as it does now and problems of incompatibility; but the tides of life ran smoothly. The cards were not stacked against marriage.

The war struck a terrific blow at marriage in taking away the cream of our young manhood, and sending back those who did escape physical injury, restless, disturbed and distraught. Then, too, it opened a new door to women in industry, not only opened the door but pushed them through. I am not going to argue that women who have worked outside of the home are more likely to make a failure of marriage than those who have lived the more sheltered life; but I do believe that a woman who has earned her own money and knows she can do it again is less apt to endure conditions that are distasteful to her.

In the days before women became so largely self-supporting, or rather capable of being so, many a family quarrel was patched up because of necessity. There have been fine women who stuck to drunken or ill-tempered husbands because, when there were children to

[Continued on page 30]

AND IN THIS CORNER A NOTED AUTHORESS
CLAIMS IT WAS EASIER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

WAS MARRIAGE NO!

says Dr. H. B. ATLEE

THERE ARE types of feeble and childish intellects that keep wailing down the years: "The good old days were better!" Things were better before the machine age, before the war, before the depression.

They take the same attitude toward marriage. They see vibrant untrammelled youth testing its strength, middle-aged men and women refusing to become old, infant and child health improving every day—all this within modern marriage. But still it is the empty cradles and divorce statistics that grip their attention, that cause them to bellow miserably: "Marriage ain't what it was in grandma's day!"

I beg leave herewith utterly to disagree with them, and to state furthermore that marriage is a greater success today than it ever was. Marriage produces two things; first, children; and then something that is the result of the mutual aid men and women can be to one another. If there are any other products they are unimportant. Let us ask ourselves then: "Are the children produced by modern marriage better or worse than they used to be, and are husband and wife more or less mutual aid to one another?"

At first sight the argument touching children may seem to go against me. Our grandmothers produced more children. But is quantity a real criterion—or quality? The good orchardist goes over his trees picking off the inferior fruit in order to have fewer and better apples. The rose grower prunes to the roots in order to get perfect blooms. Modern marriage, with its fewer children per family, may possibly produce better children. Let us see.

The modern mother, a woman sufficiently educated to make use of science, is doing many things in child-rearing her grandmother did not do. She takes a deeper interest in diet—witness the great increase in the consumption of spinach, fruit, cod-liver oil and all the vitamin-containing foods. She takes her children to a child specialist regularly, not because they are sick, but in order to keep them well. Their upbringing is infinitely less haphazard than it used to be, and the health statistics prove that this type of upbringing is producing results. Those who don't believe in statistics have only to watch the children growing up in the modern well-run home to see that they are bigger and better physically than they were. It is a fact that the height of the modern young North American is greater by some inches than that of his grandfather.

Furthermore children are being better educated than they have ever been. The modern parent takes more interest in educational matters, provides better facilities for home studies, and has herself time to devote to the business of education. This is not a statement of opinion; it can be verified in every enlightened community in the country.

It would seem then that modern marriage is more successful than its predecessors with regard to this particular product.

But it is when we come to the more intimate matter of

"mutual aid" that modern marriage demonstrates unmistakably its superiority. Our grandmothers used to get married in their teens, at a time when we consider youth capable only of calf love. Today, perhaps because of economic circumstances, we marry later, after having considerably increased our knowledge of human affairs to the end that we have more tolerance and understanding and can adjust ourselves more readily to the vagaries of human frailty.

Surely, then, we are more likely to make a success of such a give-and-take arrangement as marriage? In choosing a mate we are less likely to follow the will-o'-the-wisp of mere sexual attraction, and to seek something more enduring and infrangible. If marriage is a gamble it is less so the more the rules of the game are understood. What made it infinitely more of a gamble to our grandmother was the fact that she had less freedom of choice than her granddaughter has today. There was a much greater tendency for marriages to be "arranged." Even where there was an apparent freedom of choice it was the choice to marry from that group of carefully chosen eligibles whom parents invited to the house, and not a freedom based on the present right to go out into the world and encounter all kinds and conditions of men.

There is an aesthetic quality about modern marriage which militates in its favor. In external matters this has shown itself in the cult of the "house beautiful," to which large sections of so many magazines are devoted. But it has invaded even the personal relationships. Our grandfathers considered it rank extravagance to shave more than twice a week, and our grandmothers hid themselves beneath a dozen petticoats. In those days to get married meant to give up youth: the woman lost hers in producing a large family, the man in producing a large stomach. Playing games for exercise was a frivolity not dared by those who had entered the dreary gates of matrimony.

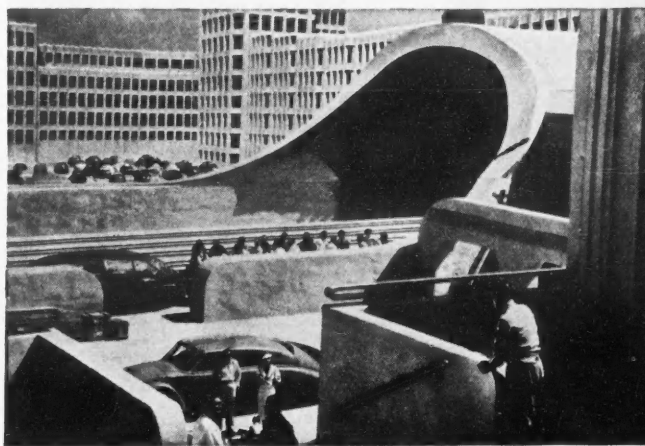
But all that has changed. Today a smooth-faced husband looks over the coffee at a neatly dressed and still decorative wife. Both preserve not only an outer but an inner semblance of youth into the fifties. They keep their tissues young and fit with exercise, I maintain wholeheartedly that this aesthetic factor plays a great part in preserving the attraction between the modern married man and woman, and plays no little part in enhancing "mutual aid!"

SCIENCE HAS helped modern marriage. What with labor-saving devices, electricity, and the newer forms of domestic architecture, housekeeping has become a much less arduous business. Women reach the end of the day fresher, less weary and irritable than they did a generation ago. Men also, working shorter hours with mechanical aids of all sorts, have time for recreation and games. As a consequence when husband and wife meet in the later hours of the day there is less of a groundwork for friction and ill-temper than there was even a generation ago.

[Continued on page 30]

IN THIS CORNER WE HAVE A NOTED AUTHOR WHO
ARGUES THAT MODERN CONDITIONS FAVOR MARRIAGE

TUNNEL



The mouth of the transatlantic tunnel, where Ruth waited so often for her husband.

there was a hail from behind them. The foreman had come running out.

"Mr. MacAllan—it's Mr. Lloyd, on the televisor from New York. It's most urgent—"

Drawn as if by a magnet, Mac turned. "You'd better go ahead, dear," he said. "I'll meet you at the house later."

He went inside without looking back. Robbie looked at Ruth, and Ruth at Robbie. They shrugged; then they entered the car, and drove off with the protesting Geoffrey.

"Once upon a time," said Robbie with an attempt at absurd gaiety, "there were three bears. . . ."

HELLO!" SAID Mac. "Yes, Mr. Lloyd; what is it?"

The flickering panel of the televisor showed him two faces, Lloyd's and Mostyn's. Lloyd spoke.

"We want you to come to New York immediately, MacAllan."

"What for?"

"Never mind. I'll tell you when you get here—"

Mac frowned. "Oh? You'll have to tell me now or do without me, I'm afraid, Mr. Lloyd."

Mostyn spoke up. "No; you'll come or do without us, MacAllan. You're the servant of this company, not its master. A paid engineer—and I'm one of the biggest shareholders."

"Sure, I realize that," said MacAllan. "But—well, I can't leave now. It's impossible."

Lloyd's twisted face hardened. "All right, MacAllan, you can shut down work on the tunnel, then."

"What d'you mean?"

"D'you want to know?"

"Yes—of course."

"Then do as you're told; come to New York and find out."

THUS RUTH and Robbie, playing with Geoffrey among his birthday presents, found the maid at their shoulder.

"Mr. MacAllan, on the televisor, madame."

"Where from? The Tunnel?"

"No, madame—his plane."

"His plane?" Ruth stared at Robbie. "His—"

"Something must have happened. He wouldn't miss—"

Ruth smiled, bitterly. "Oh, wouldn't he!"

Mac, by televisor: "Ruth, I'm terribly sorry. You'll explain to Geoffrey, won't you? He won't miss me, not with you and Robbie."

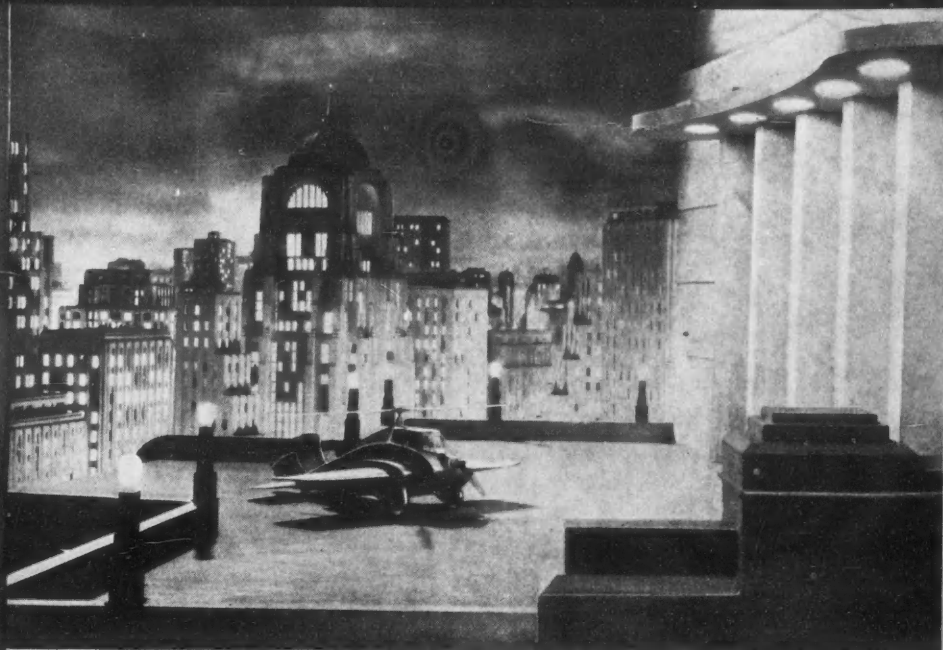
Ruth choked. "What about me? Does disappointing me mean nothing? I want my boy's father to be here, on his own son's birthday."

"But you don't realize—the Tunnel's my job. . . ."

"The Tunnel—always the Tunnel! My job's just being married to it. . . ."

And so on and so forth. At last Ruth put the instrument down and faced Robbie. He was shaking his head.

"Well, if I knew what to do, [Continued on page 58]



A private landing field in New York, thirty years from today.



Ruth (Madge Evans) and Robbie (Leslie Banks) celebrate the birthday party alone.



Mac argues hotly with Lloyd, and (Below) arrives in London to be greeted by Varlia (Helen Vinson).



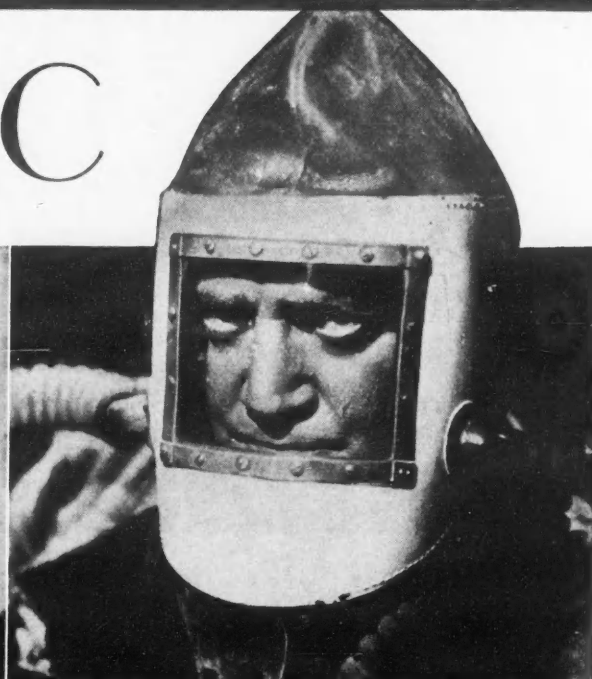
TRANSATLANTIC



Through the Televisor Mac (Richard Dix) defies Lloyd (C. Aubrey Smith) and Mostyn (Basil Sidney).



Month after month men sweltered and strained behind the great steel shield.



MacAllan, whose mind conceived the idea of the great tunnel, as played by Richard Dix.

IN THE magnificent New York house of an American millionaire there was a curious gathering.

Kings were there—and a queen; not the crowned heads of nations, but the overlords of gigantic financial enterprises straddling the world. There was Lloyd, the American—a twisted, crippled wreck of a man controlling steel; a sharp-faced, cynical fellow to whom the airways of all the earth gave allegiance; a woman, with the strings of the globe's oil markets in her plump hands; and Grellier.

Grellier was king of them all, both in his own view and actually. He was the head of the International Armaments Combine—and at the time of the story, thirty years on from today, that fact signified even more than it would in our times. A sinister, brooding figure, vulture-like feeding upon the passions and hates of men.

Music was being played—the lovely harmonies of Beethoven, but the crowned heads of industry accorded it perfunctory attention. They had been gathered together by Lloyd, to hear a proposition put before them—the proposition of a brilliant young engineer, now seated on a couch and waiting.

His name was MacAllan, and he was already a world-figure—inventor of Allanite Diamond Steel, and builder of the tunnels now in existence beneath the English Channel and between Miami and the Bahamas. Ruth, his wife, was also of the party, talking to Varlia Lloyd, the host's young daughter. Both MacAllan and Ruth were a trifle nervous, for the proposal to be submitted to these great ones was a startling one—revolutionary.

Lloyd rose slowly to his feet as the music died away. "Well," he said with his queer smile, "if any of you folks are interested in dollars, come into the next room and we'll talk."

He led a profoundly relieved trio of wealth and attainment into a conference chamber and sat down.

"You know Mr. MacAllan, all of you," he said. "But before he begins to talk, I want to impress two things on your minds. Firstly, that I'm as sane as you are; and secondly, Mr. MacAllan is a good deal saner. All right, go ahead, Mac!"

The engineer rose to his feet. "I'm only an engineer," he began, "putting up an engineering proposition. You may find it a bit fantastic, but I know it can be done. Briefly, it's the construction of an Atlantic Tunnel between England and America—"

The magnates sat up in their chairs, with varying expressions of astonishment and doubt, but MacAllan continued:

"There'll be difficulties, of course, but if you'll bear with me I'll try and give you the basic principles. What makes the thing possible is that Allanite steel has proved to be non-porous even under the terrific pressures we might experience; and also the new radium drill invented by my friend, Frederick Robins."

In the outer room with the women, Robins—Robbie,

**A DRAMA OF TOMORROW . . . OF SUPERMEN WHO BUILT
A TUNNEL FROM NEW YORK TO LONDON . . . AND OF
SUPERWOMEN WHO PLAYED THEIR PART WITH LOYALTY,
LOVE AND SACRIFICE. A GAUMONT-BRITISH PICTURE DIRECTED
BY MAURICE ELVEY. - FICTIONIZED BY R. V. GERY**

Mac's lifelong friend and co-worker—strove to cheer Ruth by the recital of silly nursery rhymes and general nervous chaff. Ten minutes passed—twenty—and then the door opened and Mac emerged.

"Well?" from Ruth, anxiously. "What did they say?" Mac grinned lopsidedly. "They're saying it now—turned me out to talk it over."

"Are they going to let you build?"

Mac shrugged. "Probably; at my own expense—"

"You mean they weren't interested?" from Robbie.

Ruth patted him on the shoulder. "Don't worry, darling. If you believe in it they can't stop you. The world needs the Tunnel. You've always been like that—doing great things for the world, and believing all the time you're doing them to please yourself."

Inside the room, Lloyd looked at the dark Grellier.

"What do you say, monsieur?"

Grellier had been perfectly silent for minutes, while the others talked. Now he nodded slowly and with a faint smile.

"I think it's an excellent idea," he said. "When your Tunnel is built, all the other nations of the world come to me for guns to blow it up."

Mostyn, Lloyd's partner, spoke up. "Mr. Lloyd and I propose to take up one third of the shares—"

"What's that?" It was the Oil Queen speaking.

"We propose to take up one third of the shares—"

The woman laughed. "What's good enough for you is good enough for me. I'm with you—and don't you try and stop me!"

Grellier's voice broke in. "The International Armaments Corporation will take—three million shares."

THUS THE great enterprise was financed and begun, with the money of Lloyd, Grellier and the rest of them, and the driving enthusiasm and keen brains of MacAllan and Robins. Three years passed, and the great tube, with Robbie's drill at the head of it, was well under the sea. Stripped to the

waist in the oppressive heat, men sweltered and strained behind the great steel shield. Mac spent more and more of his time among them, less and less with his wife and young son—

"Don't forget it's your boy's birthday," Robbie had to remind him once.

Mac, up to the eyes in mechanical detail, looked at him dully. "Eh?" he said. "Oh—um, yes. Ruth, eh? Well, keep her amused, won't you, Mr.—er, Roberts?"

Too immersed, too occupied to remember. Robbie picked up a parcel he had brought into the tunnel.

"Here you are, Mac; don't forget this. Your birthday present, to your son. They're waiting for you at the tunnel mouth."

Mac roused himself for an instant, sufficiently to turn away from the gauge he was peering at.

"Oh, thanks. You're a thoughtful kind of an idiot, aren't you? You think of everything."

"Lucky for you I do," Robbie laughed. "Come on!"

"Just a minute." Mac turned, as a man came to his elbow.

"What's that? Testing emergency door F—okay, I'll have a look at it."

He rushed away, leaving Robbie looking after him. Slowly, almost reluctantly, the inventor returned to the tunnel-mouth, where Ruth and Geoffrey, the boy, waited.

"He'll be along in a minute," he said. "He's just talking to one of the foremen."

They stood in the cold air, Geoffrey alive with interest and full of questions, Ruth with disappointment plainly written on her face. In the past years there had been much of this—much, too, of Robbie pinch-hitting for his friend.

Then she brightened, as Mac came out, hurrying, radiant, vividly alive.

"It's your son's birthday party," she smiled. "I want you to meet him and his mother—"

Mac grinned. "Thanks. I hear they're both charming."

They were moving toward the waiting automobile, when



Mrs. Harmon did her part, conscious that the dark Mr. Harmon was a glowering spectator. But her sympathy was gone.

monkey suit business and having people hang on to your arm an' all. I don't have to, do I?"

Mrs. Tallman recognized the urgency in his voice. She had felt that way once when she had been forced to recite "O Little Town of Bethlehem," with gestures, to a full church.

"Why, no. I don't think so," she said judiciously. "We can get someone to fill in if you decide not to do it. You have almost a week yet, though."

"Rehearsal's Friday. And Doris is having a house party, beginning tonight. And there'll be parties. You know that, mother. He'll have to decide soon," fretted Mona.

"He will."

"Decided now," muttered the unwilling usher.

BREAKFAST ENDED, the family trooped off to respective schools. The elder Tallmans smiled at each other in the ensuing calm and then refilled their coffee cups from the percolator on the table. They treasured these minutes.

Mr. Tallman spoke apologetically.

"I don't want to be hard on the boy, Ann. But a turtle neck sweater—for high school. It does seem—"

His wife blew him a kiss.

"You wore one."

He groaned. "Never marry your childhood sweetheart, especially if she's the girl next door. She knows too much."

"And Wilfred wears a shirt underneath. You didn't." She wisely did not add that she had forced the issue of the shirt as soon as Wilfred's sweater had first appeared.

"How do you know?" he challenged, his eyes twinkling. "All right. I surrender." He shook his head again. "Maybe I did look like that." He finished his coffee hastily at a gulp, kissed her not so hastily and was off. "Oh, he'll come out all right," she heard him mutter, reassuring himself as he grabbed his briefcase in the hall.

He would come out all right. Mrs. Tallman did not doubt that, never had doubted that. The sun and the stars might rise and dance hornpipes across the sky but her children would come out all right.

Just the same there was this untidy stage to live through. Well, she had lived through Alfreda's attacks of religious fanaticism, Mona's passionate devotion to innumerable clubs, the members of which seemed mostly to congregate in her kitchen for fudge. And there was Gladys's penchant for climbing trees, which distinctly was not *au fait* in the community.

Yes, it could be worse. There was the Bascom boy who collected snakes. And the Snyder heir who stalked high school girls for their photographs to adorn the walls of his room as a hunter nails up heads. Yes, it

could be worse, she reflected.

Some time later, as she paused in the doorway of Wilfred's room, not doubt but faint misgiving stirred her. This was even worse than usual.

As a little boy Wilfred had been taught to pick up his blocks and hang his clothes on the pegs of a rack in chronological order of divestment. None of that training was here apparent. Chaos, pure and complete, reigned.

Pyjamas were in the exact centre of the floor in juxtaposition to a pair of muddy football shoes hastily shed the preceding evening. A soiled shirt trailed droopily toward them from the arm of a chair. The bedclothes were rolled into several intricate wads; the spread had been removed, carefully folded and laid upon the [Continued on page 44]

Illustrated by
JACK KEAY



Wilfred looked up, then
stark panic in his eyes.

BREAKFAST had been peaceful for nine minutes.

Mrs. Tallman, crisply fresh of gown and coiffure, her blue eyes contemplative, leaned back in her chair. She surveyed her well appointed table, her three beautiful daughters, the vacant chair and her perfectly satisfactory husband, with thought. It was peaceful. But then, she admitted reluctantly to herself, it usually was peaceful in Wilfred's absence. No, certainly, Wilfred did not make for peace.

The peace ended abruptly. A cataclysmic noise began in the room above. There were bangs. There were jumps. There were bumps. It continued with enthusiasm to wax until it resembled nothing so much as three circus elephants practising their ring tricks. Had it been the day of gas lights the table would have been buried under falling mantles.

Mr. Tallman forsook his cereal.

"What in the nation is that?" he roared at his wife, not because he was the kind of man to roar at his wife but because nothing but a roar could carry through the din.

"It's Wilfred," chanted Alfreda, blonde and twenty-one, Mona, brunette and nineteen, and Gladys, twelve and nondescript, in the perfect unison of long practice.

Their father snorted.

"Of course. It's always Wilfred. But what is he trying to do? Wreck the house?"

But it was too much, even for the trio. No one short of a Coney Island barker could maintain conversation in such bedlam. With helpless gestures they gave it up.

Suddenly, as it began, it stopped.

"He's doing exercises," said Wilfred's mother pleasantly.

"Exercises! All that!"

"He weighs a hundred and sixty," replied his wife, always the champion of her children. That none but Wilfred seemed to need championing made no difference.

The hundred and sixty pounds came jumping down the stairs and burst into the dining room, grey eyes shining, blonde hair shaggy and rumpled, clothing that had been in the cataclysm.

"Morning. Sorry I'm late, mom."

"I've kept the milk hot for your cereal. It's here." She accepted his apology and handed him the pitcher in one gesture.

NOTHING LASTS ...

A HAUNTING STORY OF VERY YOUNG
LOVE--AND A MOTHER WHO REALIZED
ITS POTENTIALITIES FOR REAL TRAGEDY

by MILDRED FOULKE MEESE

"Gee, thanks." He began to feed the hundred and sixty pounds with gusto.

His father cleared his throat. The trio brightened.

"Just what was the nature of those—ah—exercises, Wilfred?"

"Football." The word emerged from his interior from between cereal and a too large piece of toast.

"But, even football. . . ." his father shook his head.

"He falls off the bed," volunteered Gladys brightly.

"And he does it at night, too. I was so embarrassed when you were out last night and Val was here," Mona was bursting with suppressed grievance. "And I couldn't tell him he was falling off the bed!"

"Antecedents?" murmured Alfreda gently, to be rewarded by what is commonly but effectively called a dirty look.

"S'all a buncha girls'd know," gulped Wilfred, his appetite undiminished, "not to know a football tackle from falling off a bed. And don't a guy have to learn how to fall right? Don't he?"

"Doesn't," said the gentle grammarian.

"Oh, go hire a hall!"

Alfreda did not hire a hall. She looked

her serene amusement.

"Don't tell me you are going to school again that way? In that awful rig! What would Cousin Doris and the rest say to seeing one of her wedding ushers look like that. The wedding party will be in town today, remember. And you might comb your hair."

"That's enough." The champion intervened sharply.

Wilfred did not trouble to reply. His old turtle neck sweater and worn knickers suited him perfectly. And he had combed his hair, at least the front of it. Cowlicks wouldn't stay down anyway.

But he unerringly scented the controversy. He looked alarmed. "Say, I don't have to ugh at that ol' wedding, do I, mom?"

"Well, you were asked last spring," his mother temporized, "and you apparently didn't object then. And Doris is your favorite cousin."

"It was good of her to ask you, you're so young," interpolated Mona kindly.

"But, gee, mom, I tole you. I didn't know all about this



Our second-best advertisement



CAMPBELL'S ON THE AIR!

Fridays

Dick Powell's "Hollywood Hotel"

—all-star revue—9:10 P.M. (E.S.T.)

Columbia Network—coast-to-coast.

Wednesdays

George Burns & Gracie Allen

—new program—8:30 P. M. E. S. T.

—7:30 C.S.T.—9:30 M. T.—8:30 P.S.T.

Columbia Network—coast-to-coast.



21 kinds to choose from . . .

Asparagus	Chicken	Mushroom	Pea
Bean	with Rice	(Cream of)	Pepper Pot
Beef	Consommé	Mutton	Printanier
Bouillon	Julienne	Noodle	Tomato
Celery	Mock Turtle	with Chicken	Vegetable
Clam Chowder	Mulligatawny	Ox Tail	Vegetable-Beef

OF course, Campbell's advertising is not new to you. For many years it has appeared in magazines and newspapers—as well as on billboards, over the radio, and in stores everywhere. This advertising has told women about the deliciousness of Campbell's Soups, and why it is unnecessary to go to all the bother of making soup at home.

But the *best* advertisement of all for Campbell's Soups is *what people say about them in conversation*—what one woman tells another of the fine home flavor, the time saving, the ease, the economy, the 21 kinds, and how thoroughly the family enjoys them.

What people say has always been Campbell's best advertisement, because there can be nothing more influential than the enthusiastic comment of friend to friend—the praise that is voluntary, and beyond price.



Because so delicious, and so easy to prepare, Campbell's Soups have made friends everywhere. May we make the friendly suggestion that tomorrow you serve and enjoy the world's most popular soup—Campbell's Tomato Soup. Or Campbell's Vegetable Soup, hearty and delicious with its fifteen different vegetables in rich beef broth. Or Campbell's Cream of Mushroom, a sumptuous soup that gives a "party" touch to home meals.



LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Campbell's SOUPS

MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD, NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO

THE BARONESS'S HEAD

TENSE MYSTERY LEADS TO MORE
SINISTER HAPPENINGS IN THIS
THRILLING MODERN NOVEL BY

PAUL SCHUBERT

Synopsis of previous
installments will be
found on page 48.

AGNES watched with a feeling of nightmare unreality, her heart pounding and her throat dry, half expecting to wake and find the intruder vanished, half conscious that she was faced by very real flesh and blood. Yet there was something familiar about the figure before them. When Geoffrey's electric torch flashed out, she saw what she had instinctively realized from the first glance at the silhouette.

"Otho!" she exclaimed involuntarily.

It was young Otho von Popperthal, his wet blonde hair plastered to his long skull, his leather jacket, knickers and boots soaked by the rain and stained with hard travel. He stood blinking uncertainly into the torch's glare, looking anything but a dangerous criminal, and Agnes felt her fright give place to a feeling of extraordinary relief.

"Who's there?" von Popperthal demanded in an anxious whisper.

"It's Tuttle," answered Geoffrey, "and Agnes Vincent. We are sitting up keeping watch on the house."

Agnes stood up. The electrical storm was at its height, and she found herself trembling with the tense reactions of the moment. Almost mechanically she went and drew the heavy outer curtains across the window, then closed the door. Striking a match, she lit a candle, which she placed upon the table.

"I thought I'd never get here," Otho confessed. Then the desire for information became uppermost—the information for which he had travelled so far. "Tell me, for heaven's sake," he said. "Have they caught the man?"

"They've arrested old Travnik, but he doesn't seem to fit the crime."

"Heaven help the man who killed her!" Otho said grimly. A sob rose in his throat, and they could feel the anguish and personal strain under which he was laboring. "Is it true. . . there's an order out for my arrest?"

"They want to question you," said Geoffrey. "How were you able to get back without falling into their hands?"

"I came by our courier paths from lodge to lodge through the forest. But the house itself—have the police been here?"

"Yes, they've been carrying on investigations all day."

"Are they still here?"

"There's a guard inside your grandaunt's bedroom and another one somewhere outside the house. Didn't you see him?"

"He must have taken shelter from the rain. Tell me,"—Otho leaned forward anxiously—"did they search everything? Was nothing unusual discovered?"

Geoffrey looked at him for a moment. "If you mean the man in the tower," he said, watching the effect of his words closely, "no, they haven't found him. As far as I know they don't even suspect that he is there."

Otho started up, his eyes dilated in astonishment. "You know!" he whispered agitatedly. And a complete reaction overcame him. Abandoning all further caution he dropped the pretense of secrecy. "Look here, Tuttle, you've got to help me. The thing has gone beyond my strength. Do you think he murdered my grandaunt?"

Geoffrey sought for words. "I think it's possible."

"What makes you believe that?"

"When Agnes and I discovered him this afternoon he tried to empty a pistol into us."

Von Popperthal shook his head like a man whose darkest anticipations have been exceeded. His voice sank wearily.



A broken flashlight
lay beside him, tram-
pled by some foot.



Von Popperthal rushed in
terror past Agnes and dis-
appeared into the darkness.

"I was sent back here to take him to another hiding place before the police found him, but if he is my grandaunt's murderer, how can I help him to escape? I wish I'd never got tangled up in the affair."

"Who is the man?" Geoffrey asked.

Von Popperthal shrugged helplessly. "What's the use? You've already heard me babble half my secrets. It's 'Mr. Z.'"

"The future Emperor of Austria?"

"Yes. Prince Cyril of Wenzel-Hapsburg."

"How long has he been here?"

"Since Friday of last week. We decided that this would be the best place for him during the final stages of our plan."

"Tell me, Otho; did he play a part in the difference of opinion between you and your grandaunt?"

Otho quivered. "He was at the bottom of everything. Thank heaven I went in and asked her forgiveness before I left last night. I travelled across the border into Austria to talk to the others and lay the situation before them."

"Was the thing political or personal?"

"Both. You know there was a question whether our family fortune should be placed at the disposition of the Royalist exchequer. I felt that we were in honor bound to do so, but yesterday morning my grandaunt took an opposite view."

"Yesterday?"

"Yes. Up to then, we all felt that the restoration of the monarchy was the only solution to the middle-European problem and were proud to lend ourselves to the cause. We von Popperthals had got together 330,000 Czecho-krone as our contribution—not a tremendous fortune but a great sum of money for us. My grandaunt kept it in her room, ready to send to the exchequer when the call came."

"Do you know where she kept the money?" Geoffrey asked.

"I believe it was locked in the commode by the head of her bed."

"Are you sure she had it in the room last night?"

"Yes, certain. Why?"

"Because as far as I know, it was stolen by the man who murdered her."

Von Popperthal's brow darkened.

"Can you think," Geoffrey asked, "of any reason why 'Mr. Z.' should want to steal the money?"

"The whole thing revolved about the money. Last week the Privy Council decided that the European situation was favorable for our movement, and that the time had come to commence our final action. The Prince was smuggled here to Schloss Popperthal and word was sent out to turn over all pledged funds to the Exchequer. [Continued on page 48]

How do
they keep
that way?



DO YOU ever—and what female of the species doesn't?—sigh with envy when the models at a fashion show go liling by in their gorgeous clothes? Not just because that draped gold lamé on the tall dark model would bring out every atom of siren in you, or because you could do a Gladys Parker in the trick little velvet number with the rhinestone bows. No; not that. But don't you envy the models their slender figures, lovely hair and skin and the ease and grace with which they wear clothes? If you do, likely you think in a hopeless kind of way: "I'd never be able to look like that in a hundred years!" Adding, in a species of dumb wonder as you remember seeing those very models season after season, always looking the same: "How on earth do they stay that way?" And then you dismiss the whole business with a resigned shrug. "After all," you decide "those girls are models." As if models were creatures from another planet, made according to different specifications and subject to different laws than the rest of us!

They aren't, though. Stop and think it over. The clothes that models wear in a fashion show are designed for people who ask for sizes fourteen to twenty or maybe a little above or below that. Average people, even as you and I. So it stands to reason that the models who will show them to the best advantage are just very good specimens of average types. Doesn't it? A model should be exactly what her name implies—someone who demonstrates what you can look like in clothes that are made for you, provided you are willing to take the trouble with your appearance that she must with hers.

That "must" is literally true. If a girl wants to become a model and continue to be one in the face of the most appalling competition, she has no choice but to keep at the very apex of her good looks. For the rest of us this may be more or less a matter of choice. For her it means bed and dinner, car fare and clothes and the wherewithal to pacify the doctor, the dentist and the hairdresser.

Now that we've decided a model is flesh and blood like ordinary mortals, we might go into the matter of what it takes to be a good one and what is even more important, how she keeps herself up to specifications.

The people who can tell us about qualifications are the ones who choose the models for fashion shows. What does every last one of them declare is of prime importance? Just what you expect—a good figure. Without that, the hopeful candidate might as well walk out of the office before she is invited to do so. She had much better hurry herself into a radio job before television comes along and wrecks her chances there, too. Unless, of course, her figure defects are ones that something can be done about.

What do they mean by "a good figure?" To put it in two words—slenderly rounded. Not exaggeratedly thin, particularly not today. Can you imagine one of those sculptured Grecian gowns that is all shirrings or drapery hung on a flat-chested girl with arms like match-sticks and a pitiful display of bones and hollows instead of a lovely rounded neck and shoulders? Or a backless dress revealing shoulder blades that jut out like angels' wings and vertebrae resembling spools on a string? Perish the thought! On the other hand, a good figure is not a fat one. Nothing mars the lines of a dress like bulges in the wrong places, or curves that are too well-defined, or heavy arms and shoulders. No; slender but rounded has it.

Naturally, there are different types of good figures. The petite one, sizes twelve, thirteen and fourteen. The more average sixteens and eighteens. And the twenties, usually older women. A tall sixteen is the most popular model of all;

some stores want tall fourteens as well. By "tall" they all seem to mean five feet six or seven inches, without shoes.

There are several reasons why height is important. For one thing, dresses are always made on the assumption that the wearers are tall. It is a fairly simple matter to make a dress shorter, but to lengthen it is ticklish business and often utterly impossible. A firm doesn't want to go taking tucks in expensive gowns for models to wear five or six times; so the girl who can wear long skirts as they are is first in the field. Then again, models are nearly always on an elevated stage or runway, above the level of the seated audience's eyes. That means that their figures are foreshortened, making height imperative. And lastly, a tall girl who is graceful as well usually shows off clothes to better advantage than her shorter sister. Look at the fashion drawings in the smart magazines. All the ladies are impossibly long of limb, but the artist would never have drawn them that way if they weren't effective.

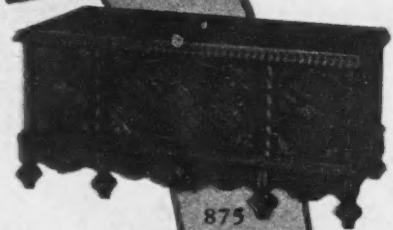
To get on with our list of qualifications. A model must have good posture. She must know enough not to stand with one hip thrown out of joint, or her back in a question-mark curve, or her shoulders drooping like an unwatered begonia. She must be able to walk well, even in stilt-like high heels. Anybody who can do that deserves a pair of those same heels set with honest-to-goodness diamonds! Included in the walking qualification [Continued on page 52]

by HELEN NORSWORTHY SANGSTER

Built for Beauty, Utility, and Protection



916

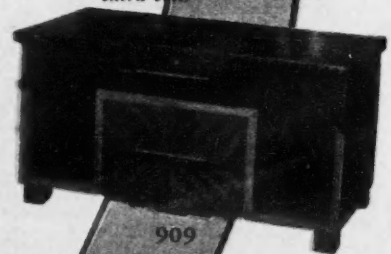


875



609R

Any three-letter monogram
can be supplied without
extra cost.



909

WHEN thinking of an especial gift
—for your relations or friends or
for your own home—think of Red Seal
Cedar Chests—of the lifetime of beauty
inherent in the soft gleaming finish of
their veneers and period designs.

And behind these distinctive exteriors is sure and
lasting protection. Made of 70% $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch Red Cedar
Heartwood panels—rendered dust and damp-proof
by Cadmium Stripping—Red Seal Cedar Chests give
your furs, linens and other possessions maximum
security against moths.

At all Good Furniture Dealers

THE HONDERICH FURNITURE COMPANY
LIMITED, MILVERTON, ONTARIO

HONDERICH

Red Seal  Cedar Chests

Why do I cry so easily?



Frequent crying spells are usually a sign of a "run-down" physical condition

DOCTORS SAY that emotional upsets, such as bursting into tears and flaring up at the least little thing, are an indication that you are overtired, "run-down."

The cause is usually an "underfed" condition of your blood. Your blood is not absorbing the full nourishment

it should from your food. Your nerves suffer and it doesn't take much to bring on a flood of tears.

What you need is something which will help your blood to take up more nourishment from the food you eat.

How a Simple Food Stabilizes the Nerves

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast increases the activity of the digestive organs. Your blood takes up more nourishment, and carries it to nerves and muscles throughout your body.

Your whole system becomes more vigorous. And mental depression, tiredness and nervousness soon go.

Fleischmann's Yeast does the most good when eaten regularly—two cakes a day before meals or at bedtime. Start eating it today—and watch your energy increase, and your fits of "nerves" disappear!

"I'M AT THE RECEPTION DESK of a big company, and every day I have to meet people. I have to be pleasant and smile.

"I love my work, yet a short time ago I wondered if smiling wasn't the hardest job a person could have. I was growing more irritable and cranky each day. Then I began taking 2 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day—and today I feel and look entirely different. Fleischmann's Yeast helped me to smile again!"

Quinnetta McLean, Montreal, Quebec



● Well people are happy people. They get the most out of work and play—are sought after and popular wherever they go. Be one of them! You can't expect to have good times if you drag around always tired, listless and depressed. Keep yourself fit and see how much easier it is to face life with a smile!



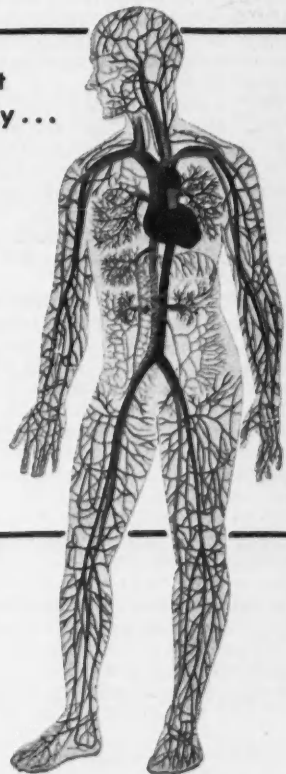
— corrects Run-down condition by feeding and purifying the blood

It's your blood that "feeds" your body ...

ONE of the most important functions of your blood stream is to carry nourishment to the muscle and nerve tissues of your entire body.

When you feel "overtired" at the least extra effort—it is usually a sign that your blood is failing to carry enough food to your tissues.

What you need is something to help your blood take up more nourishment from your food.



A CHRISTMAS FEATURE FOR EVERYBODY



"I suppose you wonder about my eye, too," he added nonchalantly. "Well, that just dropped out one day."

The Bear Who Was Never Bessie

by ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

YOU MIGHT think that an old grey-brown teddy bear with one foot entirely gone (though neatly sewed up), and one shoe-button eye out (though replaced with black darning cotton), would feel embarrassed under a Christmas tree, with a whole circle of brand-new, shop-shiny toys. But if you do, you don't know the rules of Christmas trees.

The new toys sitting around him looked upon that bear not only with the greatest respect, but with not a little envy. For to them, he was a living proof of something that they all hoped was really true—that toys when they grow old and even shabby and worn, may some way be remembered and loved a little. Looking at him, they realized that he must have been loved a long, long time.

Moreover, it was a very important Christmas tree, because it was a *first* one; that is, it was the beginning of real toys and presents for someone about three years old. The toys that waited there ready to be found, were, in a manner of speaking, just starting their own careers. They knew that some children get so many things for Christmas that they soon forget or break them. They had even heard heart-breaking stories of how sometimes, after all the fun of the

day is over, there are children already so tired of their presents that they accidentally - on - purpose let them fall or bang them against each other. That is just about the worst of all, but it isn't as bad as when they just put them away somewhere and forget them. That is the saddest.

Yet, looking at that little old one-eyed bear with very handsome pink silk shirt on, they were hopeful. It made them all feel safe and happy, and the old bear nodded to them encouragingly. His one eye was bright in the light that fell around them from the window. It was from a lamp-post outside, and it was filtered by the falling snow, so that they almost had the feeling of being in a snowstorm themselves. It was very cozy, and just the right way to feel for Christmas.

"My first tree for many a long year," remarked the

old bear, "and I hope it won't be my last. I never missed one while *She* was growing up. And I hope that you all will have as wonderful a life as I have."

"And indeed, sir, so do we," they all said respectfully. "In this house I'm sure you will. I happen to know."

They all huddled a little closer, leaning toward him. "Have you been here long?"

"Not in this particular house," said the bear, sticking his good leg out straight to rest it, "but in one house and another and even a few—er—places of learning, I have lived a long and exciting life. Sitting here with you tonight, seeing you watching me and knowing your hopes and fears, I well remember my First tree. It was, how long? Well, almost twenty, twenty-five, say twenty years ago!"

"My goodness!" they all gasped.

"My present appearance," he added with some dignity, "is in no way due to age or neglect, I want you to know—but merely, shall we say, because of my very unusual life. I have gone through a good deal, but that's why I'm here today. An ordinary bear in my condition that nobody really cared for, would have been sent to the garbage heap long ago."

"I guess they *did* love you," said someone, not realizing that it was rather a rude remark.

"Yes," said the bear, too happy in his memories to take offense, "*She* loved me. And I can tell you this—the Little New One, the one you are all for, if she's anything like her mother, will love you, too."

"Of course," he went on with a forgivable touch of pride, "I can't promise you that you will have as much to remember at my age as I have, but . . ."

"Tell us about it, do, sir," they begged. "We don't just know your name."

"Well," he began, settling his shirt a little, "I really haven't ever told anyone my real name, but I *never* was Bessie!"

They looked at each other, afraid to laugh, and wondering what would come next.

"I was never, on any occasion, Bessie," he repeated solemnly.

"I'm sure," they agreed.

"It was this way. There *was* a Bessie—a much darker-colored bear than I ever was, even before I got grey. She was a sort of cinnamon, you might say, and as nice a bear as any child might ask for. She had a kind of curved nose and sad expression; that is why *She* always loved her. That is what *She* told me. But Bessie got lost one day, and no one ever knew just how. It was a mystery."

"*She* was heartbroken. She cried every night and got into a state where they said she might be ill if they couldn't find that sad-faced cinnamon bear. It was getting toward Christmas, too. They turned the house upside down, but they couldn't find a sign of a bear. Of course, they told her that surely Bessie would come back some day, somehow, and I suppose *She* believed them. If she hadn't, she'd have cried herself sick."

"Imagine!" said the Music Box.

"That's the way she loved bears. Well, Christmas was

getting pretty close and no Bessie. So her godmother, that was Mamie, went down to the store where they had got Bessie in the first place, and saw me. She always said afterward that I got right down off the counter and walked right into her arms, and that she recognized me at once. You see, I was *supposed* to be Bessie. But, let me tell you, I was *never* on any occasion. I can prove it, as you'll see later.

"So there I was, sitting under my First tree, just as you are tonight, wondering what life would bring me, now that I was all bought and brought home and everything. Don't suppose that I don't know what a great moment it is, that half-second and half a lifetime when they rush into the room and then—*squeal*. Oh, my goodness! I wonder which of you this Little New One will pick up first!"

"It could be any one of us," said the Mickey Mouse, broad-mindedly.

"Well, I must get on. There I sat waiting, and the grown-ups were waiting, too—to see what *She* would say. She came tiptoeing in with her little night-drawers over her feet like a bunny. (I don't know what they call those things now, but in those days they were *night-drawers*.) Of course she squealed. She looked at me with a secret in her eye, and then she winked. 'Why,' she said, for she knew what they were all up to just as well as I did—and, of course, she didn't want to disappoint them—'Why,' she said, 'why—Bessie!' She picked me up and kissed me and asked where I'd been all this time, and everybody was pleased to death. It was a wonderful beginning, for, of course, the joke was on all the rest of them. We knew, *She* and I, that I was no Bessie."

"Of course!"

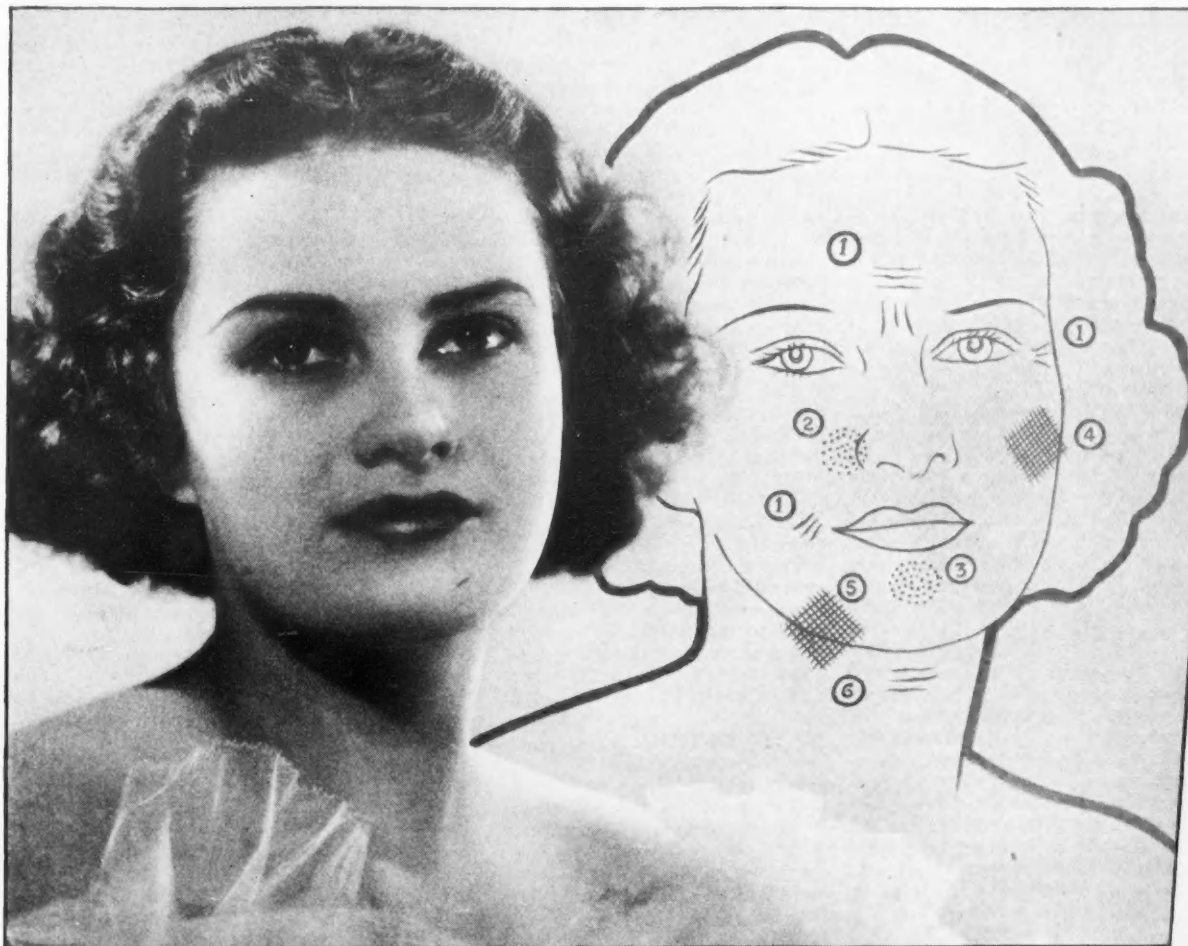
"So it began—the most wonderful life that a bear ever had. We were never apart. She gave me all the doll's clothes, and Mamie made me a pair of night-drawers just like *Hers*, with real mother-of-pearl buttons on them. When *She* had the mumps, she rubbed some of the black stuff on my neck, just the way they did it to her, and we both had a bad case of mumps together. It didn't matter about the black stuff. It smelled pretty bad, but it wore off. Oh, those days, those days!"

HE FELL silent, looking down at the stump of his off leg. "And every Christmas I had something new to wear, and they would put me under the tree, just so she could Pick me Up First. She never changed."

"Then Her mother got very ill, and there was no one to take care of us. Although she was so small, it seemed that she had to go away to a boarding school. She had lots of fun getting new clothes and having a trunk of her own, and nice towels and wash rags with her name on them. She was awfully pleased, and when they weren't watching, she sewed her name right on my back, and slipped me into the trunk. It was sweet-smelling and clean in there, right in with the perfumed soap her daddy gave her."

"It was a little lonely but very pleasant in a place called a vestry where they kept the children's clothes at school, and they put me right in with the towels and wash-rags. They knew I belonged there, because of the name on my back. Then, one night when she had a [Continued on page 55]

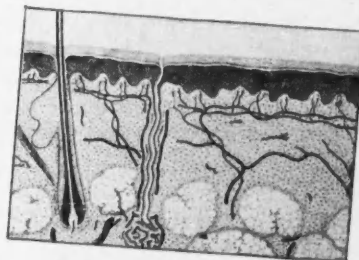




Miss Constance Hall says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin clear, smooth and fine."

Which of these is Yours?

- 1 **LINES FADE** when wasting under tissues are stimulated and fill out.
- 2 **BLACKHEADS GO** when clogging secretions are removed, and underskin stimulation prevents further clogging.
- 3 **BLEMISHES STOP** coming when blackheads that cause them are removed and new ones prevented.
- 4 **PORES REDUCE** when kept free from pore-enlarging secretions that come from within the skin.
- 5 **DRY SKIN SOFTENS** when penetrating oils restore suppleness and failing oil glands grow active.
- 6 **TISSUES WON'T SAG** when underskin nerves and fibres are kept toned up and stimulated.



Where Skin Faults start

Just below that dark layer begins the underskin where tiny nerves, cells, blood vessels, oil and sweat glands work busily to keep outer skin flawless. Skin faults start when this underskin slows up. But deep-skin treatment with Pond's Cold Cream can rouse it again!

Put new life into Under Skin

See outer skin bloom... Faultless!

Deep-skin Cream reaches beginnings of Common Skin Faults

WHAT'S the one thing that annoys you most when you peer into the mirror?

Blackheads dotting your nose? Lines creasing your forehead? Or perhaps scattered little blemishes? If you could only start *new*—just once—with that satin-clear skin that makes any woman beautiful!

Do you know how you can? By putting *new life* right into your underskin! There's where skin faults begin. And there's where you must work to get rid of them.

Your underskin is made up of tiny nerves, blood vessels, glands and fibres. *Kept active*—they rush life to your outer skin—free it of flaws. Those annoying lines or blackheads or blemishes are a sign your underskin is slowly losing its vigor!

TO KEEP that underskin pulsating with life—stimulate it deep. Plain surface cleansing won't do this. Deep-skin cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream *will*! Made of specially processed oils, it seeps its way down the pore—through cloggings

of dirt, make-up, skin secretions. Out they flow—leaving your skin fresher, immediately clearer.

But Pond's Cold Cream does still more! A second application travels down the clean pores *fast*—direct to the underskin. Pat it in briskly. Circulation quickens—your color livens up! Little glands get busy—now pores reduce, blemishes go away, lines begin to fade. Your skin feels firm again!

Follow this Treatment—

Every Night, give your skin this double-benefit treatment. Pat in Pond's Cold Cream to uproot clogging make-up and dirt. Wipe off. Now pat fresh Cold Cream in *briskly*—for underskin stimulation that fights skin faults!

Every Morning, and before make-up, refresh your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. It smooths your skin for powdering—brings a lively bloom. You look like a new person!

Begin at once. Send for tube offered below. Pond's Cold Cream is pure. Germs cannot live in it.

Send for Special 9-Treatment Tube Begin to clear YOUR skin faults away

Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd., Dept. M, 167 Brock Ave., Toronto, Ont. . . I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Province _____
Made in Canada All rights reserved by Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, FRANÇOISE OF FRANCE

Princess Christopher of Greece

famed among royalty for her classic beauty, says: "I use Pond's Cold Cream night and morning. My skin looks fresher and younger . . . My pores fine. Little lines have vanished."



We found strange things in that sawdust, that had been lost for many a day. But not the missing tooth.

MEN AND MENUS

REVEALING THE STRANGE ADVENTURES THAT BEFELL TWO
CANADIANS ON A TOUR OF EUROPEAN RESTAURANTS

by
B. W. KEIGHTLEY

ABOUT A week after my return from a trip to Europe that took me into England, Germany, France and Czechoslovakia, my wife, who in addition to being a splendid cook is also a very fair-minded girl, said to me: "I don't know how I'll ever keep you satisfied with home-cooking after all the fine foreign dishes and super-service you've been enjoying abroad." So just to prove to her that novelty in food and service isn't everything a man demands in food, I told her of some of my experiences over there, and, in particular, of my visit to Tomasino's in Prague.

Another Canadian advertising man and I had been having the time of our lives in Leipsig, visiting the Fair, which is a show of merchandise and not of women, when I came across the word *Praha*.

"Bill," I said, "what is Praha?"

"Ass," said Bill, "that's the way the Czechoslovakians spell the name of their own capital."

"Well," I said, "anyone who is ingenious enough to make Praha out of what is plainly Prague, deserves to be visited. Let's go there."

"Right," said Bill, who is nothing if not amiable. "Let's! I'm sick of German uniforms and salutes. I'd like to see some Czechoslovakian ones."

Bill didn't mention—but I quite understood because I had been feeling that way myself—that he was sick of looking at German women. Now, don't go off at half-cock and conclude that I'm panning German womanhood. Far from it. I'm sorry for them. I'm sorry for them because Hitler—who, I think, is a smart egg in some ways—pulled an awful boner with his women folk. He decided that in order to put over this all-Aryan Spartan race of his, that cosmetics were out—napoo, as it were; and from that day on, lipsticks, face powders, nail polishes and everything else that is designed to touch up the jolly old visage, were to be *verboten*.

Children, the effect is something awful. I can't think of anything he could have verbotenized with such tragic results. If you've never seen a street full of women in broad daylight who look as if they had forgotten to stop at the dressing table this morning, you can't imagine the depressing effect it had on Bill and me. (We are both respectably married but not permanently crippled, and we still like to let the old eye wander around a little.) Hair dragged back in a hard

bun at the back, faces without make-up that looked like boiled codfish, lips that appeared pale and chapped—well, I never realized what a little make-up does for our gals at home! Now I know why our national bill for cosmetics is what it is—and whatever it is, it isn't too much.

So, in a way, it was the Fuehrer's fault that we went to Czechoslovakia, and that Bill lost his tooth in Tomasino's in Prague. It shows what little things affect one's destiny and all that sort of thing.

In Prague we stayed at the Hotel Esplanada, which is a dandy hotel, with such excellent service that we got tired of it and decided to go common. We wanted to see how the rank and file of the Czechs passed their lighter moments. So we asked the announcer of the rubberneck bus that showed us the sights of Prague to send us to such a place. He said that a place called Tomasino's was just our meat, that it was the vaulted cellar under a 600-year-old brewery and had been made over into a tavern and dining room; that there was good beer and fair food and music to be had there, and lots of common or garden Czechs.

So, when dinner time rolled around, Bill and I skipped the fine dinner in the lovely hotel dining room and told the concierge that we wanted to go to Tomasino's. Now, we had ranked pretty well with him up to that moment, but while he probably used Tomasino's himself in his spare time, it was quite evident that he didn't approve of it for us. However, we insisted, so he finally called a taxi, and in a fine outpouring of vowelish Czechoslovakian, told the driver where to take us.

On the way over, Bill, who is partial to his food, patted his tummy and said: "Something tells me I'm going to get quite a kick out of these Czechoslovakian victuals." The poor lad was prophetically correct: he got a kick out of them that cost him an incisor!

Tomasino's, once we arrived there, was so much like I had expected it to be that I was quite disappointed. I mean, there

were the worn curving steps going down, correctly adjusted so as to expedite a bad fall, the glare of light that burst on us when we entered the place, the bare wooden tables amply decorated with pots of black beer and queer looking victuals, the orchestra ambling around among the tables, fiddling and accorioning, and slews and slews of Czechs. I realized why that big list of names that follows the cast on a Hollywood film is nearly all foreign, like Jekabodian and Polly-offski. These funny interiors come natural to foreigners.

I hate to be trite, but we really did thread our way to our table. I never found anything so hard to thread in my life. We stumbled over Czechoslovakian feet and legs all the way, and mumbled something we hoped would be taken for the local version of "Excuse me."

It didn't take more than a minute after we got seated for the full difficulty of our position in relation to the Czech tongue to burst upon us in all its hideous implications. Up until now we had been coddled and petted in a ritzy hotel where everyone down to the elevator boy spoke some sort of English. But that was all behind us. Not a soul in Tomasino's spoke English.

"Bill," I said, "as an advertising man, you will appreciate the difficulty of our present position. We have a consumer demand for grub, but no medium in which to advertise it. What'll we do?"

"Make signs," said Bill, who was both hungry and practical.

FORTHWITH WE started to make signs, both to the stout old lady who sold the black beer and to the waiter who handled the food end of the business. With the old lady it was simple enough. Beer seems to be one word that is the same the world over. She brought us a couple of huge mugs of black beer with a collar of froth and set them before us on a pasteboard disc. She kept score on the margin of the disc. Every time you got another mug she made a mark on it, and when you had four vertical marks, she made a diagonal one and then started all over again. She didn't have much trouble keeping score on us, but some of the local talent had marks nearly all around the circumference of their discs before we left, and no doubt had to be supplied with new discs.

[Continued on page 64]



An important Christmas message

... no intelligent mother of little children will ignore it!

★ Make this simple experiment on Christmas, mother. It will show why doctors insist on high food-energy breakfasts for little children.

Keep tab on your elusive codger—if you can—during the forenoon. Watch him romping helter-skelter, upstairs, downstairs, everywhere.

Here's first-hand evidence that he burns up more bodily energy for his size than a grown-up athlete! And he's doing it not only on Christmas—but every single morning of the year! It becomes easy for him to overdo and lower his vitality.

Particularly in the years 1 to 6, with malnutrition and infectious disease cases at the peak, this should be of serious con-

cern to you. Fortunately, there are safeguards...

Delicious Cream of Wheat at each breakfast will give in abundance just the food energy your youngster needs to keep thriving... and give it with remarkable speed. It digests very easily, without taxing delicate young systems. It encourages natural gains in weight.

Ask your doctor about Cream of Wheat—made from the best Canadian hard wheat.

And begin now to fortify your child each morning with this pure cereal, proved through 40 years. Your grocer can supply you. Cream of Wheat comes only in hygienic packages that are *triple-sealed* against taints and contaminations.



Gleaming new Silver for your table...

See the marvelous offer on
the Cream of Wheat package
you buy today

Get a whole set of it! It's Wm. A. Rogers At heavy silver plate, in the exciting Coronet Pattern, made by Oneida, Ltd. It's a wonderful opportunity. Read all about it on the Cream of Wheat package. And here's a happy thought: save on gifts and bridge prizes—give this exquisite silver! The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

Snow on Christmas

(Continued from page 9)

straightening the dresser scarf and pushing each drawer tightly into place. As she arranged the folds of the curtains, she noticed, with a thrill of satisfaction, that it had begun to snow. Large, leisurely flakes were sifting down through the still air. A white Christmas! Just what she had hoped for. Her cup of happiness was full.

By two, though she forced herself to sit down and concentrate on yesterday's paper, she found herself definitely fidgeting. The snow had thickened. The flakes were falling faster and faster. The only uncovered patch of ground now was in the lee of the barn. The whole landscape was a snowy vision. She sat in the chair by the window, her chin on her palm, and stared out into the storm. The paper fell, unnoticed, to the floor. It was very still. Except for the staccato click of the clock and the occasional snap of the burning wood in the stove, there was no sound. Dudley's barn across the road disappeared behind a veil of white. Soon the front fence vanished as well. The snow was thick and wet and clung to everything it touched, frosting the world in a white, sugary coat. Once she got up and went into the kitchen. The turkey's crackling brown skin was slowly but definitely drying out. She dampened the towel that covered it, and returned to her post.

By three, her entire body was tense with waiting. Her eyes ached from staring through the curtain of snow at the vacant county road, down which no car or wagon had passed that day. Everyone was snug inside his own home, celebrating the day with rest and plenty. It had become very dark, and Jane Anthony rose to light the lamps. Perhaps, on the whole, it was better this way. The lamps made the room look so cosy. They were very handsome lamps, bought in the early years of her marriage, elaborately rose-painted and hung with white bead fringe. She had taken exquisite care of them. Not a bead was broken. She set them about to the best advantage, then went outside to hang the stable lantern on the front post as a welcome light.

*"Let your lower lights be burning,
Send a gleam across the wave—"*

She was humming under her breath as she hurried up the walk. The snow was nearly an inch deep now, piled toweringly on every twig and ledge. The whole world was still, waiting, as she was waiting. She stood in the doorway with her big knitted shawl drawn tightly around her shoulders and felt the cool, damp air touch her cheeks.

"I mustn't let myself get so fussy," she thought. "Maybe they didn't get off till nearly twelve. Then they'd have to drive slow, too, on account of the slippery roads. Maybe they won't get here till nearly four or so. I hope they drive carefully. Frank was always such a reckless youngster. There I go again—acting foolish! After all, he's been driving all these seven years and hasn't had an accident. I've got no reason to get so wrought up. I hope to goodness that turkey'll be all right! Maybe I better take it off the stove entirely. I'd hate to have it all dry up. I can heat it up in the oven when they come." She turned back to her fragrant kitchen.

Four o'clock came and went. Jane Anthony had got out her tatting now, and her fingers flew with quick, efficient precision, though every nerve was quivering. Her eyes blurred from the strain of looking too long into the falling snow, and she shut them to rest them, and still behind her eyelids, the flakes fell steadily, soundlessly. The bobbin, like an agile black beetle, slid back and forth between her long thin fingers, leaving its

trail of intricate and beautiful lace behind.

"Why don't they come? What's happened? Suppose there's been an accident! Suppose they're lying in a ditch somewhere, with the snow falling on them, covering them up, and no one would ever see them, and I'd sit here all night just like this—tatting and tatting—and listening till my ears seemed to be popping right out of my head! Why don't they phone? Frank knows the Dudleys have a phone and will run over with messages. I wonder if I took some saleratus if it would stop my head aching? That's from eyestrain, I guess. Or nerves. Think of me having nerves! But this is driving me crazy."

"Suppose they aren't coming at all. Suppose Vail decided she didn't want to. I wouldn't blame her. Not much fun spending Christmas with a strange old woman in a little country town. It's her only free day too, and she probably needs a rest. Much better for her to spend the day abed in a nice, big, warm hotel, with Frank to look after her and bring her roses and brush her hair. I wouldn't mind—if they'd only let me know. Yes, I would too. I'm a fool, but I'd rather die sitting right here in this chair, expecting them, listening for them, than to have little Bobbie Dudley coming over with a message that they weren't coming. Seven years! It's a long time to wait to see your boy. I wonder if he'll be different—look different—talk different. I wonder if he'll think I've got terribly old and ugly. Maybe he'll be ashamed of me in front of her."

She opened her eyes and stared unseeing at the pattern in the carpet under her pointed slipper toe. She felt as if she were standing a long way off and looking down at herself and seeing not Jane Anthony, who had come to this bare little frame house as a girl, desperately in love, desperately eager to prove her gratitude to the stalwart young

man who had rescued her from a loveless home, but a plain, dull old woman, sitting in a plain, dull old house, surrounded by her forlorn Christmas trappings. Outside, a hundred miles away through the storm, was a big city, with its lights and gaiety, its music and theatres and parties.

"Oh, Frank, let's not drive all that way on such a rotten day! Your mother won't mind. Send her a telegram. Tell her I'm getting a cold or something. She'll understand."

And Frank, frowning doubtfully, but unable to resist the clutch of those bare white arms, the red lips pressed against his cheek, wrote out the telegram that said—Jane Anthony shuddered, a long, racking convulsion that frightened her. She got up from her chair and walked on leaden feet into the kitchen. The fire in the stove had long since died, and the kitchen was cold and dark. On the table sat the turkey—its glory gone—the casserole of creamed onions, the stuffed Hubbard squash. Jane looked down on them all unseeing. Then she went to the linen drawer and got out a ragged, clean white table cloth, and covered the entire table and its contents. Her hands felt queer and numb. Her head was giddy. She had eaten nothing since her cup of coffee at six, and now the cuckoo clock indicated a quarter past seven. "I suppose I really ought to eat something," she told herself. "I feel so weak and funny. But I couldn't. I just couldn't. I guess I'll go back to the parlor and—"

AT SEVEN-THIRTY, Susan, who had been on tenterhooks since noon, managed to slip away from the family festivities, and, donning mackinaw and stocking cap, lit the storm lantern and plowed through the snow toward the Anthony house, about three blocks away. The snow was still falling, but slower, more thinly now, and she could see

lights shining from all the downstairs windows. Susan's heart thumped madly. She'd come then! In another minute or two, Susan would be able to squat down under the parlor window and look into the room, and there she'd be sitting—Juliet and Carmen and Titania rolled into one! The snow was nearly to her knees, but she began to run; then, suddenly remembering the tell-tale lantern, blew it out and crept stealthily along the side of the house till she gained her vantage point.

Slowly she lifted her round, grey eyes, her reddened nose, her wide-open mouth above the level of the sill. Then she put her mitten hand over her mouth to stifle an exclamation of woe. For she wasn't there! The room was empty, except for Mrs. Anthony, who sat, apparently asleep, in the big horse-hair chair near the curio cabinet. Susan's eyes filled with disappointed tears. She thought—maybe they were upstairs! But there were no lights in the upper windows. Perhaps in the dining room. She circled the house, peering in each window as she passed. She saw the Christmas tree, the dining table, brave with red apples and cut glass, the empty kitchen with its shrouded table. Then she returned to the front window again. She was openly crying now. It was turning colder, and she was insufficiently clad, and her disappointment was more than she could bear. The princess had not come. Christmas Day was spoiled. Of what avail now mince pie and candy canes and new roller skates? Susan sat down in the snow outside the window and gave herself up to heart-broken grief.

Neither of them heard it when it finally came—not Jane Anthony in her high-backed chair, nor Susan, sinking gently into the most dangerous sleep of all. The car's headlights shot long bands of brilliance across the new-fallen snow, but no one heeded. The lamp that hung on the gate had burned low, and flickered in the rising wind. Frank laughed as he saw it.

"Look, Vail!" he said. "If that isn't just like mother! The candle in the window; the lamp on the gatepost. I'll bet she'd like to wring our necks just the same. Darn that cracked cylinder head anyway! Wait a minute, sweet, I'll carry you."

"My hero!" said Vail mockingly, "I'll walk on my own two legs, thank you very much. You'll have all you can do to carry in the packages." She stuck her slim legs, that ended ludicrously in bulky overshoes, out of the car. "Frank, what an adorable place!" she said, shining-eyed. "It looks like a Christmas card. Chimneys at just the right corners, snow piled up along the roof, lights shining in the windows—" she bent forward suddenly and stared. "What's that, Frank?" she asked in alarm. "That black thing—there in the drift by the front window!"

"Looks like a bundle of something," he said. "Hand me that flashlight, Vail. I'll go see."

They went together and bent, wondering and not a little frightened, over the huddled little figure in the snow.

"It's a child!" said Frank. "Great heavens!"

"Get her in quick!" Vail commanded, and ran ahead to beat on the front door. "Mother Jane!" she called, and her voice was high and sweet in the still air. "Mother Jane! We're here. Open the door, please! Quickly!"

Surprisingly, it was Vail who took charge. She threw her hat on the floor, stripped the fur gloves from her hands, and without stopping to take off her sable coat, went to work. Frank and his mother, half-dazed with sleep, meekly obeyed orders. There had only been time for a hasty kiss, a murmured, "Frank!" and his answering anxious smile. No introductions, no explanations. And yet Jane Anthony felt strangely relaxed and serene, as Susan's head moved on her shoulder, and Vail whispered triumphantly, "There! She's all right now. Keep rubbing, Frank! Don't stop for a minute. How are you, darling? Feel better now?"

Susan smelled her first—a delicious odor of sandalwood, as she drifted earthward again. Then, as she lifted heavy eyelids, she found herself staring into the loveliest face in the

(Continued on page 28)

SMALL CHRISTMAS TREE

by
MONA GOULD



Stand very straight, small Christmas tree

Put on your tallest dignity!
Wear your tinsel bright and bravely,
Carry your candles like holy things;
In the heart of a child you represent
Beauty and light and sacrament;
Your topmost star to him outshines
the sun,
Your branches every one
Are precious.

Stand very straight, small Christmas tree!

You were chosen to grace a feast;
You were chosen to share this day.
Holly for merriment,
Holly for joy;
And you to bring to a little boy
Fabulous dreams.

Stand very straight, small Christmas tree!

Looking with love on my small son's face
Sweet in your light,
I, this night, hear carols;
Know for certain that carols ring,
Know for certain that angels sing;
Stand very straight, small Christmas tree!

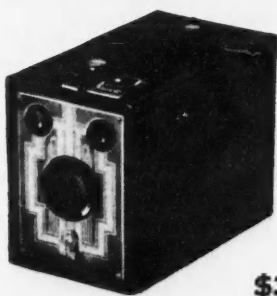
Your Kodak Gift brings *Many happy returns*



YOU give the keenest eye and the longest memory ever, when you give a Kodak. It never fails. No wonder picture taking is on the up-and-up. People are getting so much fun out of it, so much satisfaction, with these smart new Kodaks. "Smart" is the word. Smart to look at, smart to carry, smart in action. Eagerly helpful toward better pictures.

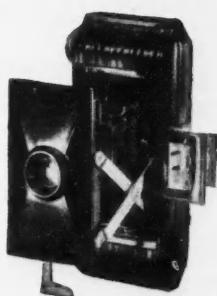
New models improved in dozens of ways, and variously priced. How much they'll see—and save in 1936 . . . At your dealer's . . .

In Canada "Kodak" is the registered trade mark and sole property of Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario.



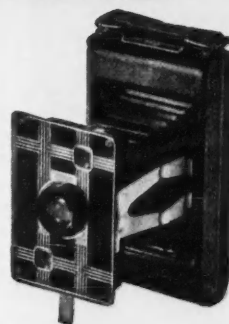
\$3

SIX-20 BROWNIE . . . The old reliable picture-maker with new style, new features. Pictures $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Six-16 Brownie—for $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ -inch pictures—\$3.75. Other Brownies from \$1.25.



\$5

JIFFY KODAK V. P. . . . Smaller edition of the famous Jiffy Kodak. Molded case . . . fits snugly in your vest pocket. Simple—opens for action at the touch of a button. Pictures $1\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ inches.



\$8

JIFFY KODAK SIX-20 . . . The original folding camera with box camera simplicity. Smart, capable. Pictures $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Jiffy Kodak Six-16—pictures $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ inches—\$9.



\$13.50

KODAK JUNIOR SIX-20 (f.6.3) . . . A lot for your money. Fast lens, $1/100$ -second shutter, gives wide range. Pictures $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Kodak Junior Six-16 (f.6.3)—pictures $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ inches—\$15.50.



\$39.50

CINE-KODAK EIGHT . . . Low in first cost—and more important, low in operating cost. It makes 20 to 30 movie scenes on a film costing \$2.50, finished, ready to show—about 10c. a scene.

*Give
a
Kodak*



A personal message regarding
new freedom
and comfort for women

That delicate problem of sanitary protection has at last reached its solution through the inventive genius of medical science. Such a sure and simple method—the marvel is it wasn't thought of years ago.

Tampax, besides being positively invisible under the sheepest and closest fitting gown, also gives you that unrestrained freedom and comfort which you have a right to enjoy. There is no need for you to be inconvenienced by pads, pins or belts ever again. Chafing and irritation are entirely eliminated. Tampax is made of highest grade, sterilized, soft absorbent cotton. Tampax can be changed in just a few minutes and can be instantly disposed of. This compact sanitary convenience occupies no more space than a fountain pen in your purse. In fact a box of 10 Tampax can be carried conveniently. The box of ten costs just 50c. A box of 5 for 25c.

A complete explanation of women's periodic problem — is given in frank, simple terms in our new booklet "Women's Newer Freedom." A confidential copy in plain envelope will be mailed to you free on request.



TAMPAX
THE MODERN INVISIBLE SANITARY NAPKIN

Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited (Dept. 8)
150 Duchess Street, Toronto.
Please mail me free a confidential copy of your booklet,
"Women's Newer Freedom."

Name _____

Address _____

Snow on Christmas

(Continued from page 26)

world, and a man was rubbing her bare feet with snow, and Aunt Jane's shoulder, covered with stiff, crackling silk, supported her head.

"She *did* come then. . . like you said she would!" Susan murmured contentedly.

They ate at the kitchen table after all. Susan, feeling very languorous and ecstatic, had gone off in her father's arms, clutching a fragile chiffon handkerchief with the initials "V.S.A." in the corner. Vail had exclaimed over the tree, the crocheted tablecloth, the burnished apples and the cut-glass goblets; and she had even noticed with delight Grandmother Anthony's teaspoons. But it was Frank who had insisted upon eating in the kitchen, and who had made a fire in the stove with noteworthy skill—omitting to mention that he had employed a pint of kerosene in the construction.

The turkey became a skeleton, the cold vegetables disappeared like icicles in a thaw, handsome wedges were removed from each pie, and the pickles and preserves were never altogether accounted for. Vail brazenly unbuckled the fastening of her silver belt and Frank ate until he declared mince-meat was coming out his ears; and then, and not until then, did Jane Anthony present her gifts. They had been so generous, so lavish in their gifts to her—a radio, a soft, warm blue coat, an enormous fruit basket bristling with alluring little packages wrapped in metallic paper—and Frank had slipped into her apron pocket a cheque large enough to keep her in provisions for six months to come.

So now, as they sat in the cheerful, lamp-lit kitchen, Mrs. Anthony rose and went into the living room and came back with her two offerings and laid them on the table between the depleted cheese plate and the devastated pies. She had thought that she would be embarrassed, uncomfortable as they opened them, but now she wondered at herself. Of course Vail would be carried away with delight over her flannel bed-jacket and would insist on putting it on immediately over her velvet gown; and Frank would enthuse over his collar case and would work the double strings with the same absorbed interest he used to show as a little boy. And they would all talk at once, and the kitchen would echo to laughter and plans and heart-warming reminiscences.

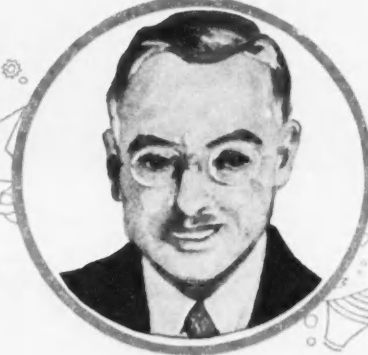
Candle in hand, Vail started to mount the stairs to the dormer-windowed room that had been Jane Anthony's for thirty-five years. On the second step she turned impulsively, the candlelight reflected in her wide, dark eyes. Frank had gone out to the car to bring in additional bags. The night had turned gloriously clear.

"Mother Jane," she said softly, "there's something I've wanted to—have you ever taken boarders?"

"No, dear," said Jane Anthony with a smile. "Why?"

The girl caught her arm and held it tightly. "Next summer," she began breathlessly, "we have three months vacation and—" she bit her lip as she heard Frank's step on the porch. Then she laughed. "Oh dear!" she said. "And I wanted to do it so impressively! Mother Jane. . . I have nobody, you know, except my beloved Frank. . . and. . . next summer I'm going to have a baby. May I—would you let me. . . come home to you?"

The cot was hard and unfamiliar, and the blankets could not begin to keep out the chill, but Jane Anthony slept the sleep of a child. Upstairs, in the big, ugly old bed, Frank and Vail whispered, and laughed, and kissed, and fell silent. . . Jane Anthony's children were under her roof-tree at last.



FOR FATHER

\$2.00 and under

Cigars
Cigarettes
Smoking Tobacco
Socks
Novelty pipe rack
Shaving soap
Novelty tie rack
Wooden razor blade box

From \$2.00 to \$5.00

Barometer
Chromium ship model
Automobile compass
Automobile clock

From \$2.00 to \$5.00

Shaving set
Book-ends
Poker chips
Paisley silk scarf
Suspender set
Slippers in case for travelling

From \$5.00 to \$10.00

Canadian etching
Desk set
Golf clubs
Travel toilet set
Golf bag
Brushes
Insignia cuff links
Leather windbreaker

ened her character. Again, the most superficial observer of married life must agree that on the average the forcefulness of the modern woman's character in family affairs is very much more marked than it was two generations ago.

All this has the effect of making her more companionable. Husbands and wives can work together in an atmosphere of mutual respect they could not achieve in the past. Because of her mental development men can talk to modern woman on general topics with a good deal less of that mingled feeling of contempt, pity and embarrassment one feels in the company of the adolescent, and which was so apparent in the attitude of our fathers of the Victorian era. Our grandmothers were highly estimable women, they had great stuff in them, but as a steady diet they weren't very exciting.

I think that was one of the reasons why in the last century men lived so much at their clubs, why they joined the Masons and Odd-fellows so avidly, why the corner saloon and public house were such dazzling palaces of enchantment.

Men's clubs bloomed most magnificently and reached their zenith in Victoria's days. Today they are mere shadows of their former grandeur. True enough, we have a plethora of Rotary, Kiwanis and Gyros to make more gaudy the modern scene—and these are men's clubs—but they are sad, attenuated bodies. Their chief function seems to be to provide a congenial company in which to eat the midday meal, and were invented for men who couldn't get home to lunch. And it surely is an indication of their frailty that they must provide entertainment in the form of oratory—and what oratory!—in order to keep the boys attending.

Why have these masculine gatherings lost their zest? Because a man today has a companion at home. And if he isn't content to stay in and pass the time with her, he takes

her out so that they can still pass the time together. This subtle change in the state of affairs is due, I do believe, to the fact that modern woman is more companionable than her grandmother was.

Nor is the argument that divorce is more prevalent today than it ever was a valid one against modern marriage. There are two reasons why divorce is more prevalent. In the first place it is easier to get. That fact itself accounts for a great part of its increase. But to hold that this contradicts the success of modern marriage is as ridiculous as to maintain that the automobile is a less successful form of locomotion than the horse because it has expedited the affairs of criminals. What assurance was there that our grandmothers wouldn't have obtained more divorces than they did if they'd had the modern facilities?

The second reason why divorce is more prevalent is because there is more freedom among the sexes, because those old restrictions to friendships and intimacies that hemmed our grandmothers have been withdrawn. But this is not an argument against marriage, it is an argument against freedom. Every freedom is associated with temptations and responsibilities that prove too great for the freed. And again I doubt if our grandparents, faced with these same temptations and responsibilities, would have done any better.

But turn away from such irrelevancies. Look at the picture as it presents itself, of men and women who are companions and becoming more and more companionable, because both are free, both are equal, both are strong and reliant enough to react upon the other for the common good. Regard the healthier, stronger, better-educated children who are growing up within modern marriage. These are the real criteria, and based on these I maintain that there is every vital evidence that modern marriage is more successful than its predecessors were.



Sally is a little gossip... and I'm glad she is!



"I'm glad you came over to visit me while you wash your dolly's clothes, Sally. Let me lend you some soap."

"No, thanks—I brought my own kind along—'cause I don't want Arabella's clothes to do any tattling on me."



"Why, clothes can't tattle, Sally."

"'Deed they can! My mommy says the little bride across the street works real hard—but her clothes are full of tattle-tale gray—'cause she uses a soap that doesn't unstick *all* the dirt."



"But my mommy's clothes are white as anything—'cause she's smart. She uses this Fels-Naptha Soap! Smell? That's naptha, mommy says—heaps of it."

"So that's why Fels-Naptha gets *all* the dirt. You've given me an idea, Sally—"



Few weeks later: "Goody! Goody! —strawberry ice cream!"

"That's a treat for you, Sally. You're a little gossip—but I've got to thank you for making me change to Fels-Naptha. My washes look lots whiter—and I'm delighted!"

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

LITTLE gossips are cute—but you wouldn't want any grown-up gossips to see "tattle-tale gray" in your clothes.

So change to Fels-Naptha Soap—it gets clothes gorgeously white—you can count on it!

For Fels-Naptha is richer soap—*unusually good golden soap!* And there's *lots of naptha* in it, too! When these two cleaners

get busy, dirt has to let go—ALL OF IT!

Fels-Naptha is easier on clothes—*so gentle, so safe*—you can trust your daintiest silk undies and stockings to it! It's kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar.

Try Fels-Naptha in tub, basin or machine. Get a supply at your grocer's today! Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. © 1935, FELS & CO.

FOR MOTHER

\$2.00 and under

Wrought iron plant holder for wall
Octagonal mirror for centerpiece
Pewter spoons
Cottage china cheese dish
Subscription to Chatelaine
Gaily striped peasant hand towel
Wooden salad bowl, spoon and fork
Glass fruits for centerpiece

From \$2.00 to \$5.00

Hand-woven linen table mats
Wooden cheese tray

From \$2.00 to \$5.00

Hammered iron door knocker
Wall mirror of unusual shape
Beverage set of napkins and traycloth
Hostess tray
Silver sugar tongs

From \$5.00 to \$10.00

Silk eiderdown
Colorful blanket
Pewter tea service
Reducing roller
Permanent Wave
Series of Turkish or Russian baths

Gifted

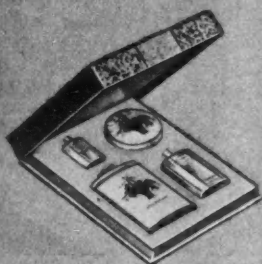
above others
with character
and charm



Perfume Quelques Fleurs in blue silk-lined coffret, \$4 to \$25



Face Powder and Perfume fragrance Quelques Fleurs \$1.50



Perfume, Face Powder, Toilet Water, Talcum Powder, fragrance Quelques Fleurs \$3.95



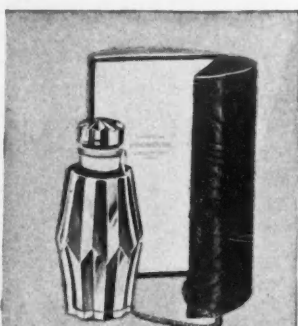
Eau de Cologne, Quelques Fleurs, Bois Dormant, Le Parfum Idéal, Fougère Royale, \$2.25 to \$3.75

HOUBIGANT PRESENTS THESE BEAUTIFUL REMEMBRANCES THAT WILL CHARM WITH THEIR VERY EXQUISITRY

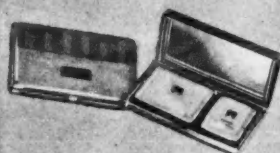
PERFUMES POWDERS VANITIES AND OTHER ACCESSORIES IN FASCINATING HOLIDAY CONTAINERS

TRULY GIFTS OF DISTINCTION TO DELIGHT AT THIS CHRISTMAS TIME

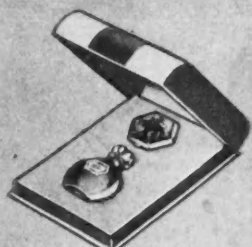
Gift Cases vary from a graceful tribute at \$1.50 to a more eloquent gesture at \$20



Perfume Présence Cut crystal facon in saphir moire case \$18.50



Double Loose Powder Gold Finished Vanity \$3.95



Perfume, Flower Basket Double Compact fragrance Quelques Fleurs \$6.95

GIFTS for MEN



Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion Talcum Powder \$1.65



Fougère Royale Shaving Soap After-Shaving Lotion Talcum Powder \$3.50

HOUBIGANT

Was Marriage Easier Then?

(Continued from page 12)

YES!

consider, they could not do anything but stay, and there are many cases where they won through to happiness or at least quietude. It was hard on the woman and many broke under the strain, but the welfare of the family was served. The independence of women, while working for the general good in the long view, has had its casualties too, as all forward movements have; and the fact that an angry wife has known where she could get a job has put many a pretty little bungalow back on the market, with a "For Sale" sign on the neglected grass-grown lawn.

We have paid and are paying a top price for our high standards of living. The fault, of course, is in ourselves, and women must accept a heavy share of the blame. Women in Canada were enfranchised in 1917-18; and emancipated by the discovery of electricity, and all the leisure brought about by factory-made garments and partially or wholly prepared foods. Indeed life has pretty well taken women's work away from them in cities and towns, and many of them have found no substitute, no moral equivalent.

To be relieved from the manual work of baking, dressmaking, sweeping, cooking, and to use the time and energy thus liberated to play endless bridge, run aimlessly to teas, and matinées, beauty parlors, fortune-tellers; to over-eat and undersleep; having no definite aim in life, but to be entertained, is a poor bargain to make with life, and the net result must appear on the wrong side of the ledger.

Elsie Robinson, in her new book entitled "I Wanted Out," scores this type of woman for her attitude toward marriage. "Many a woman," she says, "believes she has put some man in her debt for ever by being a gorgeous eye-ful. . . . What have you done with your new responsibilities, now that all rights and privileges have been given to you? You hurry down to the nearest beauty parlor and doll yourself up to look like Zeluka, the Sultan's favorite. . . . If you are so sure that you have something behind your eyebrows why do you need to pluck them?"

MARRIAGE IS a partnership. Its basis is mutual respect, companionship and unity of purpose. Husbands and wives do not, of necessity, hold the same views or like the same sort of amusements. There need be no suppression of personality in a true marriage. But there must be respect, and understanding. Sex appeal is an incident, but it is a foundation of shifting sand unless there are the more enduring qualities. Today, our young people hear so much of it, over the radio and in the stories and pictures, one would think sex is everything in life. What chance has the impressionable little girl of sixteen or seventeen to form an undistorted view of life? Can you blame her if she thinks a well-shaped ankle and curled eyelashes and glamorous glances are the best equipment a girl can have for life? She sees the beautiful prostitute exalted, and the woman of virtue very often caricatured and derided. The ethical minds of our young people are largely formed by what they read and see and receive pleasurably. Need we wonder that they form false concepts of life? I am not so hopeless regarding the present situation, as this sounds. There are many influences at work to save the race. Their work goes on quietly; we see the abnormal happenings of life, the sins, mistakes, crashes. Normal life is never noisy, and we hope virtue will never be news!

But I am convinced that with this economic uncertainty, our overstimulated taste

for luxury and soft and easy living, the craving for easy money left over from our nightmare of speculation, the insane spending, the increase of social drinking, particularly among women, successful marriage is more difficult of achievement than it was twenty-five years ago.

NO!

This freedom from excessive work has given both husband and wife more opportunity to read, to think, to talk, to observe the drama of human behavior, to study and understand one another. This also enhances the opportunity for "mutual aid."

But by far the outstanding reason for the success of modern marriage is the change that has taken place in the status of women within it. Sociologically our mothers and grandmothers were still regarded as chattels. Lacking the vote, the full right of citizenship, the control even of their own property, they were merely an appanage to the lordly male who was alone a public factor in the community. They were not even considered worthy of higher education and very few managed to achieve even the meagre benefits of college education. They might have been on the way up from slavery but they still lived more or less in a slave atmosphere.

Now it must be apparent to the most trifling intellect that marriage cannot achieve its best where one partner is free and the other, either slave, or suffering under the slave complex. To argue otherwise is to concede that marriage is more successful when the man dominates the household, when he alone holds the political, the legal and the economic whip-hand. Surely if two people are to make the most of their home, their children and themselves they must co-operate in this endeavor as complete equals, so that one free untrammelled mind may react on the other to the benefit of both. Surely such a marriage is more likely to achieve something where both are equally self-reliant and educated, than where one is unsure of herself and lacking in understanding.

Unhappily, women are not yet enjoying complete equality with men. They still labor under handicaps most of which, it must be confessed, are psychological, but all of which stand in the way of their highest development. Let me give one small instance, which will stand for many, as, though petty, it illuminates a large field. There is a beautiful seaside park here in Halifax in which no girl will venture alone after dark. This is not because our local damozels are lacking in courage, but because to be seen there wouldn't look right. No such stigma attaches to her brother should he desire to commune under the stars with the wild Atlantic waves. There are still a thousand of these little taboos that still keep women close to their old slave-complex. Until they rid themselves of them they will not bring fully to marriage that self-reliance and fearlessness so essential to its success. But my point is that the modern girl does bring more self-reliance and fearlessness than her mother and grandmother were able to.

This increasing freedom has done another thing for women. It has enabled them to get out into life and take part not only in life itself but in discussions about life. Everywhere women are working, playing a vital part in supporting our civilization. They read more than they did about the serious problems of society. They enjoy better educational advantages. They have demonstrated that they can maintain themselves economically without masculine aid. They come into marriage with minds executively trained as well as minds culturally enlightened.

Now all these changes that have taken place in modern woman have had the effect of making her more efficient, of making her more conscious of the need of managing a home well and bringing up her children well. They have also made her conscious that the part she is playing in marriage is as important as that played by her husband, and the resulting access of self-respect has strength-

BEAUTY CULTURE



A DEPARTMENT FOR STYLE, HEALTH AND PERSONALITY



SNOW-FIGHTS... bare hands... wet mittens... of course, their little hands get rough and sore! Apply Hinds Honey and Almond Cream—see how quickly this rich liquid cream soothes chapping and restores smoothness.

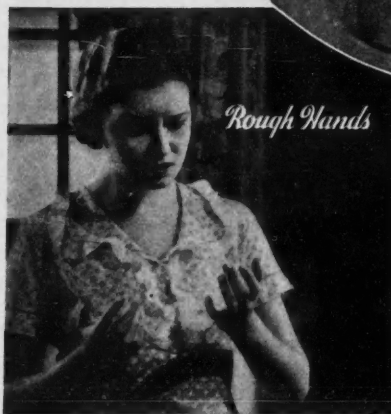
Grown-ups, too, need Hinds when winter-cold slows the action of your oil glands. House-heat dries your skin. Hands, in and out of water all day, are robbed of precious oils. They

become dry, rough, chapped—but not if you use a rich, penetrating cream—Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

Hinds relieves chapping quickly—restores a lovely soft texture. Hinds soaks the skin with rich soothing oils, like Nature's own skin-softeners. Yes, Hinds is so effective because it's more than a "jelly," it gives more than a temporary "coating". It lubricates richly, deeply. Use it during the day, also at bedtime.



USE HINDS FOR HANDS, roughened by soap suds and hot water.



TRADE MARK
REGISTERED
IN CANADA.

HIS



HINDS Honey & Almond **CREAM**

● At all drug stores and toiletry counters. 15, 25 and 50c.

The Girl on the Island

(Continued from page 11)

all his needs, satisfying his pride, meeting his vigor with equal vigor, playing his games untiringly. Years, years, years, the words went into the rhythm of her strokes, until the whole sea surged with the sound of them and shut out the still small voice of menace.

Paul was lying on his back and turned lazy and laughing when she reached him.

"Stout effort, mother. You'll do the Channel yet."

"Thank you, darling. Paul, the Carter ménage is paddling in shore. Did you see Sylvia?"

"I did." Paul ducked and came up shaking the water from his mop of curled hair. "I saw her first. That's why I'm here in mid-Atlantic. Are they at our hotel?"

"Yes." Mrs. Creswell's sense of safety made her generous. They would have to see something of the two—couldn't very well avoid; after all Sylvia was not a bad little thing; they knew the places one should see around here—had been to some place last night.

Paul's protest came through the snort of his watery breathing. He'd be darned, he said, and why should the Carters of this world stray so far from home? And would she like a race?

But the race broke her. She was shaking when finally they swished through the water's edge to the sand. You could only tell by her eyes what had happened to her, because the vermilion of her lips and the brown glow of her face would have survived even drowning. So Paul noticed nothing and abused her for her professed desire to laze in the sun. Phenny's croaking sounded loud in her ears as she lay prone on the sand. But she shut it out obstinately.

Afterward she told herself it was fatigue, the strain from that shocking swim, nerves, anything but the truth about the disturbance she felt from their meeting that girl as they returned to the hotel. The girl, in a faded sweater and shorts was ambling along, her bared head tilted, her eyes half-closed to the sun. Those long, brown legs, muscled like a dancer's, were what she had noticed first, then the indolent grace of the girl which somehow overcame her awful clothes; then Paul was saying softly.

"That's Holly Brown, mother." He said it without surprise. He was excited. Mrs. Creswell knew that. She always knew what he was feeling. She had time to whisper, "Do I know her?" and hear Paul's "No," and assure herself of that excitement. Then the long, brown creature was in front of them looking at Paul, as unsurprised as he.

"So you got here, Paul," the girl said, and Mrs. Creswell suddenly felt the air dark with treachery. But she was perfect, of course; remembered all about the day Miss Brown had come to tea, and how sorry she had been to be out, because of Paul's unusual enthusiasm. And she was on one of those exquisite islands? How splendid! Would she let them explore? Only a moment ago she had been asking Paul if it were possible. She adored islands. People either did or didn't.

But the girl was not taken in. For all the candor of wide eyes, Mrs. Creswell felt there was something hidden there, something knowledgeable and watchful. There had never been quite that quality in any of the girls Paul had been interested in; just what it was, she could not define. But there was danger in it. She wondered, as she sat at her dressing-table, nervous, irritable, giving Phenny a bad time, if it would be better to go away at once. Paul had been natural enough. Excited, yes, but not confused. Not trying to hide anything particularly.

"She's the one person we could bear down here, mother." Quite frankly. "I'd rather hoped she would be on the island. It doesn't belong to her; she hasn't any money; works for her living, as a matter of fact. But the island belongs to old friends of hers and they let her come down occasionally. There's an ancient and his wife who look after her. Not another soul on the island."

"How long has this been going on, Paul?" Conscious at once of error, she had amended this. "She seems such a nice person, why haven't I known her?"

"I suppose because she was always too busy to accept my invitations. She doesn't lead our kind of life. She's with a firm of interior decorators and very keen. I came in contact with her while I was on that job with Symes. As a matter of fact she didn't have much use for me when I cut the job. But she seems more agreeable now that she's on holiday."

"That," Mrs. Creswell had said, "is the trouble with women who work. They become so intense about it."

That had been a mistake, too. She saw it at once. Disaster this would be. A girl like this would take him away completely. There would be no snatching him up and bearing him away in the past delightful intimacy. This girl would hold him through his work, make him ambitious with that exclusiveness which she had always dreaded.

But how to fight her? With the weapons she had always used. Being the goddess as she had always been, to the little boy, to the youth, to the young man; by wit and charm and beauty and understanding, making the girls he met seem so inadequate, finding their weak points, destroying them with the skill which had never failed. She had taught him to criticize women so acutely, had given him such standards of dress and beauty and brains and abilities. By dreadful struggles she had kept her youth, because only youth could do the things he delighted in doing, and joined to this was the maturity of her mind, her self-control.

Asked to their house by that dreadful girl with the watchful eyes. A visitor in Paul's house. Hearing scraps of their conversation which would half-reveal their life concealed from her, silent while they laughed at jokes unknown to her, getting indications of their activities, watching them from the outside; asked to dinner, and returning to emptiness.

Phenny's face loomed in the mirror.

"You can't afford to be bad-tempered in that dress. It takes all you've got to wear it." She annihilated Phenny then, and the old woman went mumbling and tearful from the room; but the taunt saved her and her evening was a triumph. The Carters knew several men; they all wanted introductions. Mrs. Carter said, unenvious and delighted with the backwash of popularity which she achieved from Mrs. Creswell. Paul was terribly proud.

"Lady, can you spare a dance," he said and grumbled as they went round. "These other females are spoiling the music for me, and I wouldn't mind that if they didn't talk."

SHE SLEPT deeply and dreamlessly and woke to feel life quite simple after all. There need be no running away, and the old weapons would serve in this war—if it was a war. She decided she was exaggerating the whole affair. She told Paul it would be nice if he could lure his little island girl to dinner and a dance, and they would take a room for her for the night. How did one communicate with her?

She was coming over that day and she had promised to look him up, Paul said, and that it was awfully decent of his mother. He was absurdly grateful and spent the rest of the day showing his gratitude.

For the dinner she chose her male guests with malicious purpose. In the week of their sojourn she had made, as she always did, many acquaintances and she was able to choose easily and well. Mrs. Carter and Sylvia would be quite perfect with their inanities. And this girl...

The girl was as she had hoped—young, unknowing, unable in that sophisticated
(Continued on page 42)



Wide belts on fur coats . . . marabou capes for starry-eyed young things . . . one completely bared shoulder for ultra evening smartness.

Silver, silver and still more silver. It's a brilliant lamé year, with blouses, tea jackets, afternoon and evening dresses coming forth in this handsome metal fabric. One of the newest fabrics is wool jersey, with metal threads interlaced. Very cosy, yet as grand as you please.

The velvet skirt has come in just when it's needed; lots of flares to them, and oh, so useful. For, of course, they may be tied up with giddy blouses for dancing, or more solemn affairs for Sunday night times.

And the military air some of the newer blouses are affecting! The "Mussolini" shirt has a high-corded neck and corded down the front in the best tradition of the Italian army. Another cute blouse has braided frogs running up and down the centre.

So much red around. If your scarf isn't of the vivid hue, then your hat is, or your bag and wide leather belt, or maybe, 'tis the blouse part of your costume that goes scarlet. But do try to manage something red for the colder days.

A new twin-sweater trick is a plaid vest sweater over a long-sleeved cardigan in plain shade; and, of course, the vest may be worn over any of those odd blouses you'll be apt to wear on a coldish day.

While the really adult evening dresses are either very Grecian or very Renaissance in line, the littler gals are allowed to be much more frivolous. Saw a darling affair of crêpe, with a hip-length cape almost smothered with rows and rows of marabou.

The harem skirt is one of the highlights of the evening mode, and some of the haughtier frocks go in for harem trousers too — so wide that they 'most fool you into thinking they are really skirts.

The hooded evening wrap is something to write home about. While much warmer than most wraps, it also gives a gal that appealing Red Riding Hood air.

If you're planning to step up to the altar soon, the "Grape Wedding" is quite the rage in these parts. The bridal dress may be of white grape velvet, the maid of honor's dress of purple grape, the bridesmaids' dresses of different red grape shades, or green grape, or both.

And one little bride-to-be has ordered bridal bouquets for her attendants made of velvet grapes, with velvet nests of green leaves, to carry out the Grape Wedding idea quite completely.

Raisin is another color that is doing nicely, thank you. The First Lady of U. S. Land, Mrs. Roosevelt, has a stunning raisin metallic lace dinner dress in her late-fall wardrobe.

Alpaca has come forth again, very smart for afternoon dresses that like to go to tea in a tailored way. Saw one trim affair in the lovely new topaz shade — which is very good — it's almost a light beige — with velvet lacings at the shoulders and velvet belt, in dark brown.

And am I glad to see that muffs are back again! Nothing quite so snug on a nippy day. They appear mostly in bag ways, so that you needn't bother with a purse. Saw a lapin muff bag that had a rhinestone buckle on front; and a Hudson muff bag that had the top frame of tailored metal, just as if it were only a bag.

Is your Type here?

THESE 4 COMMON SKIN FAULTS
VANISH LIKE MAGIC WITH
"WOODBURY'S PORE TREATMENT"



I HAD OILY SKIN... I was one of the 968 women who took the famous Half-face Test, under the supervision of leading skin specialists. In less than 30 days, Woodbury's banished completely the oily shine which had always marred my complexion.



BLACKHEADS WORRIED ME... I tried everything to get rid of blackheads, but they always came back — until I learned in the Half-face Test that ordinary cleansing methods were useless for me. Woodbury's cleared up my blackheads within a few days.



MY SKIN WAS TOO DRY... I'd wasted a small fortune on beauty aids, until the Half-face Test taught me that my dry skin first had to be conditioned, to get the real benefit from such preparations. Woodbury's solved this problem of dry skin for me.



COARSE, OPEN PORES... The methods I used before the Half-face Test only made my open pores worse. Then I discovered that Woodbury's is more than a dainty toilet soap. It cleared and tightened my pores long before the 30-day test was over.

In world-wide tests, 968 women
"loaned" their faces

. . . and proved that Woodbury's Facial Soap corrects and prevents any common skin fault. Under the supervision of skin specialists, each woman used Woodbury's on one side of her face; any beauty aid she chose on the other. Within 30 days, Woodbury's had corrected 79% of all skin faults and noticeably beautified every normal skin — while other preparations showed little or no results. Woodbury's is a scientific beauty treatment in compact cake form. Clear, simple directions with each cake tell how to regain complexion beauty, correct blemishes. Follow these directions and "The Skin You Love to Touch" will be yours — in 30 days or less. Sold at all toilet goods counters and grocers'.

Avoid imitations. Look for the head and signature, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., on all Woodbury products.



MAIL FOR PERSONAL SKIN ADVICE

John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 425, Perth, Ontario
Send advice on skin condition checked. Also Woodbury's Loveliness Kit containing cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap; tubes of Germ-free Cold and Facial Creams; 6 shades of Facial Powder. Enclosed find 10c (mailing cost).

Dry Skin ☐ Oily Skin ☐ Coarse Pores ☐ Blackheads ☐
Sallow Skin ☐ Pimples ☐ Lines & Wrinkles ☐

Name _____

Address _____

MADE IN CANADA

Beauty takes no intermission when skins receive this

germ-free
care!

**Woodbury's Creams remain
germ-free throughout their use
—help your skin to resist
unsightly blemishes**

EVEN THE loveliest complexion may be subject to the tiny infections caused by germs. But now you can protect your skin against blemish with Woodbury's Germ-free Beauty Creams.

These scientific creams possess an exclusive element which destroys germs, prevents germ growth. They stay germ-free throughout their use. A protection that no other cream, however pure it may be when you first open the jar, can give.

Make beauty doubly sure

109 dermatologists who tested Woodbury's Creams agree they greatly increase the resistance of sensitive skins, make every skin glow with new radiant health.

A second exclusive ingredient, Element 576, in Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream restores youthful vitality to the skin, which alone keeps faces young and free from withering. Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Cream protects against wind and dust; makes powder and rouge blend smoothly. Each, only 50c, 25c and 15c in jars; 25c and 10c in tubes.

Woodbury's GERM-FREE
BEAUTY CREAMS



Look
for the
head and
signature,
John H. Woodbury, Ltd.,
on all
Woodbury
products.

Send today for Woodbury's "Loveliness Kit"

John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 725, Perth, Ontario.

Send me Woodbury's "Loveliness Kit" containing a guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, tubes of Woodbury's Germ-free Cold and Facial Creams, and 6 shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder. Enclosed find 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____ Street _____

City _____ Province _____

MADE IN CANADA

FASHION SHORTS...

by KAY MURPHY

THE NEW party shoes are lovely, slim affairs that give a gal a fleet-footed air.

It's quite the fad to match your shoes to your evening jewels — saw Marlene Dietrich all decked out with emeralds, and slippers to match her precious jewels. Worn with a white chiffon dress. Precious!

And for dancing feet the toeless, backless bits of brocade or velvet are very gay, although Beatrice Lillie likes something a little more substantial. Her evening slippers are low-heeled.

A great many of the smart daytime shoes are of suède, with colored shoelaces and tongues; saw a grand grey pair, with rust laces and front.

And what colorful new gloves! Greens, blues, reds and wine are seen on the smartest hands. Monograms on gloves quite the newest thing, too.

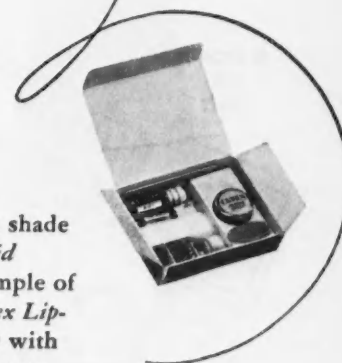
So look to your hands and feet for a frivolous winter session.

The co-eds have a new wear to show their colors at the big pigskin games. On their smart little felt hats, a tailored bow of the team's color is added just alongside of the regular bow.



Smart Girls

ARE MATCHING LIPS
AND FINGER TIPS



MAYBE it's the touch of matchmaking in it that appeals to every woman! Anyway, you'll want to come out—right now—in the new Cutex matching lips and finger tips.

Abandon any fears that the matching idea may be complicated to work out! All you do is choose one of the 6 smart shades of Cutex Polish; then complete your color ensemble by smoothing on matching Cutex Lipstick. Cutex Natural Lipstick goes with Cutex Natural, Rose and Mauve Polish. Cutex Coral, Cardinal and Ruby Lipsticks exactly match Cutex Coral, Cardinal and Ruby Polishes.

A perfect match in quality, too!

Cutex Polish, you'll find, flows onto your nails with positively divine smoothness. It leaves no rim or

streaking of color. It won't let you down by peeling or chipping. And every smart shade is authentic, selected by the World's Manicure Authority.

The new Cutex Lipstick is just as expertly made as the polish. It has a smooth, creamy consistency, yet never gets messy or greasy. And it *stays* on—without starting any dry lips problem. It's a perfectly grand lipstick at about half the price you usually pay.

Cutex Liquid Polish . . . Crème or Clear . . . with patented metal shaft brush that holds bristles tightly, is 35c a bottle. Cutex matching Lipstick, in smart black enamel case, only 75c a stick! Both at your favorite store.

Start off with your favorite shade of Cutex Polish and matching Cutex Lipstick—and see what an adventure in smartness it turns out to be! Begin today!

NORTHAM WARREN • Montreal New York Paris

Your favorite shade of *Cutex Liquid Polish* and sample of matching *Cutex Lipstick*, together with 3 other manicure essentials, for 14¢ . .

NORTHAM WARREN LIMITED, Dept. 5-T-12.
980 St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Canada

I enclose 14c for Cutex Set containing one shade of polish and sample of matching lipstick, as checked below:

Natural ☐ Coral ☐ Cardinal ☐ Ruby ☐

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Province _____

CUTEX *Nail Polish and Lipstick*

MADE IN CANADA



When Merle Oberon first appeared in movies, this is how she looked—pretty, but hardly the distinctive, glamorous lady we know today. Later, make-up created the two dramatic changes shown below.



YOUR HIDDEN BEAUTY

by ANNABELLE LEE



Above, we see Merle Oberon as the exotic heroine of *Don Juan*, and below, as Hollywood has re-cast her in the pattern of youth and vivacity.



NO, IT isn't plastic surgery! Nothing so drastic has been done to effect the startling changes shown in these photographs, all four of which are of the same woman, Merle Oberon of English and, now, Hollywood movie fame. There's no more dramatic method of proving what miracles make-up can achieve—inside or outside the studio—than to study the gradual transformation of an individual under the skilful hands of the make-up expert.

The plump-faced, nut-brown maid who first appeared in English films a few years back, bore little enough resemblance to the exotic, slumbrous-eyed heroine of *The Scarlet Pimpernel* and *Don Juan*. Scarcely more so than to the vibrant, wind-swept girl whom Hollywood groomed to conform to the needs of Merle Oberon's latest picture, *The Dark Angel*.

How was it done?

The answer supplies some interesting clues to your own make-up problems. And if you think, at that, that you haven't such a thing as a make-up problem, you are, dear lady, entirely mistaken. Every woman has a make-up problem of her own—and it's her feminine duty to solve it as best she can. Do I sound like "a woman with a cause?" It's hard not to, when the means of discovering one's hidden beauty are everywhere at hand.

So easy to give oneself a half-hour's facial study before a mirror with an overhead light; yet so seldom done. Of course, you're vaguely aware of your "good" and "bad" features—have been for years. But what have you done about them? Yet on the drug counters, in the beauty parlors and, for that matter, in your own dressing-table drawers, lie jars of cream, boxes of powder, rouge, lipsticks and fascinating cosmetics waiting for you to use them in the right way. The means are there, but the knowledge is so often lacking.

Well, let's see what Merle Oberon did.

Evidently she started out in life with good features. (What movie actress didn't?) But in unsophisticated contentment she allowed those very satisfactory features to do all their own work. Her hair was pretty, so she waved it "softly and becomingly," as they say, around her face—thus giving her cheeks a fuller contour. Her mouth was small, her eyes slightly tilted at the outside corners. Her eyebrows were groomed to a thin, almost straight line. She was pretty, but she wasn't distinctive.

Later, when Merle Oberon's director saw her exotic possibilities, she was "re-typed." Do you notice how Antoine's high-built head-dress lengthens the face? How the lovely, broad brow demands attention when the hair is swept back from it? Merle Oberon made a glamorous lady of mysteries with her heavily rouged underlip, and

her inscrutable, thickly lashed eyes tilted even beyond their natural curve. Her eyebrows were allowed to thicken slightly at the sides nearest the nose, and then were slanted sharply up in the manner approved by Garbo, Dietrich, and all who earn their livings by characterizing for us women who are "born for love." On those of us who live by other more prosaic means, such a fashion looks faintly ridiculous.

In order to accentuate the size and Oriental almond shape of her eyes, Merle Oberon's make-up man has extended the natural crease of the upper lid with an eyebrow pencil—a hint you can experiment with yourself for evening celebrations. Her extravagant eyelashes are, I suspect, false, and her earrings are deftly chosen to sharpen the contour of cheek and jaw.

So much for the Oberon of the trailing skirts and sultry demeanor—gorgeous but too theatrical to offer us many practical ideas in everyday make-up.

But now we see a different Oberon, presented by a proud Hollywood as a lovely, youthful, vivacious girl. Gone the extremely tilted eyes—yet how different they are from the eyes that look out of those older photographs. The arched eyebrow has seen to that, together with a clever use of black mascara. It isn't the smile alone that gives them sparkle; it's a dexterous application of eye shadow. Since Merle Oberon is so brilliantly dark, it's very possible she is wearing a green eye-shadow close to the eye, with copper blended subtly above and smoothed up to the eyebrow. Her rouge and lipstick are a rich, luscious red and that "sensual lower lip," you notice, has disappeared!

It is intriguing to realize how much the arrangement of the hair has to do with the presentation of a character. That bare, wind-swept brow, the soft waving back from the face, has completely transformed the demure little English girl into someone who is just as young, just as fundamentally lovely, but who has superimposed a *soigné*, groomed, debonair feeling that is entirely in key with our modern ideas of feminine beauty.

Isn't that also the key to our own individual "beau ideal?" No matter whether we do or don't possess beauty, brains or charm, we can, every one of us, achieve a glowing radiance of skin, eyes and hair made perfect by an unobtrusive grooming.

How to Make-up

SIT DOWN in front of your mirror in a good light, and remove with quick-melting cleansing cream and tissues every vestige of soil from face and throat. When your face is absolutely clean, take a pad of

[Continued on page 38]



551



531

511

550

● FASHIONS AND FABRICS . . .

VELVETS, satins, sheers, lamés, brocades, embroidered silks, corded silks, printed silks, crinkled crêpes, hammered crêpes, are equally in mode for party gowns. But if you would be wise in choosing fabric that is individually yours, you will take into consideration, not only the lines of your pattern, but also the lines in the weave of the fabric. They can prove powerful aids in adding to your apparent height or taking away from it; in toning down your too exuberant curves or in adding a wizardly inch or so. The success of an evening or afternoon dress is not only a matter of becoming color, but equally a matter of tiny fractions of inches at the seams, and also between the warp and woof — or cross threads — of the material itself,

through which clever dressmakers create almost magical illusions.

This year the new evening materials may be divided into two definite groups, the dull and soft, the shiny and stiff. Drapability is the important quality for which to watch; even the heaviest brocaded lamé must be supple enough for cowl necklines, while the sheerest chiffon should have the stamina necessary for the shirring, draping and accordion pleating now appearing on sleeves and skirts.

If you are willowy and tall, perhaps a trifle too willowy, the fashions are particularly kind to you this year. The draped effects are intended for the slim; the front fullness, the shorter skirts, (Continued on page 56)

These styles are Chatelaine Patterns and can be obtained from stores in most cities or direct from the Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. Back views, sizes and material requirements appear on page 73.

AS GOOD AS IT IS
BEAUTIFUL



A GIFT you'll love
to give, or receive

WHO ever has enough dainty sets of underthings? Who wouldn't be thrilled to receive a few more? Especially if they're made from this lovely Rayon, so exquisite in texture, so delicately coloured, so soft and luxurious to the skin. And which, combines with all this loveliness perfect satisfaction, because it is "Quality Controlled".

Dainty underthings, bearing Courtaulds "Quality Controlled" label, are made from Courtaulds Canadian Rayon Yarns by leading underwear manufacturers. Wear them yourself... give them for Christmas.

Courtaulds "Quality Controlled" Label Means

● LOOK FOR
THIS
LABEL



1 Every garment conforms to rigid specifications established by the Ontario Research Foundation.

2 The yarn is Courtaulds, the finest and strongest rayon known.

3 Fabrics are strength tested... firmly and evenly knit... will wash perfectly and iron at ordinary temperatures.

4 Each garment is correctly sized... cut to full standard measurements... expertly tailored and finished.

Courtaulds
Quality Controlled
RAYON

COURTAULDS (CANADA) LIMITED—Toronto—Cornwall, Ont.—Montreal

Address all enquiries to 159 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

CU23

Your Hidden Beauty

(Continued from page 36)

absorbent cotton, dampen with water and then with skin tonic, and go over the skin with it, exerting gentle pressure as you press the tonic into the skin.

Select a foundation that is light and fluffy in texture and neutral or near to your skin tone in color. You need no clinging, oily concoction; nor do you need a large dosage for your base. The tiniest smudge taken on your forefinger will spread evenly over the face.

A cream rouge is smoothly applied when a little is rubbed between the thumb and second finger before transferring to the cheeks. Centre your color in the spot on the cheek-bone where your highest natural color lies, and blend up imperceptibly into the circles beneath the eyes, sweeping out to the hair. Should your face be long, you can give it width by taking the color clear out to the ear. Similarly, if your face is full, you can minimize its width by taking the rouge in toward the nose—though be careful not to carry it too far in, for I've seen women wearing a mean look caused solely by this mistaken trick of theirs.

Should your upper lip be unfashionably long, a tiny line of rouge, stroked delicately down the centre with an orange stick, will create a shorter illusion. I shouldn't be surprised if Merle Oberon herself didn't practise this trick. A touch of rouge beneath the chin, too, will help to hide a double chin—a useful beauty hint for night-lights only. Never, if you would avoid accentuating hollows and lines, bring the rouge down to the jaw-line: an all-over effect like this is disastrously ageing.

As to color, you'll find on close inspection that your skin is either creamy or pink-and-white in tone. Naturally, there are degrees of both, but broadly speaking, all skin tones fall into these classes. If you are "creamy skinned," your choice of rouge and lipstick should be one of the orange shades which range all the way from light orange through nasturtium and geranium to terra cotta. If you are pink and white, a rosy shade is yours. Generally, a light, bright shade is more becoming than a darker one, the exception being the olive-skinned brunette.

If you are at a loss to select your best shade of make-up, consult the salesgirl who sells the line you like. She is accustomed to analyzing types and can assist you with your choice. Even if you have no access to first-hand authoritative advice, you will find that the manufacturers of cosmetics will gladly help you if you send them a description of your coloring. So, you see, there's really no excuse for missing your exactly right coloring.

Start powdering at the spot on your face that you wish to predominate. That is a reverse way of saying, don't place your puff first on the most prominent feature of your face, for you'll find that there'll be a thicker deposit of powder left there. The colorful blonde will use a creamy shade of powder; the pale blonde a warmer-toned peach shade. The brunette should use a deep cream powder, unless she is sallow, when a peach tone will be found more flattering. And here's a hint straight from Hollywood's movie studios: With your thumb and finger spread out those delicate lines on forehead and around eyes, when applying face powder. Then, you see, the powder will penetrate the lines and more-or-less cast a film over them. You'll be surprised at the difference it makes. The best results are gained when you powder quite thickly and brush off the surface powder afterward with a soft powder brush.

Now for the lips. Unless you wish to make your mouth appear larger, diminish the color at the corners of the mouth. Be par-

(Continued on page 40)



The 8th WOMAN

HER ADVANTAGE
OVER OTHERS

Do you know a woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never pleads that she is "indisposed," and whose spirits never seem to droop?

She is apt to be that eighth woman who has learned to rely on Midol.

Eight million women once suffered every month. Had difficult days when they had to save themselves, and favor themselves, or suffer severely. But a million have accepted the relief of Midol.

Are you a martyr to "regular" pain? Must you favor yourself, save yourself, on certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you playing golf. And even if it didn't make you completely comfortable you would receive a measure of relief well worth while! Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day. And they do not contain any narcotic.

You'll find Midol in any drug store—usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, a card addressed to Midol, 907 Elliott St., Windsor, Ontario, will bring a trial box postpaid, plainly wrapped.



ALWAYS HERSELF—Nature doesn't keep the eighth woman off the links—or from other strenuous activities. Midol means freedom from the old martyrdom to "regular" pain.

MADE IN CANADA



SPEAKING OF CHIC

Did you ever stop to think how much of real distinction emerges from the little sewing room at the end of the passage — or from the corner of the living room where the sewing machine stands beneath the window?

The woman who prizes individuality can never appreciate enough the dependability of a pattern and of her own skill in dressmaking. For where her sister-in-finance must prowly through the shops, selecting frocks that come in 'lots of a dozen', she has the most exclusive styles in the world to choose from — designed with perfection of cut and knowledge of the season's lasting fashion values.

Again, the pleasure of creating something unique and lovely from what starts out as a length of shapeless yardage, mustn't be overlooked. That same creative urge develops in her a knowledge of style and line that can't be acquired to the same degree by the woman who buys her frocks ready-made. There's a keen delight in considering styles in relation to their "makeable suitability."

Clothing oneself, when a woman makes her own clothes, becomes a tremendously personal thing. Her appearance is as fine an expression of her taste and artistry, as in the decoration of her house—more so, for with dressmaking, the possibilities of charm and individuality are, regardless of purse, limitless.

The seated figure is wearing a frock that is one of the best examples of a charming winter fashion — the dropped-shoulder yoke and full, gathered blouse. Choose a dull, matelassé crêpe or a wool crêpe — any fabric that is thin enough to gather softly and hang smoothly . . . Next to her is a two-piece frock—buttoned—pocketed and scarfed in genuine military mood. Try velveteen for this, in a rich rust-red, or use black jersey with a rust or wine-red scarf . . . The smock is something you'd

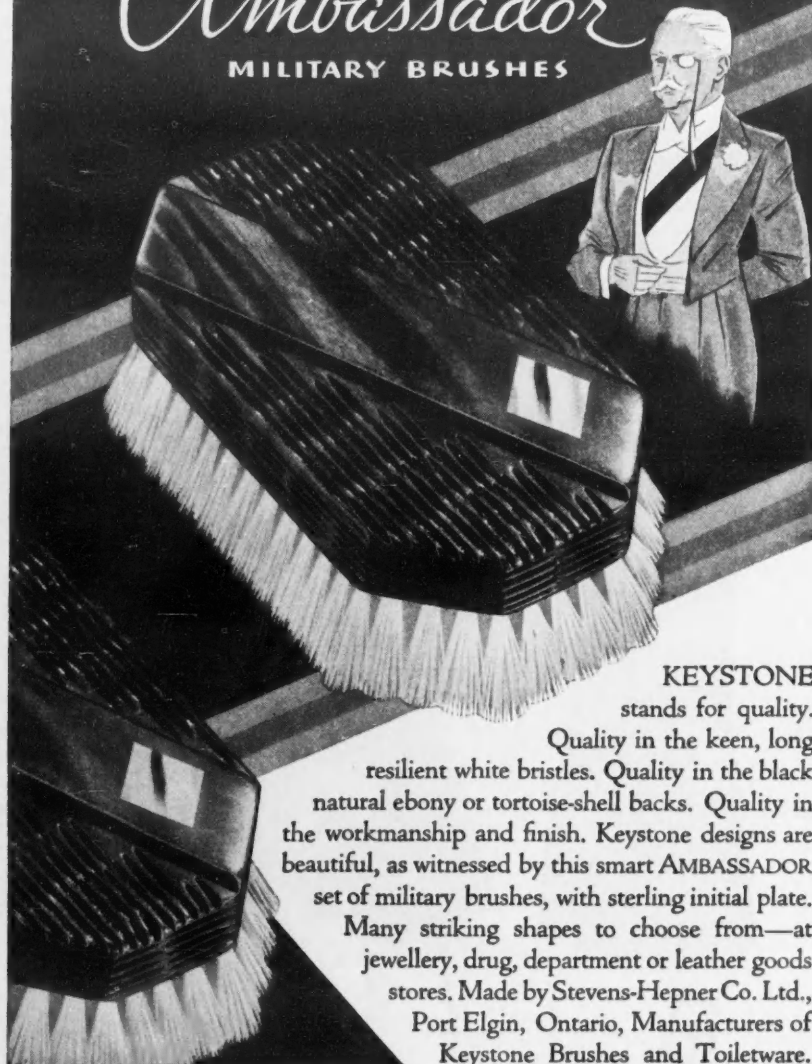
never find ready made. It's unusual among this season's styles, but nevertheless good — in a purely fashion sense — for the woman who wants "something different." Make it in a rich, satin to wear over your last season's skirt—the bow of gleaming lamé. Or, equally well, make it of a gay printed cotton—to slip on in the house.

The styles shown on this page are Chatelaine Patterns. Back views, sizes and material requirements may be found on page 73.

KEYSTONE

Ambassador

MILITARY BRUSHES



KEYSTONE stands for quality. Quality in the keen, long resilient white bristles. Quality in the black natural ebony or tortoise-shell backs. Quality in the workmanship and finish. Keystone designs are beautiful, as witnessed by this smart AMBASSADOR set of military brushes, with sterling initial plate. Many striking shapes to choose from—at jewellery, drug, department or leather goods stores. Made by Stevens-Hepner Co. Ltd., Port Elgin, Ontario, Manufacturers of Keystone Brushes and Toiletries.

Chatelaine Service Bulletins on Beauty Culture

Concise — Authentic — Essentially Helpful

BEAUTIFUL HANDS
Bulletin No. 15—6 cents

DRESSING YOUR FACE
Bulletin No. 17—10 cents

A LOVELY SKIN
Bulletin No. 18—10 cents

HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR HAIR
Bulletin No. 16—10 cents

HOW TO BE FRESH AS A FLOWER
Bulletin No. 19—5 cents

Order by number from

CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS

481 University Avenue, Toronto

MERCOLIZED WAX

Keeps Skin Young

TO you busy women who must keep your skin beautiful, inexpensively, we recommend a delightful cream—Mercolized Wax—and a refreshing tonic—Saxolite lotion. These two preparations comprise a sane and simple home beauty treatment. Mercolized Wax is entirely adequate as a cleanser, skin softener and lubricant, and a protective make-up base. In addition it absorbs any discolorations and keeps your skin free from blemishes. To complete the treatment use the Saxolite lotion, a delightful astringent, mild and refreshing, that closes relaxed pores, smooths away age lines and gives the skin tone.

PHELACTINE removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair-free, soft, smooth and clean. Phelactine is odorless and non-irritating.

Sold at high class Drug and Department Stores everywhere.



Your Hidden Beauty

(Continued from page 38)

ticularly careful to color the inside of the lips, so that no harsh line of demarcation is apparent. And after coloring both upper and lower lips, take a folded sheet of facial tissue and blot the color off by closing the lips firmly on it. Should your mouth show a regrettable tendency to droop, you can cleverly trace in an upward lift at the corners of the upper lip, using an orange stick and your rouge for this expert little fake.

Lips and eyes—they're tremendously important in the make-up scheme. And most of us fail to accentuate the natural loveliness of our eyes for fear of looking "artificial." There need be no artificiality if the make-up is done skilfully. First and foremost in importance is the grooming of eyebrows, which should be allowed to keep their natural shape, but should be kept within bounds with rigorous tweezing of unruly hairs. Oil them afterward with a little petroleum jelly or olive oil on your eyebrow brush; and keep them sleekly oiled and brushed after powdering, too.

Mascara does things to your eyes! For daytime, brown or black is in best taste, but for evening wear you can run riot with blues, greens or bronzes. Remember never to have your eyebrow brush wet—merely damp, the effect wished for being a silky darkening rather than a heavy, soggy beading. Brush the eyelashes upward so that they will learn to curl. Even if you prefer to keep your mascara for evening wear only, you should oil your eyelashes as assiduously as your eyebrows; and you can curl them, too, with a little curling gadget if you like.

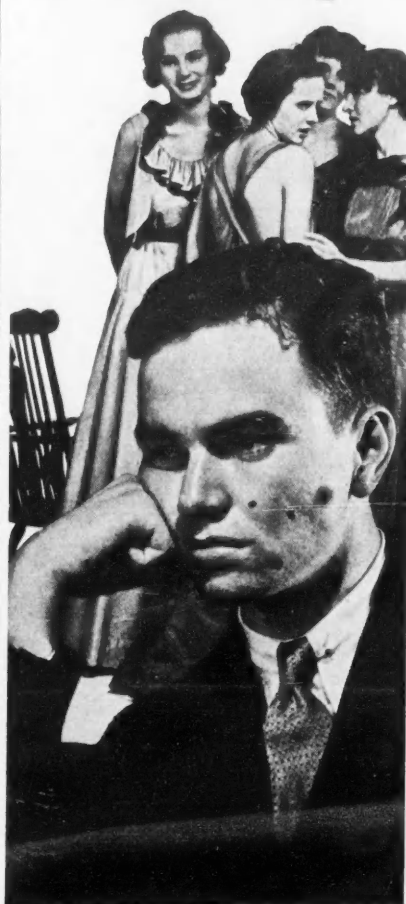
Personally, I think a little mascara is perfectly permissible for daytime wear, but I hesitate about eye shadow. I think that the oiled eyelid is preferable until evening lights allow you greater license. Spread a thin film of rich cream or muscle oil over the eyelid after powdering. It will not only enrich your make-up, but will frighten away crèpiness. Eye shadow should be stippled on to the upper lid, and cleverly blended up to the eyebrow. Never should it be obvious, for the color should fade away to the natural skin tone as it nears the eyebrow. If, as Merle Oberon has done, you use two eye shadows—a trick that has most attractive results—blend in the bronze or grey shadow first, fading to nothing at top and bottom; then over it smooth the green, blue or violet close to the eye. Women with fair coloring should avoid the darker shades of eye shadow: there are lovely pastel colorings more suited to their delicate skin tones.

I have devoted considerable space to the make-up of eyes, because I feel that it is tremendously important these days when bare brows concentrate attention on them. There is a delightful vogue for off-the-face hats, too, this winter, and I've noticed the eyes rivet one's attention when wearing them.

A famous make-up man for the stars says that a woman's make-up must reflect her personality. You'll love to see what a poised, fascinating, tidy personality you possess after you've spent a little time with make-up and your face.



"I can't bear boys who have Pimples"



GIRLS shun him. Schoolmates invent mocking nicknames for him.

Yet the boy is not at fault. More than half of all boys and girls between thirteen and twenty-five years of age have pimples.

Important glands developing in adolescence disturb the entire system, especially the skin. Poisons are thrown into the blood which irritate the skin, and cause pimples.

One of the best ways known for correcting pimples and common skin eruptions is fresh yeast. Many physicians regard it as a specific for this trouble. It does two things:—Clears the blood of the irritating poisons which actually cause pimples—and acts directly on the skin itself, healing the pimples already formed and preventing new ones from coming.

Start your boy or girl eating Fleischmann's fresh Yeast today. Fleischmann's Yeast should be eaten twice a day, before meals or at bedtime, until your skin clears. In some cases, it will clear up pimples within a week or two. In bad cases, it sometimes takes a month or more.

"I had a poor complexion for a long time, but when I was going to school in Montreal, I began to be very self-conscious about it. One day I read about Fleischmann's Yeast. I told my doctor I was going to try it and he agreed."

"After two weeks, I noticed a great difference in the way I looked. My complexion cleared up completely."

Reginald Arnold
St. John, N. B.



—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Buy Made-in-Canada Goods



Back views, sizes and material requirements for these Chatelaine Patterns are given on page 73

LINES should be soft and flowing — smooth up and down lines, with no broad, contrasting belts to cut the figure sharply in two. Front seaming helps to narrow the figure. Notice the frock worn by the woman standing by the chair? Of all virtues in adjustment, the well-fitted line from underarm to knee is most important. Avoid excessive ornament in that particular section, and avoid peplums, too. On the other hand, the three-quarter or knee-length tunic, such as is shown in the centre, is effectively slenderizing. When you approach the question of necklines, let them be softly draped — collared or scarfed in feminine folds, but never severe — the military neckline is not for the plump. Surplice closings are good, but are not necessarily inevitable. There are other ways of achieving the willow-wand ideal. If the shoulders are broad, avoid tightly fitted sleeves — the raglan shoulder-line is ingeniously flattering. As to lengths — let your frocks be the longest that good style permits — your sleeves long or three-quarter length.

HOW TO BE SLENDER AS A WILLOW WAND...

MATERIALS must of necessity be good. It is wise economy to pay a trifle more for them than you used to ten years ago, for the plumper figure places more strain on a fabric — and in addition requires a rich depth of shade and texture for its clothing. Select a dull fabric rather than a shiny one. There are lavish numbers of ribby weaves suitable — the ribs running lengthwise . . . Small prints rather than large, all-over designs . . . Soft, dark colors rather than bright intense shades — the dull wines, greens and cocoa shades are exceptionally good. With the ever-effective black, wear soft negligée touches at neck and cuff. If you make them by hand yourself, you'll learn one way of achieving chic. Today's tall-crowned hats are made for the plumper figure, if its owner remembers to harmonize the size of the hat with the shape of both face and figure . . . Avoid stiff, unyielding fabrics — and at the opposite extreme, be adamant about flimsy chiffons and such like too. The fabric chosen should drape well, but have sufficient body to mould to the figure without appearing to encase it.

Gifts for Women

50c to \$6.00



Potter & Moore's MITCHAM LAVENDER—"England's Choicest Lavender"—for nearly 200 years distilled by Potter & Moore from the choicest flower of Surrey fields. Attractively boxed assortments of perfume, powders, creams, soaps and liquid bath salts are now available at your druggist's. Set illustrated, \$4.



Look for the Girl on the Pony.



Potter & Moore's MITCHAM LAVENDER

Gifts for Men

60c to \$4.00

Potter & Moore's Gift Sets for men include shaving soaps, talcum and lotion, with just the right amount of Lavender fragrance to be refreshing. The set illustrated at \$2 contains shaving bowl, shaving lotion and talcum.



England's Choicest Lavender

POTTER & MOORE, LIMITED - LAVENDER HOUSE, LONDON
Distillers of Mitcham Lavender since 1492

The Girl on the Island

(Continued from page 32)

group which, with money and leisure, had gathered similar experiences. The girl sat silent, contributing nothing; she was self-possessed, but woodenly rather than graciously. The sunburned dryad of the morning was a rather plain, cheaply dressed young woman under electric light; her nose was peeling and she evidently knew too little about make-up to conquer the ravages of sun and wind. Better, far better, Mrs. Creswell thought, to get one's tan out of a bottle, and in her white and gold perfection she soared to conquering heights.

Paul came in to see her on his way to bed. "You were marvellous, mother. I thought the party was going to flop. Mrs. Carter and young Holly were rather weights to carry. I'm afraid poor Holly doesn't go in much for this sort of thing. But she brightened up out on the terrace. Do you think she had a rotten evening?" He was apologetic, but trying not to be.

"I do hope not. I'm going in to say good-night to her. I'm afraid she was . . . just a little out of her element. After all she's not quite—what do you think yourself, Paul?" Paul said quickly, "Her family's all right, if that's what you mean. But if you go to work, really to work, straight from school, I suppose you don't have much time to learn the language of our set. I felt it was rather a pity about Holly tonight."

Holly was in bed, when Mrs. Creswell went into her room. Her hair was a tumble above her face which looked so dark against the pillows, and she had been crying. Mrs. Creswell pretended successfully not to notice that. She uttered the polite banalities which the situation required, but the girl, regarding her with those steady, child's eyes reddened by weeping, heard her in silence, and when at last she spoke it was to say, with devastating directness:

"Thank you for having me; it was a most interesting evening. I can understand now why Paul feels about you the way he does. I couldn't make out before why he seemed to live your life instead of one of his own."

There was no hostility in her voice, but Mrs. Creswell, outraged in her sense of correctness, felt the clash of arms in the air. Barbarous, this brown creature was, in her offending youth.

"Would you put it that way?" she said gently. "Do you think you know Paul . . . well enough to judge? Or perhaps you confuse working with living?"

The girl blinked, but she managed to smile, though the firm chin trembled.

"Perhaps I do. Most of the people I know, work."

"I'd gathered that," Mrs. Creswell said, still more gently. "And it is difficult to estimate outside one's environment, isn't it? But you must be tired, child. Have you everything you want?"

The girl lay staring into the darkness, her arms rigid by her sides, her small hands clenched, her thoughts clamorous. So that's how she does it; that's why he went away three months ago. That's how she imposes her will by being marvellous, just a marvellous person who is delightful all the time. I'll bet she never lets him see her bad-tempered or tired, or plain, never lets him see ugly objections. She just offers him the whole world. He'll never see any girl until she grows tired and middle-aged and lets go of him. And she won't do that for years—not until long after I'm lost to him. Paul! Paul, it's finished; it never began except in my heart, and it ends there.

Next morning she told Paul diffidently that if his mother cared to see the island she would be most welcome. Pierre would come over in the boat any time.

(Continued on page 44)

Purifies!



The highly antiseptic and astringent action guards your skin from infection and exerts a healing effect that aids maintaining a pure, youthful appearance.

ORIENTAL CREAM

Gouraud
White - Flesh - Rachel and Oriental-Tan



Charm for Brunettes

The charm of lovely hair, alive, gleaming and fragrant, comes with the use of Evan Williams "Ordinary" Shampoo, the purely herbal hair treatment. Blondes should use Evan Williams "Camomile".

Sold everywhere.
Famous for 36 years. Used by pretty women the world over.

EVAN WILLIAMS
SHAMPOOS
KEEP THE HAIR YOUNG

Butterick Pattern
No. 6289



Butterick Pattern
No. 6307



Quick TRICKS in Sewing

USE a thread, so firmly and evenly knit, that it does not snarl or break, so smoothly fine that stitches are neater, the lustrous shades a perfect match . . . J. & P. Coats' Sheen and J. & P. Coats' Spool Silk. Send for our booklet, "Sewing Secrets", for the finer points that make a professional job out of the simplest home-sewing.

Milwards Needles are best, too—famous since 1730

J. & P. Coats' "SHEEN"

80-yard spools, in over 150 shades for hand or machine sewing on silks or synthetics.

J. & P. Coats' "SPOOL SILK"

for hemstitching and sewing by hand or machine on heavy silks or woollens. 50-yard spools.

They're made in Canada by the Makers of Coats' and Clark's Spool Cotton.

THE CANADIAN SPOOL COTTON CO.,
Dept. X-48, P.O. Box 519, Montreal, P.Q.

I enclose 10c for new book, "Sewing Secrets"

Name

Address

hat was circumscribed by an uncorked bottle of ink, a careening paste pot and a pair of pliers. Football programmes, balls of string, papers, mysterious chemicals in bottles, a chain of safety pins, magazines, a stuffed sandpiper, old bits of carbon paper and a package of gum topped a cyanide jar. Underneath the jar lay an even more bewildering welter of miscellany, in the midst of which, presumably, were the comb and brush.

Mrs. Tallman attacked the room with the deft movements of familiarity. Once she chuckled.

"It's a gift! It takes genius to make a room look like this in twenty-four hours." For, except for the bureau, it had been immaculate when she had left it yesterday morning.

Her fingers itched now to get at the bureau but, as always, she resisted the temptation. Wilfred had a right to privacy and she was complimented that, trusting her, he had no need for lock and key. His prized possessions all were in plain sight. Very well, there they would remain though they touched the ceiling. If that happened, all she would do would be to erect supports to hold them.

Wilfred's confidence was treasured by his mother. Accustomed to the loquacious prattling of the girls, the shy, almost wordless understanding between them seemed by contrast apt to be dangerously ephemeral. She had heard minute details of the girls' parties, their crushes, comparisons of boy friends, dresses and faculty members. She had been wakened at three a.m. to admire Alfreda's engagement ring, and again at two to exclaim with Mona over the first fraternity pin offered up by a devoted freshman.

From Wilfred seldom came anything but "swell," "rotten," or "not so hot," depending upon his immediate reaction, yet that to her always told the whole story.

Once, she remembered, he had entered a competitive airplane project, dear to his heart, at school. At dinner he had said nothing, but afterward he had said to her aside, "I won, mom." That was all. But he said it as though he waited accolade. Perhaps it was that which gave her the patience too easily interpreted as laxity. Wilfred would come out all right.

EARLY THAT afternoon as she lay resting on her bed, Wilfred entered the house in a whirl of activity. Why he was home from school at two o'clock, an hour early, she did not know. She did know, without getting up to see, that it was Wilfred. Doors slammed. Bric-a-brac trembled. The stairs shook under the galloping impact of his jumps.

Upstairs he tried, clumsily, to be quiet, but she could follow his movements without exerting herself. He was undressing. There was the thump of shoes, an audible wriggle. Then, of all things, the shower.

The sound of the shower set Mrs. Tallman thinking. Four baths a week she demanded relentlessly. But an extra one, unsolicited?

She was only partly prepared for the shock she received when some time later he tiptoed noisily in to see whether she were awake.

"I got excused my last study hall," he explained. "O.K.?"

His mother was grateful she was in a reclining position. Had she been standing she surely must have sat down abruptly.

He was scrubbed until he shone. Not since the distant day of the last bath which she, herself, had given him had he been so clean. Somewhere he had acquired a haircut. His hair, still wet from the shower, was plastered to his head, even the cowlicks. He had on his new grey suit, a matching grey shirt—when had Wilfred ever seen colors before?—and a fresh blue tie. A clean handkerchief was exposed briefly from his breast pocket. It had blue edges. His socks were blue. His shoes glistened with the elbow grease which he had applied to them. He had done things to his nails.

"Going down town," he explained casually. "Doris an' the gang. Dory an' her sidekick came over to school at noon."

"Are they all in town so soon?" asked his mother.

"Dunno. Will be by now, I guess. Just one of 'em came with Dory."

"Did you like him?" That was not very subtle, she knew. Still—

"It was a her." Wilfred should have been cool from his shower but his face was suddenly suffused. [Continued on next page]

*My hands were
always rough and
chapped...*



until I found out
Hand Skin is
different

FACES are protected by a light film of natural oil. HANDS have a non-oily skin which depends on a special kind of moisture for softness



"I LOVE THE TOUCH OF YOUR HANDS"

DUSTING, typing, all such tasks—yes, even washing dishes or stockings—drain away some of the special moisture hands must have to keep them young.

When they lose their moisture, they roughen and chap easily, soon look withered, OLD!

Of course, you can't keep your hands in cellophane wrappings to protect them against chores, biting winds, overheated air. But you can keep them supplied with moisture.

Jergens Lotion goes into the skin cells—puts back moisture where it is needed! Tests show Jergens does this more effectively than any other lotion tested. It's never sticky!

Treat your hands to Jergens. Use it night and morning and after your hands have been in water. Its magic soothes and relieves chapping, keeps your hands soft, young and white.

Sold at toilet goods counters everywhere—25¢, 50¢ and \$1.00. There's also a handy 10¢ size.



Jergens
Lotion

GENEROUS TRIAL BOTTLE **FREE**

to show how Jergens carries moisture into the skin cells. Hands feel smoother, look whiter.

Just send your name and address to The Andrew Jergens Company, Limited, Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario, C-12

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

MADE IN CANADA



FOR SON

\$2.00 and Under

Leather bill-fold
Initialed cravat chain
Scotch plaid scarf
Buckskin belt
Initialed belt buckle
String riding gloves
Buckskin lapel watch guard
Cigarettes
Socks
Pipe
From \$2.00 to \$5.00
Pullover
Guitar
Shirt

Fountain pen
Cuff-link, tie-clasp set
Shaving set

Pyjamas
Cigarette box
Leather address book
Novelty ash tray
Decorative matchbox
Royal Doulton ware dog
Field glasses
From \$5.00 to \$10.00
Zipper suede windbreaker
Dressing gown
Camp stove
Travel brush-set
Belt buckle and tie clasp set
Sports club fee
Cigarette case and lighter
Gold penknife on chain
Tooled leather desk set
Razor

2 Things to Do TO EASE COLD INSTANTLY

*Discomfort and Aches Go Almost
Instantly This Way*



1. Take 2 "ASPIRIN" Tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.
2. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 "ASPIRIN" Tablets in $\frac{1}{2}$ glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat rawness and soreness instantly.

THE pictured directions above show perhaps the quickest, simplest and most modern method yet discovered to combat cold and sore throat.

Your own doctor will approve this way. Millions of people have discarded "cold killers" and patent nostrums for this modern way. It relieves the average cold almost as fast as you caught it.

Note that all you do is this.

Two "Aspirin" tablets with a full glass of water.

Three "Aspirin" tablets, crushed and dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ glass of water as a gargle. Gargle with this mixture twice, holding your head well back to permit this medicated gargle to reach the irritated membranes of the throat.

The "Aspirin" you take internally acts to fight a cold almost instantly. AND — eases the aches and pains that accompany most colds.

The gargle acts instantly like a local anesthetic to soothe pains in the throat and to ease throat irritation.

Try this way. You will be amazed at how quickly you can ease a cold. Be sure, though, to get "ASPIRIN" Tablets. They dissolve almost in-

Why "ASPIRIN" Works So Fast

Drop an "Aspirin" tablet into a glass of water. By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating.



IN 2 SECONDS BY STOP WATCH

An "Aspirin" tablet starts to disintegrate and go to work.

What happens in these glasses happens in your stomach — "Aspirin" tablets start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

stantly in the stomach. Hence start working almost instantly. And also, dissolve thoroughly enough in water for use as a gargle.

● "Aspirin" Tablets are made in Canada. "Aspirin" is the registered trade-mark of the Bayer Company, Limited. Look for the name Bayer in the form of a cross on every tablet.



**Demand
and Get—
"ASPIRIN"**

The Girl on the Island

(Continued from page 42)

The thing which had trembled between the two seemed dead in the morning. Paul was hearty and kind and no longer excited. "It would be nice. Do you want to go?" his mother said and Paul's reply set her fast in her security.

"I rather think we ought to go. You want to see the island, and poor Holly wants to do the right thing and return hospitality."

It was the adjective "poor" which decided Mrs. Creswell; that, and the fact that Paul suddenly became revelatory; he had had this girl on his mind for quite a time, perhaps because she had been so infernally rude to him the last time they met. During the winter, when he was seeing her, she had seemed quite a person. But last night—he had the grace to go no further, but said, as he wandered off:

"You make other women seem so limited. If I ever marry I'll want a great deal."

So that warning in her mind and her flesh had been justified. This secret girl had been vivid in his thoughts. But the colors were dulled now.

The day arranged for visiting the island turned out sultry, breathlessly hot, with storm brewing. Old Pierre, as he brought them across the bay in the little motorboat, said that the sky was not good, and it would be wise to begin the return journey soon after luncheon.

"It's a pity we came," Paul said. "We don't want to be hung up there overnight, though Holly isn't the kind who'd mind putting us up. You'd loathe it, wouldn't you, mother? From what she tells me, it's only a barn of a place."

"I don't care for barns," Mrs. Creswell admitted.

The storm broke while they were at luncheon and Holly viewed it with troubled eyes. This, she knew, would prolong the pain of her day, stretching it into a night which she felt would be intolerable. But nothing could be done. Pierre, called into conference, said that if they left immediately a passage would be possible but dangerous.

Not to be thought of, Holly decided. There were a dozen bedrooms in the old house, and she could lend them things.

The whole thing bored Mrs. Creswell. She disliked discomforts, loathed other women's nightdresses, and had not dressed without Pheny's aid for years. She slept badly on a heap of feather mattresses and woke fretful to a dark sky and relentless rain; and woke to worse, because following the old crone Maria, who came with coffee, Holly entered, her wild hair brushed with rain, her cheeks reddened; Holly in the morning brown and strong and spirit of the wild morning. Oh dreadful, dreadful, Mrs. Creswell thought, to burst in on me!

This terrible child! And sank down into the enveloping feathers.

Into Holly's face as she looked at the woman there came a curious change.

"Why, Mrs. Creswell, did you have a bad night? You look so tired."

"Well, the wind rather howled, didn't it?" Purpose grew in Holly's eyes and her rehabilitation commenced. But she said with unchanged, youthful awkwardness:

"I'm afraid it did, and I've bad news for you. This might keep up for days. The sea is impossible. Paul and I have been down to the beach. I'm afraid you'll have to—"

"But this is dreadful! We're leaving tomorrow for Paris!"

"Yes, Paul told me. I'm frightfully sorry. But I'll try to make you comfortable. Could I lend you anything?"

"Thank you, no. We're hardly the same size. Could you send that old woman to me? And is there a bathroom? We'll talk about this later, if you don't mind."

Old Maria came out of the bathroom to find her mistress. "The brown of madame," she said entranced, "comes off in the water." And to that, nodding, Holly said strangely: "I think, Maria, that a great deal of madame comes off in the water. If the gods of storm are with us, we'll prove it." Again Maria came downstairs from the business of attiring this exceedingly strange woman.

"Her sac. She left it on the table and it is no longer there."

"I'll go up," Holly said, which was the last thing Mrs. Creswell desired. Her naked face, lined from the sleepless night, confronted her fretfully. And this girl again! It was a persecution.

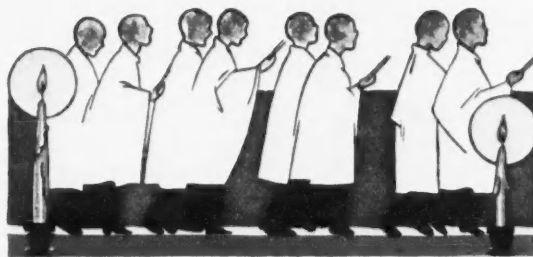
"My bag—"

"But it must be here. I'm so sorry. Nothing can have happened to it surely. The servants are quite honest. I can—"

"I'm not suggesting anything like that. There was no money. Good heavens, I want my make-up."

After a vain search Holly suggested: "I could lend you some powder. I'm afraid I

(Continued on page 73)



Nothing Lasts

(Continued from page 17)

table, and upon it had been thrown the remains of an over-ripe pear and a damp towel. The shade of the reading lamp hung rakishly askew. On the wall, over the lopsided corner of Lugini's *Tugboat* etching, hung three discouraged-looking ties. Protruding from under the bed were two tennis rackets, a muddy football and a Latin grammar.

But the bureau was the masterpiece.

The drawers bulged as though they long ago had given up trying to maintain decent contact with the back wall. Stuck around the mirror was a collection of snapshots of high school boys in various stages of dress and undress and activity—football, swimming, tennis and all the rest. And one, carelessly submerged among the purely masculine, of Mary Wilkins, the freckled and homely girl next door who obligingly had held Wilfred's altogether vicious pet crow while he had snapped the shutter. It was there because of the crow, not because of Mary Wilkins.

On the dresser—the only part of the room Mrs. Tallman never touched—was a truly remarkable array. Books consorted with a handful of grimy taped wire; a hammer with a handful of old cocoons. Wilfred's new fall

the morning. The girls did most of their packing yesterday."

Wilfred fiddled with the silver she had set on the kitchen table.

"Oh, that's all off. I'm not goin' to go."

"Oh. Aren't you?"

"Nope. Mona an' Freda'll still go, though."

She knew he wanted to tell her, needed to tell someone, but she would not force his confidence with questions. He'd hate that afterward.

There was a long silence. "Here's the steak," she said after a little.

"She's the kind that uses a man jus' to bait another guy," he burst out between bites.

So it was the dark young man.

"Some girls are like that," agreed his mother as though it were a matter of academic interest.

Wilfred's eyes contemplated the steak darkly but she knew he was not thinking of the steak. Her hands ached to smooth the cowlick that escaped his unnaturally smoothed hair but she resisted heroically.

That was not the way, his way. And he would tell her in a minute. He had managed the preliminaries and that was hardest.

And then, of all things, the doorbell rang.

Mrs. Tallman, who was not given to expletives, uttered a hearty albeit mental one.

Wilfred looked up, then on through the archway and the hall toward the front door, panic starkly evident in his eyes.

"You answer it, mom," he said casually.

"I'll just finish this steak while it's hot."

Ordinarily her children did not ask Mrs. Tallman to run errands that they themselves could accomplish, and under usual conditions she probably would have replied, "You answer it, Wilfred;" but she, too, had caught the movement of green ruffles through the screen door and understood.

"All right, son," she said gently, and moved toward the front entrance.

It was, as she expected, Janet Anders, still in her bridesmaid's ruffles and looking conscious, determined and entirely jittery.

The dark Mr. Harmon, not now so dark and not at all glowering, flanked her in the rear.

"Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Tallman. Is Wilfred here? And may I see him?"

Mrs. Tallman hesitated. For one fleet instant she wanted to lie. Hadn't the girl done enough? Couldn't she see that it couldn't be fixed?

She opened the door. After all, you couldn't take their blows for them. "Why, yes, Miss Anders, do come in. Wilfred's devouring steak in the kitchen but I'll call him. Wilfred!"

She led them into the living room. Wilfred, a little pale, came in from the back of the house and stood unconsciously near his mother.

"Won't you sit down," Mrs. Tallman said. "Here's Wilfred now."

She ought to leave them alone, but Wilfred's movement toward her decided that issue. After all, they were two to one and he was only a baby for all his inches. And about as full of defense as a lobster that has just shed his claws.

"Hello, Wilfred," Janet Anders was consciously, almost urgently, friendly. "We missed you all afternoon and when you were not at supper we thought we'd come . . . to . . . This is—this is Mr. Harmon, my fiancé, Mrs. Tallman. You may remember meeting him at the wedding—the bridal party."

Mrs. Tallman bowed but did not so much as blink an eyelash otherwise. She carefully refrained from looking at Wilfred. The diamond glittering on the girl's hand, the new happiness in her face, neither of which she had had that morning, had not escaped her even before she had opened the screen door.

"I remember Mr. Harmon very well," she said. "It was a lovely wedding, wasn't it?"

"Oh, beautiful!" enthused Janet.

"Great," said Mr. Harmon, uncomfortably and succinctly. Wilfred said nothing. Janet looked at him almost in appeal.

"And wasn't Wilfred grand in his new suit?" she said hastily. "All the bridesmaids raved about him. We want him to come to

the house party, Jack—Mr. Harmon and I, everybody does, but he just won't. He just absolutely refuses, though we've all tried to persuade him. Can't you help us make him change his mind again, Mrs. Tallman?"

Wilfred emerged from his silence and said flatly, "I can't go." Doggedly he refused to look at Janet. His mother felt the appeal to her which he just managed to keep out of his voice.

"I don't believe you can, very well, Wilfred," she acquiesced judiciously, "though I'm sure Mary would enjoy it, too. But there's the Bradford game tomorrow, isn't there? The boys have been trying all afternoon to get hold of you."

Wilfred grasped the plank. "I s'pose I'll just have to go out. That sub's not so hot."

The girl stood up. It was evident, even to her, that Wilfred was not to be moved. Despite the new-found happiness in her face she looked slightly silly and a little harassed.

"Well, I'm sorry. More sorry than I can say. I didn't realize—I didn't mean . . ."

She held out her hand. "Good-by, Freddy."

Then Wilfred surprised his mother. Once again his height became commanding, his face mature. He took her hand and smiled down at her—a charming, careless, magnetic grin that displayed nothing of concern or hurt. One day it would work havoc.

"Oh, don't be sorry. It's been fun knowing you. And have a good time. Good-by, Mr. Harmon. You, too, good luck. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll finish that steak."

"Bye," mumbled Mr. Harmon and precipitately led the way to the door, Janet following as an army with banners trailing. In spite of her confident efforts to fix it, it had not been fixed. Wilfred disappeared. Mrs. Tallman followed them to the door.

"Well, good-by," Janet Anders started toward the steps to the flagstone walk, still conceding defeat in every line from the top of her shining black head to her small green slippers.

Suddenly, however, she turned back and stood again for a long moment before Wilfred's mother.

"I don't suppose you like me very much," she said.

"I don't think I'd worry too much about it, if I were you," she said. "After all, what's done is done and I don't suppose it's apt to be repeated. And we all have to learn to take care of ourselves. Wilfred has to learn that, too. Good-by. And thank you for trying." She smiled, a freewill offering.

"Good-by." They spoke in unison, grateful for the release she offered, and hurried down the steps.

FOR DAYS Wilfred moved in a kind of haze. Eventually, however, his interest in football, which had suffered a total eclipse, emerged again. For the first time his mother was able to forget her horror of the game's danger and rejoice to see him in his togs, to have him come home muddy and dog-tired and hungry.

And then, the house party over, there came the day when they sat once more at breakfast. All but Wilfred.

Overhead came commanding noises. Thumps and jumps occurred in thunderous succession. The trio raised its eyebrows.

"So he's at it again," shouted Mr. Tallman, who had missed all that intervened.

"Yes," nodded his wife, smiling, the vicarious ache which had gripped her heart relaxing as the cataclysm grew. Intuitively she knew how Wilfred's room would look this morning.

"I believe you actually enjoy it," Alfreda accused her mother.

Mrs. Tallman smiled again.

Wilfred bounced down the stairs, cowlicks waving, knickers and sweater in all their disrepute.

"Got bacon an' eggs s'mornin'?" he demanded. "I'm starved."

His mother suppressed a desire to rise and cheer. She handed him the platter without comment, noticing without seeming to do so that the too mature look had, momentarily at least, vanished from his eyes.

"Yes, Oh, yes, I enjoy it." Not till then did she silently answer Alfreda's accusation. "While it lasts."



1 ENCHANTE BATH SET
Eau de Cologne
Bath Powder
Bath Essence Soap
\$3.50

2 GOLDEN POWDER BOX
Golden Automatic
Lipstick
\$2.00

3 GOLDEN POWDER BOX
Debutante Lipstick
Rouge
\$2.25

4 MARIENBAD BATH SALTS
Enchante Soap
\$1.25

5 BEAUTY BAND BOX
9 articles—
complete treatment
\$6.35

10% Excise tax extra

● Christmas Gifts representing the genius of the greatest beauty authority and color artist of all time . . . Obtainable at smart drug and departmental stores.

helena rubinstein

Toronto Salon—126 Bloor St. W.

Montreal Salon—Robert Simpson Montreal Ltd.

Salons in: PARIS - LONDON - NEW YORK - DETROIT - CHICAGO - BOSTON - SEATTLE
LOS ANGELES - MONTREAL - TORONTO

Address Label Shows When Your Subscription Expires

THE last line on the address label on this copy indicates clearly the issue and year with which your present subscription expires.

To keep our representatives in all parts of Canada advised as to expiration dates is impossible, so when called upon—

If In Doubt Consult Your Label



CASH'S WOVEN NAME KIT
Cash's Woven Names with a tube of Cash's NO-80 Cement for attaching them, in an attractive gift package, are ideal for Christmas. Distinctive, useful, inexpensive. Choice of styles and colors. Order early from your dealer or us.

CASH'S 15 Grier St., Belleville, Ont.

PRICES:
(Each Cash's Name kit includes the following number of names and a tube of NO-80).
3 doz. \$1.75
6 doz. \$2.25
9 doz. \$2.75
12 doz. \$3.25

YOUR EYES CAN HAVE THIS SAME BEAUTY . . .



Beautify them this easy way with Maybelline. Darkens lashes and makes them appear long and luxuriant. Positively non-smarting, tear-proof, harmless. Black, Brown, Blue, 75c at all toilet goods counters. Distributed by Palmers, Ltd., Montreal.

Maybelline
MASCARA



WHY famous English doctors specify Boot's Malt and Cod Liver Oil

LEADING English doctors prescribe Boot's Malt and Cod Liver Oil for growing children because this fine quality English product is particularly rich in vitamins A, B and D. Children must have these vitamins in the cool months—otherwise their bodies cannot resist cough and cold germs. Why not give your child this world-famous body-builder—available now in Canada!

The Boots Chemists

MALT AND COD LIVER OIL

sold in Canada only at

Rexall DRUG STORES
and
LIGGETT DRUG STORES

Too Weak To Do Her Housework

She Was Being Poisoned by Constipation

For many years this woman's system was completely out of order, due to chronic constipation. Nothing seemed to do her any good. Then she found a way to rid herself of the constipation, and her health quickly improved. In the following letter she explains how this came about:—

"For many years I had stubborn constipation which apparently no remedy could improve. My system was being continually poisoned. I was unable to sleep, and was so weak that I could not even attend to my housework. Then I began to take Kruschen Salts. In a short while, I noticed a vast improvement in my general condition. Now I sleep better at nights—I am no longer constipated—and my work seems easier. I have Kruschen to thank for all these benefits."—(Mrs.) B.

Kruschen Salts is Nature's recipe for maintaining a condition of internal cleanliness. Kruschen stimulates your internal organs to smooth, regular action. Your inside is thus kept clear of those impurities which, allowed to accumulate, lower the whole tone of the system.

MUSCULAR RHEUMATIC PAIN

It takes more than "just a salve" to draw it out. It takes a "counter-irritant"! And that's what good old Musterole is—soothing, warming, penetrating and helpful in drawing out local congestion and pain when rubbed on the sore, aching spots.

Muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness generally yield promptly to this treatment, and with continued application, blessed relief usually follows.

Even better results than the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. Musterole made in Canada by Musterole Company Ltd., Montreal.



PINEOLEUM CHECKS HEAD COLDS!

At first sign of a head cold... a few drops or a spray of soothing Pineoleum's pine oil and other medicinal ingredients, in the nostrils, clear air passages... stops the gathering of mucus... checks cold at once. Spray the throat with Pineoleum, too!

Used and recommended by Doctors for over 30 years, Pineoleum is pleasant to use and acts quickly. At your druggist's.



"So it's a girl!" his mother thought. Well, it was bound to come.

He continued:

"They're all going down to an early show and Lorenzo's after, to eat. Can I go, mom? I can, can't I?"

Mrs. Tallman refrained from the obvious comment that it appeared he was going.

"I don't see why not. Need some money?"

"Well—"

"There's a bill in my purse. You'll want to pay for at least one of the bridesmaids and for Doris if Dick hasn't got in yet."

"I'll bring back what I don't need. Thanks. 'Bye.'"

"'Bye. Have a good time.'"

Halfway to the door he stopped.

"Say, mom!"

"Yes?"

"Do you suppose—well, Doris is a cousin an' all... an' it's her wedding—do you suppose you could get me that monkey suit tomorrow? I'd hate to have her think—I just thought I—well, you know how it is."

Not a quiver of an eyelash to betray surprise. She finished it for him. "Why don't you stop at Kleinhans tomorrow after school and select it yourself." It would be easier for him alone. "Mr. Keller will help. Just tell him what you want it for. And I'll phone him, too, if you like."

"O.K., mom. 'Bye.'"

FROM THAT day on, the Tallman house was unlike itself. It was orderly. It was quiet. Wilfred's room and his appearance underwent a complete metamorphosis, emerged in amazing neatness.

He appeared at meals in clean shirts complete with collar and necktie. The turtle neck sweater was abandoned, so also the knickers. He did not eat very much, and, most amazing, he neglected his football as well as his studies. He spent much of his spare time in the basement pressing trousers.

"The gang's going to Janet's for the weekend," Wilfred informed his mother carelessly. "It's in Windsor. Looks like a swell house. She showed me the pictures. We'll have a honey of a time."

His mother overlooked the assumption of her consent.

"Who is going?" she asked.

"Six couples of us, bridesmaids an' ushers. All that could except the Harmon guy. She don't like him. She told me. She asked me to go with her."

She apparently being Janet Anders. More and more his mother did not like the idea.

"I see," she said.

"Don't you think maybe I'd better have a new topcoat for nights?" queried Wilfred as though clothes had long been his chief concentration. "My old grey won't be so hot for dances an' things."

This was going much too fast. So he had learned to dance. Probably she had taught him. Nevertheless, Mrs. Tallman did mental arithmetic.

"We'll see. I think we can manage it," she said. "A dark one would be better than the grey, of course."

She did not thoroughly enjoy that week before the wedding. It had been a mistake to acquiesce to Doris's request. Wilfred was too young. She had felt that from the beginning although she had left the decision to him. Now this unnatural neatness and alarming quiet were getting on her nerves. Even worse were the mysterious telephone calls with their thousand candle power to irradiate Wilfred's face. After receiving one of them he usually hurried off to one of his long absences.

"Gotta meet someone," he'd say.

His mother was not unprepared for what followed. After a session of feverish activity in his room early one morning she saw him carry out three large wastebaskets full to overflowing.

Later she entered his room to make the bed. The room was neat. His pyjamas were hanging in the closet. The covers were thrown decently over the foot of the bed. But her eyes rivetted themselves on the bureau. It had been totally cleared for the first time in weeks. The drawers were completely closed.

The bureau scarf had been shaken of the accumulated debris. On it now reposed a comb, a brush, a nail file—and a photograph.

She eyed the picture curiously. It was a large, elaborate one and was now encased in a magnificent silver and etched glass frame.

"He must have it good enough for her," she thought, understanding. "What a dent that must have put in his allowance!"

The girl in the frame looked out at her impassively; smooth black hair was brushed severely back from a beautiful oval face; eyes looked through and beyond to some distant place.

Mrs. Tallman took the picture in her hands and examined it in the clear light of the window, surprised at her own absence of feeling. "So you're the girl," she murmured. "Not very old, but too old for him." Perhaps the photographer had obliterated the strength of the face, perhaps it had none. But it was somehow beautiful. She laid a clean scarf on the bureau and set the picture in the precise spot where it had been. Now, more than ever, she was curious to see the original.

She saw her first the morning of the wedding as she went over to help her sister with the last minute rush.

When Doris, pale but self-possessed, was almost ready in her room, Mrs. Tallman descended the stairs to marshal the ushers off to the church.

She was just in time to see a billow of green ruffles, topped by a shining black head, sweep up to Wilfred, resplendent in his new morning suit.

"Here, Freddy, let Janey fix your tie," she said archly, white hands fluttering at his throat. She adjusted the perfectly tied tie, then deliberately withdrew the boutonniere from his lapel and substituted a gardenia from her bouquet. "Wear this," she smiled.

Wilfred, too suddenly possessed and mature, smiled down at her from a height which, though only yesterday ungainly, was now commanding. Wilfred would be a handsome man.

When he saw his mother, he flushed. "This is Miss Anders, mother," he said, silently begging the two women to like each other.

Mrs. Tallman did her part. She put out her hand. "How do you do, Miss Anders," she said cordially, conscious that the best man, the dark Mr. Harmon, was a glowering spectator. "I've wanted to meet you. It's good of you to include my young people in your house party."

"So glad they can come," the girl murmured, and soon drifted away.

Finally they were in the church. Mrs. Tallman was glad to rest against her pew. Lohengrin, freighted with beauty and memories, swept the room.

But there was no wedding as far as Wilfred was concerned. His gaze never left Janet, adoring her. The dark young man beside Dick, carefully was not looking at Janet.

"She knows they both are aware of her," thought Mrs. Tallman.

Then it was over and they swept up the aisle to Mendelssohn. Janet and Wilfred together at the end, Wilfred's face looking things unutterable.

"I won't be home till late, mom," he whispered hurriedly in the rush of the reception. "After they've gone Janet an' I are going to ride out to the Roycroft for dinner an' all. Dad said I could have the car. Don't sit up for me."

So it had come to that! "Don't sit up for me."

BUT HE came in at seven o'clock.

"Everyone's out for dinner but me," she said. "I'll get you something, but I thought you were going out, too."

"Nope." He tried desperately to make his voice sound casual. "Don't bother. I had a hot dog at Deco's."

So it hadn't come off. Something had happened. His face was hurt, a little sick. He looked as though he wanted to cry.

"Oh, a steak always tastes good. Come out to the kitchen while I fix it. I can eat some, too. Perhaps it's as well that you don't go out tonight. It'll give you more time to pack, since you're leaving so early in

STOP THAT COLD in a hurry!



TAKE Grove's BROMO QUININE

It's not a sign of wisdom or of will-power to suffer from a cold without taking measures to stop it at once. Even a slight cold can take hold quickly and develop seriously. The sensible thing to do when you catch cold is to treat it for what it is—an internal infection requiring internal treatment.

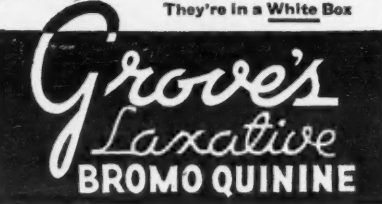
Grove's Bromo Quinine does the four necessary things to attack and break up a cold at the source of the trouble—

1. It opens the bowels gently but effectively.
2. It combats the cold germs and fever in the system.
3. It relieves the headache and "grippy" feeling.
4. It tones up the system and helps fortify against further attacks.

This is the kind of treatment a cold requires. Keep a box handy at all times for the prevention and treatment of colds. At the first sign of a chill or sneeze, take Grove's.

Every druggist has Grove's—but make sure you ask for Grove's Bromo Quinine when you purchase. 551

They're in a White Box



Send for Our New Catalogue of REAL LACE and IMPORTED LINENS



MAKE BLOND HAIR —even in DARK shades GLEAM with GOLD in one shampoo WITHOUT BLEACHING

GIRLS, when your blond hair darkens to an indefinite brownish shade it dulls your whole personality. But you can now bring back the fascinating glints that are hidden in your hair and that give you personality, radiance—beauty. Blondex brings back to the dulled and most faded blond hair the golden beauty of childhood, and keeps light blond hair from darkening. Brownish shades of hair become alluring without bleaching or dyeing, camomile or henna rinsing. Try this wonderful shampoo treatment today and see how different it is from anything you have ever tried before. It is the largest selling shampoo in the world. Get Blondex today at any drug or department store.

the Schloss arrived, I started back at once."

Geoffrey nodded thoughtfully. "And last night, after seeing the Prince, did you meet anyone between the Schloss and the road?"

"Only a gendarme on one of his rounds after poachers. I heard his footsteps ahead of me, and stepped into the dark, where he couldn't see me. And then—"

"Someone else?"

"Old Travnik, drunk, staggering about in the brickyard."

"And still we have no real facts," said Geoffrey slowly. "If we were sure of the Prince's innocence, we could risk taking action and you could be off with him before dawn. It will be bad in every way if the police discover him in the tower, and details of your royalist movement are spread in the newspapers. But to aid in the escape of a murderer—?"

"Guilty or innocent, can a man surrender his king? You can't try a king before a jury. And you can't try a lunatic. If he murdered my grandaunt, it lies between himself and me, and he'll have to answer for it."

"The best thing we can do," Geoffrey announced, "is to go to the tower and confront him. If he's actually the murderer, we're almost certain to find evidence of his crime—perhaps the missing head. Pull yourself together, Otho. We can make up our minds afterward what's to be done with him."

THE STORM centre had gone off to the northeast, leaving a heavy downpour of rain which fell with steady intensity, soaking the earth and sending rivulets down all the slopes. The wheat lay beaten flat in the fields, and in the meadows the haycocks were sodden under the drench of water. The electric lightning was still interrupted, and the heavy black clouds hid moon and stars in sullen gloom.

In the halls of the Schloss, there was a monotonous sound of rain like the flowing of a river. The dampness of the stormy world came in on the night air. Agnes smelled wet plaster, and old, crumbling mortar as she tiptoed stealthily after Geoffrey and Otho. Geoffrey had drawn a handkerchief across the lens of his flashlight, so that it gave only the dimmest illumination. As he lit it at intervals, she could see the turn of the stair, the corner leading to the ell, the door of the chapel. Each time she could distinguish the brown woodwork and the pattern of the carpet beneath their feet in the hall.

In the middle of all this darkness, the chapel was like an island of peace.

Behind the altar cloth, at the low entrance to the tower, young von Popperthal waved Geoffrey aside as the Englishman stooped to take the lead.

Geoffrey had uncovered the beam of his lamp, and lighted the way as Otho's tall, slender frame bent and disappeared through the small opening. The Briton followed and Agnes brought up the rear.

To Agnes the stone, with its symbols and inscriptions, appeared gloomier and more ominous than before, and as she followed the two men up the narrow stairway, she found it difficult not to beg them to abandon the venture. Yet her own interest in the strange affair lent her fortitude and carried her on, and she climbed upward, step after step, her shoe soles making scraping sounds on the stone.

When they reached the last turn, Geoffrey stopped and whispered to her: "Will you wait here?"

"Good luck!" she whispered in answer. Then she struck a match and held it to her candle. The glow of yellow light sprang up about her.

Almost at once her eye was caught by something on the steps. She bent down and picked it up. It was a black leather house slipper, heelless, of the kind worn by thousands of servants and shop assistants all over middle Europe.

"How did that get here?" she thought, and held it in her hand as she looked after the two young men.

The tower lay in the stillness of black isolation, totally dark. Geoffrey and Otho stood before the open door, their ears

strained to detect the slightest sound—of breathing, or the creaking of a board—anything that would betray the presence of a man. There was a pungent smell in the air.

Gunpowder, Geoffrey thought. Curious that it should have hung here ever since this afternoon.

"Your Royal Highness!" Otho called into the darkness. "This is von Popperthal. I have important news for you."

There was no answer.

"I'm going to make a light," Geoffrey whispered. "Stand to one side."

The clear beam swept the room in slow search—the field-bed, the table, the simple dressing-stand, the small reflex of a mirror.

"He's not here!" von Popperthal said, astonished. "Where can he have gone?" He took a step forward into the room.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated. "There's someone lying on the floor."

The motionless man before them had pitched forward on his face—a tall, elderly figure lying like a fallen tree. A broken flashlight lay beside him, its lens cracked, its battery half out of the case, as though someone had trodden on it in rage. A trickle of blood had run down a crack in the paving of the room, to make a small dark pool.

Geoffrey saw all this in the first instant and in the next recognized the victim. It was Dr. Albrecht, the family physician, and Geoffrey realized with a pang that the kindly, dignified old man would never again write prescriptions for the village in his careful, methodical script.

Otho had sunk down on one knee to touch the motionless hand. He looked up with a face gone waxy. "Dead!" His features contorted in uncontrollable emotion, and his hand shook violently. "Albrecht was the most devoted follower he had!" He shouted hysterically.

"Quiet!" ordered Geoffrey, struggling to maintain his own self-possession. The vision of what must have happened flashed through his mind—the slow deliberate steps of the old physician coming up the stairway, his figure erect in the doorway, the spurt of flame from the pistol, and the panicky flight of the murderer over the fallen body.

There was a sound behind him—a piercing intake of breath, and Agnes said: "What's the matter?"

He had the presence of mind to turn his searchlight away from the motionless body. "Don't come in," he begged.

"Who is it?" she demanded.

"Wait outside for a moment," he asked protectively, "and I'll come and take you down the stairs. It's Dr. Albrecht."

She uttered a little moan, but succeeded in mastering the black nausea which threatened for a second to overcome her. Then she steadied herself. "I'll be all right," she said.

"Splendid girl!" he encouraged her, and his fingers closed around hers in a momentary, reassuring touch.

Otho was standing in the middle of the room, and Geoffrey saw that his shock and fear were finding expression in almost ungovernable rage. His face was livid with anger and he clenched and unclenched his hands, his whole frame shaking under the intensity of his passion.

"There's one thing we must do," Geoffrey said decisively. "The house must be searched at once to make sure the Prince is not hiding where he can do further damage. And there's no help for it; now we'll have to notify the police."

But young von Popperthal, turning abruptly, rushed impetuously out of the room to brush past Agnes and disappear down the stairway into the darkness.

TO GEOFFREY, the threat to the lives and security of everyone within the Schloss had become the most important problem of the moment. The day's unreal atmosphere had culminated in a nightmare of violence without reason, with murder lurking behind any corner, choosing its victims with malicious irrationality and striking down the innocent and weak rather than the strong.

Von Popperthal's headlong departure made him feel cast upon his own resources as the sole defender of the remaining persons



GIFTS by Elizabeth Arden

A Treasure Beauty Box—Compact, convenient, containing Elizabeth Arden's essential products in generous sizes \$13.00

B Blue Grass Bath Luxuries—Miss Arden's latest perfume triumph in delightfully new interpretations. Soap (Box of 3) . \$2.50; Bath Salts . \$5.00; Bath Cubes . \$1.50; Blue Grass Perfume . \$3.75 to \$32.50

C Evening Bag—in brocade set with brilliants. Fittings include jeweled compact and lipstick, and perfume. \$27.50. Also other bags in velvets and brocades \$19.50 to \$29.50

D Eau de Cologne—delightfully refreshing. It soothes away weariness and inspires a festive mood . . . \$2.50

E Travel Case—containing essentials for the complexion and a complete make-up ensemble \$20.00
Snowdrift Dusting Powder and June Geranium Soap \$1.65

F Bath Luxury Box containing Rose Geranium bath salts, dusting powder and bathodome \$3.65

G Daytime Bag, antelope suede with concealed side-lock. Fittings include jeweled compact and lipstick . \$29.50
Other luxurious leather Daytime Bags \$18.50 to \$29.50

H Treasurette Box—An especially attractive box of Elizabeth Arden's essential preparations \$5.50





Den Kruschensmört Figuren

THE KRUSCHEN FIGURE

'Den Kruschenmört Figuren' in Sweden that is the comment you'll learn to expect of a woman whose figure has that supple, graceful, clean-cut beauty of line.

For thousands of women in Sweden, as in more than 100 other countries, have adopted the 'daily dose' of Kruschen. They, too, recognise the 'Kruschen line' in a figure that positively radiates health and fitness in every svelte, graceful line.

Women have found by experience that Kruschen keeps them healthy, active and fit. Kruschen stimulates the organs of elimination and cleanses the body of all the waste products of digestion—regularly and thoroughly.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

Get a 75c. bottle of Kruschen Salts to-day (it lasts four weeks) and take half-a-teaspoonful in a glass of hot water first thing every morning.

TEMPTING LIPS



Men say so!

Soft, tempting lips. The kind a man wants to kiss again and again. Never conspicuous with jarring red paint. Be your loveliest, use Tangee. It isn't paint, but contains an exclusive color-change principle that enables it to blend with your complexion. Tangee stays on all day—it's cream base soothes and softens.

Try Tangee. There are two sizes... 50c and \$1.00
Tangee Powder ends that powdered look.

UNTOUCHED — Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look... make the face seem older.

PAINTED — Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE — Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, and ends that painted look.



World's Most Famous Lipstick TANGEE ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

*4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP KIT

PALMERS LIMITED
750 Vetre St. W., Montreal, Can. C1235
Rush Miracle Make-Up Kit containing miniature Tangee Lipstick and Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. Send 15c (stamps or coin).

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Province _____

SYNOPSIS OF THE BARONESS'S HEAD

EARLY ONE morning, the Baroness is found cruelly murdered in her old castle home. There is instant pandemonium in the little village set in Czechoslovakia, and soon three men are working on the case—Commissar Till of the Metropolitan police force, Major Janska of the rural police force, and Corporal Gritz of the village police force.

Inspector Till after studying the situation prepares the following report of the crime and the people involved in it. This will give you at a glance what has happened in previous installments.

Baroness Von Popperthal: Aged 71 years. Murdered in her bed between 2.00 and 2.30 a.m., Tuesday, June 29. Cause of death, knife wounds in heart; instrument, heavy hunting or gardening knife. Murderer severed head from body and escaped, taking with him all instruments and the head.

Murderer's Entry: Doors of room ordinarily unlocked all night. Window open. If doors were used for entry, ladder was previously placed against window to provide escape.

Murderer's Escape: Via window. Only probability, since doors to hall were found locked with keys on inside. Ladder used previous day by gardener, found leaning against side of house.

Murderer: Presumably male, used to climbing, callous to blood; possibly lunatic or degenerate, intelligent enough to conceive and carry out ingenious criminal plan. Familiar with Popperthal mansion; apparently wore gloves to conceal fingerprints; possibly known to watch-dog.

Search: Sand in carpet identical with sand on walk under windows. No signs of struggle. Rings and purse all lying prominently on dressing table. Blue flannel dressing-gown and contents of drawer where valuables kept, missing.

SUSPECTS—

Otho von Popperthal, grandnephew of the Baroness, missing since the night of the crime.

The Baron above suspicion as murderer, but may be accessory. In a state of coma under care of Dr. Albrecht.

The Baroness's Head

(Continued from page 18)

"My grandaunt had never seen the Prince until I took her to the tower after his arrival. During their first meeting I was surprised to see a strong antagonism spring up between them. You know what a very positive woman my grandaunt was. When I asked her about it, she told me that she felt the Prince failed to live up to the requirements of the throne, and that she had serious misgivings about the entire movement. Personally, I found His Highness a very changed man since our last meeting—he had grown moody and erratic, at one moment optimistic to a fault, at the next despondent and melancholy, sometimes violent.

"Yesterday my grandaunt announced that she had decided not to surrender the money. She had come to the conclusion that our movement was doomed to failure, and that it was her duty not to pauperize the family. I was furious at her decision and argued heatedly with her. After all, our family honor was involved; wasn't our pledged word more important than a miserable sum of money? My granduncle agreed with me.

"During the afternoon I mentioned the quarrel to His Highness. He reacted so wildly, and spoke so vehemently against my grandaunt, that I suddenly realized what I suppose I should have seen long before: he

Geoffrey Tuttle, Englishman. Motive lacking but apparently interested in sheltering Otho.

Anton, manservant, under cross-examination reveals that he is secretly engaged to **Anna,** the maid, who claims to have been asleep in same room as the cook all night.

Miss Evangeline Forbes, Canadian guest, aged 44. Strong character but lacks intelligence for crime of this sort.

Miss Agnes Vincent, her Canadian niece, age 21. Presumably above suspicion.

Josef Travnik, former gardener and coachman, dismissed on day of crime for drinking.

Major Janska trails bloodhounds to a deserted brick kiln on the estate, where he finds Travnik sleeping off his debauch, lying with the knife that murdered the Baroness in his hand. He is arrested for murder.

Geoffrey Tuttle tells Agnes that he is a secret service agent for England sent to get information about Otho in connection with his political plots to restore the throne of Austria. He describes how he saw Otho leave the castle just after the murder must have been committed, under very suspicious circumstances. He also saw Anna, the maid, creeping through the halls although she swore she had kept to her room all night.

Geoffrey and Agnes, intent on their own investigations, discover a secret stairway to a disused tower connected with the house. Following the dark passageway they come upon a tiny room at the top of the tower and are amazed to find it occupied by a gigantic stranger who insanely fires at them. They escape, leaving the tower in possession of the man who, Geoffrey remembers noting, wore an insignia on his shirt with a tiny red crown embroidered over it. The man, he is sure, is none other than "Mr. Z," the future ruler of the restored Austro-Hungarian Empire. Did the "king" murder the Baroness? Geoffrey and Agnes decide to wait up that night and watch in case the stranger intends to kill them because of the knowledge they alone possess. A dark figure suddenly appears at the window.

Now go on with the story.

was mentally unbalanced. He demanded that I bring the money to the tower at once and hand it over to him personally. I refused.

"The situation was so crucial that I felt I must see the leaders of the movement for an immediate conference. Certainly we were doomed to failure with a madman at our head. We have a highly organized network of courier-riders with secret channels across the borders, and after supper, when I was out walking, I made arrangements with the evening courier to have someone call for me at two o'clock the same night.

"WHEN I went upstairs I had a short talk with my granduncle; then I went in and explained everything to my grandaunt, and she forgave me for my stubbornness during the day; she gave me her blessing, and we parted in harmony. Poor grandaunt"—he choked—"to think that she should have paid with her life—"

"I lay down in my room until it was time to leave the house. Half an hour before my rendezvous I walked out the front door of the Schloss. I had decided to have a final word with His Highness the Prince. After all, we had both been in considerable excitement during the afternoon. Perhaps I had misjudged him. I went around to the side of the building, through the chapel door and into the tower. I found him awake, sitting at his table, and he met me with a storm of abuse that was intolerable; he demanded the money at once, cursed my entire family, and I walked out convinced that we Austrians had been cursed once more—perhaps eternally—by the nature of our royal line.

"At two o'clock the motorcycle picked me up, and by eleven this morning I was over the border on the estate of our Chancellor, in Austria. When the terrible news from

ALL MEN...

At all ages
Want
ROLLS RAZORS
for Xmas...

because—

a Rolls is every man's conception of perfection in a shaving instrument. With its hollow ground blade, stropped and honed in its own case, a Rolls gives a man a lifetime of extraordinarily good shaves. Give Rolls Razors to Father, Husband, Son or Brother this Christmas. There's nothing they'd like better.

ROLLS RAZOR
\$6.95 and up
Rolls Shaving Bowl, \$1.00
Refills, 60c

MADE BY EXPERTS FOR
PERFECT AND ECONOMICAL SHAVING

**QUICKLY TINT
GRAY HAIR**
and look 10
years younger



Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. **BROWNATONE** and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-three years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair. **BROWNATONE** is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



BUNIONS NEEDLESS TORTURE

The amazing action of Pedodyne is truly marvelous, and a boon to those whose bunions cause constant foot trouble and a torturing bulge to the shoe. It stops pain almost instantly and with the inflammation and swelling reduced so quickly you will be able to wear smaller, neater shoes with ease and comfort. Prove it by actual test on your own bunion. Just write and say, "I Want To Try Pedodyne." No obligation.

PEDODYNE CO.
201 Shepherd St. E., Dept. D-27, Windsor, Ont., Canada

BREATHE BRONCHITIS AWAY!

Breathe vapo-medicated air while you sleep. This is how **VAPOCRESOLINE** acts on Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma and Catarrh. By its gentle, soothing penetration the most difficult breathing and soreness are more swiftly relieved than by medicine. The proven drugless treatment for 56 years. Prevents infection spreading. At druggists.

Vapo-Cresoline
Gets to the seat of the trouble.
Send for Booklet No. 3. Vapo-Cresoline Co., Miles Bldg., Montreal.



by
J. B. JOHNSON

The National Motor Show, opening in November was a brilliant presentation of the new 1936 cars.

THE NEW CARS

THE AUTOMOBILES of 1936, as well-groomed a crowd of motor cars as you'd care to see, are ready now to take their place in the highway parade. They made their first public appearance in the Dominion at the National Motor Show of Canada in Toronto, November 9-16.

The cars emerge into the spotlight of public attention after months in drafting rooms and noisy factories. They stand svelt and gleaming, these marvels of mechanical ingenuity, and woman's work in their creation has been considerable. Sixty per cent of the appeal of the modern car is carefully directed at feminine preferences, it is claimed.

But let's see how these shiny new models differ from their sisters of other years. First of all, in appearance they are not much changed from the 1935 models. This is no year of radical departures in cars; the tendency in all makes is that of refinement of detail. Body lines remain pretty much the same on the whole; flowing a little more smoothly, however, and generally producing a cleaner look about the cars. It's the nose and hood that are the scene for most innovations, with new treatments of radiator grilles and louvres making refreshing changes. Fenders are more generous in their proportions. Rear quarters seem tidier. Bumpers and headlights have a more substantial air. That newest type of wheel, the steel spoke artillery wheel, gains many new recruits. There's no doubt about it: neither the wire wheel nor the wooden spoke type give a substantial and rugged look to the car so well as does this new type, with its big hub and short, sturdy spokes stamped out of a solid piece of metal. There's a good-looking heaviness about it. Just as well done as ever is that smooth blending of the line of hood,

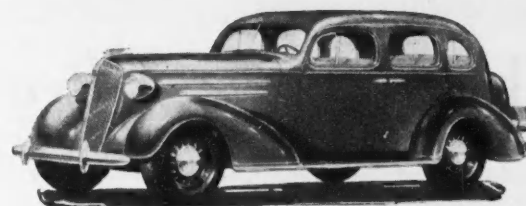
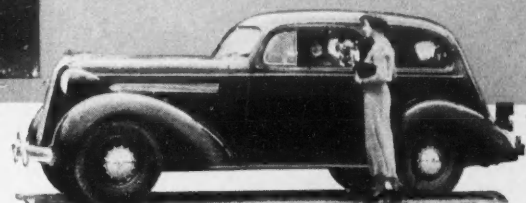
windshield, roof and rear end. Colors continue conservative; black still the prime favorite but dark blues and various subdued grey greens the colors more and more well-dressed cars are wearing.

In the interiors good taste has the upper hand everywhere. Upholstery fabrics and fittings have been blended with interior decorator skill. The fabrics are, if anything, better this year. Wearing qualities seem better. In the fittings there seem to be a simplicity and elegance that's welcome. Instrument panels confirm this first impression. Practically all are very modern in treatment, with one striking panel using horizontal lines from one end of the dashboard to the other effectively. In some cars the instrument panel has found its way back to the centre of the dashboard, after a year or two in a position to the left, directly in front of the driver.

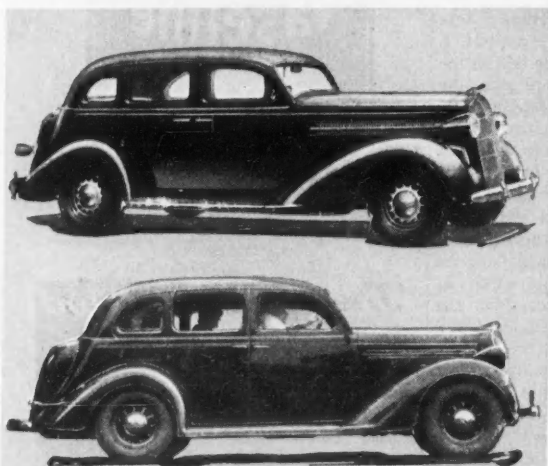
BUT MORE important than the appearance of these interiors is their added comfort, a comfort resulting mainly from increased roominess. You'll notice, the moment you enter these new cars, that there has been from two to four inches added to the length of the seats. Three or four inches may not sound so much, but they are extra inches that make all the difference when three persons are seated together. Other added inches in the interiors afford more head room and leg room, and these, too, are important inches. You really can't appreciate the amount of head room these cars contain unless you get inside. Viewed from the outside, the car's small overall height and the sharp slant of the roof line at the rear make it look as if head room had been diminished rather than increased. But comfort is more than a matter of inches in these new cars. There are better springs found under many of the new models. New shock absorbers are seen, and more work done in redistributing weight to increase comfort.

Something that is very much big news in the 1936 autos is, from the woman's point of view, nothing more than that old friend—cupboard space. Built-in baggage compartments have sprung into existence in almost every one of the new models. This luggage area is often of surprising proportions. In one medium-sized car's compartment there's room for no less than seven assorted club bags, suit cases and hat boxes! Cupboard space is found, too, in the new generous sizes for the shelf between the back of the seat and the rear window in coupé models. But not only in coupés do these shelves blossom out; even sedan models boast them this year, a feature that's a decided novelty. Still more cupboard space is tucked away in package compartments on the dashboards. These compartments are now found in all cars, a handy and convenient space where road maps, gloves, cigarettes, small parcels and so forth can be stored. Two of these dashboard compartments, one on each side of the instrument panel, are found in more cars this year.

But what's new in the mechanical side of these cars? Here, as in body appearances, the tendency has been very much away from anything radical.



Above—The new Pontiac and Chevrolet—two favorites from General Motors.



Above — The new Dodge and Plymouth popular cars from the Chrysler organization.



The Ford V-8 convertible cabriolet.

There are, of course, a few exceptions to the rule. In most of the models, however, the emphasis is on refinement of existing features. There is added horsepower in many of the engines, but they are there through clever refinements rather than any drastic change-overs. More miles to the gallon of gasoline have been injected into these motors, too. Miles to the gallon, it is an easy prophecy, will be something that motorists who own one of these new models will talk about next year.

What important mechanical changes that have been made, have been done for the most part in the interest of putting more safety into the cars. Steering is improved in a score of models.

Brakes have come in for more than their quota of improvements to make them better able to do their duty in preventing accidents. Hydraulic brakes are more common this year. One motor mogul, leaving no stone unturned, supplies two braking systems—a hydraulic brake and a mechanical brake that is applied by the foot pedal only in an emergency. There's more shatterproof glass in the windows and doors of the cars, standing there on guard against injuries when the car meets with a mishap. Several of the men who make motor cars have also added another strong point in the prevention of accidents by providing another beam in their headlights that can be lowered when meeting other cars.

In life it's the little things, they say, that are important. Certainly in these automobiles of 1936 they are.

FOR CHRISTMAS YARDLEY LONDON *Suggests*

Gift Sets...from 85¢ to \$18.50



By Appointment to
Her Majesty the Queen

C71/15 \$2.75
Lavendomeal, the new Bath
Luxury, and Bath Dusting
Powder.



C71/94 \$1.50
Lavender Perfume, Guest
Soap and Talcum Powder.



C71/17 \$5.00
Lavender Perfume, English
Complexion Powder,
Foundation Cream, Bath
Salt Crystals and Talcum
Powder.



C20/64 \$2.00
Shaving Bowl and Shaving
Lotion.



By Appointment to
H.R.H.
The Prince of Wales

See the Complete Range at all
good drug and department stores.

YARDLEY LAVENDER Beauty Creations
LONDON · TORONTO · NEW YORK · PARIS

within the tragic walls, and his instinct was to face the issue squarely. His conscience was troubled by the fact that his deliberate concealment of his own afternoon adventure was probably in part responsible for the fate which had overtaken the bearded physician. The time had come when it was more important to see the murderer behind bars than to maintain state secrets; when the police had become necessary co-workers rather than mistrusted antagonists. And if informing the police meant personal danger for himself, that element could no longer be taken into consideration.

"There's nothing we can do here," he said to Agnes, who was waiting just beyond the low doorway. "I think it will be best if we go down and get help."

As he came toward her, she looked at him with an expression of such trust and confidence that he felt fresh forces welling up within him. "What a good partner you are," he said gratefully. "Any other girl would have gone all to pieces."

And Agnes, whose heart had been heavy as lead just a moment earlier, was lifted to a new strength by the quiet steadiness of his tone and tried to express her admiration silently.

As Geoffrey led the way down the steps, they turned their backs upon the tower and faced the responsibilities of the night, oppressed by a weight of forebodings.

They passed through the chapel and opened the door leading into the main section of the Schloss. Here they found that the electric current had been switched on during their absence, so that the usual night lights burned again in the hallways.

At the angle of the main hall, peering anxiously toward the chapel door, Anton, the manservant, had taken a stand, armed with a rifle from the hunting room. His long loose white drawers were tied at the ankles, and his black house-jacket was pulled over a nightshirt. His sparse blonde hair was untidy and disarranged.

As the chapel door opened, he lifted the weapon in a wavering, instinctive gesture of defense, ready to shoot, but set it down again on recognizing the young people.

"Mr. Tuttle!" he ejaculated.

"Well?" demanded Geoffrey.

"Dr. Albrecht, sir! He hasn't come back."

"Where did he go?"

"He went up into the . . ." The servant checked himself with visible hesitation.

"Into the tower?"

Anton looked up in fresh shock. "I didn't know, sir," he faltered, "that you were in the secret of the tower."

Geoffrey felt sorry for the man. "Mr. Otho knows I share the secret. When did the doctor go up there?"

"It must be more than half an hour ago, sir. I've been waiting for him to come down again."

"What led you to go and get the rifle?"

"Anna had a fright, sir."

Suddenly Agnes recollected the slipper which she had held in her hand ever since she had picked it up on the tower stairs. "Does this belong to Anna?" she asked.

"Yes, miss."

"Was Anna in the tower tonight?"

"Yes, miss."

"When?" demanded Geoffrey.

"She went up a few minutes before Dr. Albrecht, sir. She went up with dinner for the gentleman—it was the first time today we had dared to take him anything. But she came back frightened. She said the room was empty."

"Did you see Mr. Otho a moment ago?"

"Mr. Otho? He hasn't been back all day, sir."

"You've seen nothing of him tonight?"

"No, sir."

"Anton, I want you to dress yourself as quickly as you can, and go for the police."

"No need to go for the police," said a harsh voice behind the manservant, speaking with a vehemence at which Agnes found herself trembling while Anton spun around with a wild frightened gesture of the rifle.

It was Commissar Till, who looked at the three out of his sharp left eye with an expression of such sour animosity that Geoffrey felt thrown upon the defensive and almost lost for words. [To be continued]

JACK - THAT FAT PORK WILL FINISH YOU!

TUMS HAVE CHANGED EVERYTHING!

JACK SPRATT
NOW EATS FAT
AND ANYTHING ELSE IN SIGHT,
NO STOMACH SOUR
CAN KNOCK HIM FLAT...
FOR TUMS HAVE SOLVED HIS PLIGHT!

WHO ELSE WANTS TO FORGET SOUR STOMACH?

The way to eat favorite foods and avoid heartburn, sour stomach, gas and other symptoms of acid indigestion is no secret now. Millions carry Tums. Nothing to mix up. No drenching your stomach with harsh alkalis, which doctors say may increase the tendency toward acid indigestion. Just enough of the antacid in Tums is released to neutralize the stomach. The rest passes on inert. Cannot over-alkalize the stomach or blood. You never know when, so carry a roll always. 10c at all druggists.



FREE: Beautiful 5 Color—1935-1936 Calendar Thermometer. Also samples NR and Tums. Send stamp for postage and packing to The Lewis Medicine Co., 67 Crawford Avenue, Windsor, Ontario.

**HEALTHY
PEOPLE
are
HAPPY
PEOPLE**

**Being
REGULAR**

Will Keep You Healthy

If your liver is upset, and your stomach sour—the chances are your whole disposition is sour. Many people carry around a lot of poison in their systems, instead of getting rid of it. Take Beecham's Pills. These famous regulators will clear out the poisons—tone up liver and stomach—and restore your normal disposition. Beecham's are purely vegetable and quite harmless and may quite safely be given to children.

Less than a Penny a dose

**Beecham's
PILLS
THE GREAT REGULATOR**

The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Orlex imparts color to streaked, faded, or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Chatelaine's Baby Clinic

Conducted by
J. W. S. McCULLOUGH,
M.D.



HEALTH FOR THE MOTHER

The Food of the Mother—No single matter is perhaps of such importance to the future of the unborn child as the health of the mother. Proper food is essential to this. What should be the food of the mother who holds in her hands the destiny of her child?

Milk—One quart a day, of which two or three cupfuls are taken as drink, and the rest on cereal, or milk toast, in cocoa, eggnog, as malted milk, milk soup and puddings of bread, corn starch, custard, junket, rice, etc. Milk is most valuable since it contains lime salts and vitamins.

Cereals—Well-cooked oatmeal, rolled oats, cracked wheat, rice, bran or whole grains. These have all a more or less laxative effect.

Bread—Of whole-wheat, rye, graham flour, corn or oatmeal.

Fruits—Oranges, apples, ripe bananas, pears, peaches, figs, prunes, dates. These, as well as the juice of tomatoes, contain vitamins.

Vegetables—Spinach, squash, marrow, cauliflower, beets, peas, beans, celery, lettuce, tomatoes. These contain vitamins and lime salts and aid in regulation of the bowels.

Meat—May be used once a day, either boiled, roasted or stewed.

Eggs—Are a valuable source of iron and may be boiled, scrambled or poached.

Fish—Boiled or baked. Sea-fish should be used twice a week.

Cod liver oil—Or its equivalent in viosterol should be used daily, especially in winter, by the pregnant woman.

Water and fluids—Plenty of water should be used. It may be used hot or cold, plain or with fruit juices. The use of tea and coffee should be limited.

Pre-natal care—Every expectant mother should be constantly under supervision throughout her pregnancy, either by the pre-natal clinic of a hospital or by her own physician. Such supervision involves not only a complete physical examination but such special matters as examination of the urine, the blood pressure, care of food and drink, exercise, the bowels, teeth, rest and sleep, bathing and clothing. Much of the excessive mortality of mothers would be avoided by universal supervision of the pregnant woman. Indeed, so important is pre-natal care as a national economic measure that for those unable to employ a competent physician, such care should be provided by the state.

[Continued on next page]



"...and you
can start blessing
mother again"



A GIFT FOR THE FAMILY

Cedar chest	Radio
Refrigerator	Clock
Electric stove	A new car
Rug	Silver service
Smoking stand	Life insurance policy
Nest of tables	Electric mixer
Card table	Furniture

HERE's one little medicine-hater who is going to bed happy. She's just had her first taste of Castoria—and she loved it! Now mother is back in favor once more.



Do you know that even the *taste* of Castoria is made especially for children?

It's one laxative they take willingly. And it's very important that a child *should* take a laxative without a struggle. For the fear and resentment a child feels when forced to take a bad-tasting laxative often seriously upsets her nerves and her digestion.



But there's more to the laxative question than taste. Children's systems are sensitive, delicate. Just as they need a specially planned diet—they need a special laxative. So Castoria is made just for children, of ingredients that are safe and suitable for a child.

It contains no narcotics. No harsh, purging drugs such as some "grown-up" laxatives contain . . . It will never, never cause griping pain. It will not form a habit. It is gentle, yet *thorough*.



Buy a bottle today. Depend on it always until your youngest child is 11 years old. Be thrifty—buy the Family Size bottle.

CASTORIA

The Children's Laxative



from babyhood to 11 years



They'll Have 3 Real Battles to Fight this Winter

... with cold ... after cold ... after cold

YES, mothers, these merry, sturdy little soldiers have three miserable colds to fight this winter—if they're average children. And the common cold—"just a cold"—is the cause of more discomfort and possible danger to children, of more worry to mothers, than any other family ill.

It is a danger, too, against which little folks cannot always be amply protected. At school and at play—even in the home—they are at the mercy of the causes of colds, by exposure or by infection. The question is—"What to do when a cold strikes?" Long experience gives the best answer:

THE FAITHFUL DEFENDER

Wise mothers go promptly to the medicine cabinet for the little blue jar of Vicks VapoRub. Two generations of mothers have proved VapoRub best for children's colds.

Just rubbed on throat and chest at bedtime, VapoRub acts two ways at once: (1) By stimulation through the skin, like a poultice or plaster; (2) By inhalation of its penetrating medicated vapors direct to inflamed air-passages.

Through the night, this combined

vapor-poultice action soothes the membranes—loosens phlegm—eases the breathing—helps break congestion. Often, by morning the worst of the cold is over.

AVOIDS "DOSING"

Mothers prefer Vicks VapoRub for children's colds, not only because it's so effective, but also because this modern treatment is *external*—and *safe*. Its use avoids the risks of constant internal dosing which so often upsets digestion and appetite, thus lowering body resistance when most needed. VapoRub can be used freely—and as often as needed—even on the youngest child.

For Better Home-Control of Colds

Help your family to have *fewer* colds and *shorter* colds—by following Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds. This common-sense, medically sound Plan has been tested in extensive clinics—further proved in everyday home use by thousands. Full details of the Plan come in each package of Vicks VapoRub.

VICKS VAPORUB

... BEST FOR
CHILDREN'S COLDS

... JUST AS GOOD
FOR ADULTS, TOO..

How Do They Keep That Way

(Continued from page 21)

is a sense of rhythm. A model may be able to move gracefully, but if she doesn't walk in time with the music that is always a feature of fashion parades the audience will start chewing its nails and forget all about the dress she is wearing, be it ever so gorgeous.

A model must be reasonably good-looking. That is, her features should combine to give a pleasing effect and her hair and skin should be in good condition. The really important thing, whether she is a beauty or just one of those pleasant-looking girls, is good grooming. Every detail of her appearance must be perfect if she is to give the clothes she is displaying their full value.

Health is a matter of importance to a model. During a show her work is both strenuous and nerve-wracking, and besides, the girl who looks fresh and clear-eyed and full of life is much more popular with the audience than one who is languid and devoid of sparkle.

THERE ARE two more assets that go to make up a good model. One is really an instinct—what is known as "clothes sense." If a girl is lucky enough to be born with it, she unconsciously brings out a costume's best points, and more than that, she gives to clothes a personality that many a better-looking model cannot do. Last, but very far from least, is an air of being completely at ease before an audience and honestly anxious to please it. A self-conscious girl not only cannot wear clothes as well as the one who is perfectly natural but she will never win her audience's real liking.

Complexion? It is, of course, bound up with the question of good health. One lovely grey-haired model whose skin is the envy of the younger girls gave us her rules for keeping it that way. "I walk a good deal in the fresh air," she said, "and I take a few simple exercises in the morning. I'm careful of my diet and get as much sleep as possible. And," she added with a laugh, "I'm a great believer in plenty of water inside and out." All of which struck me as pretty sane advice for anybody who wants to have a good complexion.

Summing up, the answers to that wistful "How do they stay that way?" are not so complicated, after all. There are, actually, two which cover the question pretty thoroughly. The first is that hoary adage about prevention being better than cure. Meaning, in this case, that it is easier to keep slender than to get rid of surplus fat or cover up unsightly bones. The second is a Biblical text that our grandmothers worked in cross-stitch and hung up over the foot of the bed in the spare room. The one that admonished the reader, in pink and green wool, *Be Ye Also Ready*. Which is to say, as applied to the model question, that it is the wise girl who keeps herself in trim every day in the year, for who knows when she may be called upon to model in small shows or at wholesale houses, or to pose for a photographer. Any number of things may come her way between the big seasonal shows, and if she earns her living by modelling a girl jumps at the chance of making money during the dull periods. That means she must keep everlastingly at her hair and skin and nails and weight, but it's well worth it in the end.

And that, it seems to us, is a point the rest of us might well note down, too. In fact, both those points are good. So let's pin them up on our mirrors, one on each side. *Prevention is better than cure*, to the left; *Be ye also ready*, to the right. And if we obey them, we can go to the next fashion show and spend all our time admiring the lovely clothes, without any canker of envy gnawing away inside us to spoil our fun.

Needed in Every Nursery

Few things are so essential in the nursery as dependable water bottles—for comfort on cold days and nights—for quick relief when pains and ailments suddenly develop. Viceroy water bottles for nursery use are made in both conventional and toy-land designs.



Safe for Baby's Skin



The Land of Nod

An Aristo Crib sheet is made with as much care as any downy blanket or snow white coverlet. Hidden away—out of sight, it serves—a first essential to a well made cot.

You have choice in color and style in Aristo Crib Sheets—and all are highest quality. Look for the name distinctly marked—Aristo.

The Canadian General Rubber Co. Limited, Galt, Ont.



ARISTO CRIB SHEETS

The Bear Who Was Never Bessie

(Continued from page 22)

special sickness that little girls always have at boarding school, they took her a cup of hot milk—and me. After they slipped me into her bed, she got well right away."

"After that we had chickenpox and I was fumigated. That did something to my fur. It nearly all fell out, but she loved me just—oh, I believe, all the more. I thought life was just too lovely and then—"

"Nothing happened to Her."

"No, no. It was just that her mother got well again and went to visit her old aunt while she was growing better. It was there, behind that old aunt's piano, that they found the real . . . Bessie!"

"How awful!"

"Not at all, not at all. I was never disturbed for a moment. In fact, we were very glad to see Bessie, because there was another little girl at the school with that homesickness disease, and we just needed a bear to get her well. Bessie came in very well. She was pretty motheaten, but it gave her a nice soft look. She went to a loving home."

"However, I was glad to get away from school for a while. It was time for the Easter holidays. It was lovely. The dandelions were coming up, and they had a nice new house with trees in the yard. It was there I lost my foot."

"You must have suffered."

"Oh, all in a lifetime," grinned the bear, "but I was worried for Her. There was a boy cousin—a nasty brat. He grabbed me away from her one day and called her a baby. Then, because he was so much taller, he swung me above her head, around and around by my foot, and finally he twisted my ankle into a little string and threw me up in the apple tree. I stayed up there all

spring and it was very rainy. She had to go back to school that night, and no one would believe her when she said I was up there."

"But She found you?"

"Certainly! When she came home that summer, she went first thing to the tree. And then she saw the limb was gone and she began to cry. They couldn't stand that."

"I should think not."

"So they found the men that cut off the limb and chopped it up, and they remembered about me. They were pretty scared, I can tell you. I was very dirty. But she washed me and put my clean night-drawers on, and I was sick for a long while."

"Too bad," they all sympathized.

"Oh, that was good enough for me," said the bear proudly. "I'm glad I never got the old foot put on. She loved me all the better."

"I suppose you wonder about my eye, too," he added nonchalantly. "Well, that just dropped out one day. I'd got so thin from loss of sawdust, that I guess there just wasn't enough left inside to hold it. But She sewed in another one, just sort of embroidered it, you know, and I can see better with that than the other one. She told me she'd sewed in some of her own sight with it, and she did—" The bear sighed a little. "That was long, long, long ago." He snapped his head back suddenly and glared at them most unexpectedly. "And it's just as good as it ever was!"

"I can see right through a bureau drawer or anything, and I've watched over her ever since. She has no mother or daddy now. We went to college together, and she got married, and we had the Little New One—and now you'd better all keep still, because I can see them coming down the hall. Remember now, look your best! It's not only your First tree but hers, too. Shshsh!"

They all sat up in the sweet morning light—shy and hopeful and full of Christmas, and then the Little New One stepped inside the door and . . . squealed.

"Why, why," she said, but she didn't wink. "Why, it's Bessie, and he's got a new pink shirt on!"

And as he was Picked Up First and squeezed, She distinctly saw him wink over the Little New One's shoulder.

A RICHER OIL

• MORE VITAMINS

• BETTER VALUE

IT'S AN ECONOMY to buy Squibb's Vitamin-Rich Oil—you get full value for your money! The thing you should pay for in Cod Liver Oil is its vitamin content. A teaspoonful of Squibb's will benefit your baby more than oils with inferior vitamin content. It gives you full value for your money. Choose this vitamin-rich oil! You'll find it an economy.

Your own doctor will tell you that babies, to have strong backs, well-shaped heads, fine, full chests, straight legs and sound, even teeth, should receive special help to build them.

Doctors explain that, besides giving babies the help they need for bone and tooth building, good Cod Liver Oil helps them grow and aids in building up good general resistance. In addition to Vitamin D, Squibb Cod Liver Oil contains an abundance of the factor which promotes growth and resistance, Vitamin A.

Cod Liver Oils may vary widely in the amount of Vitamins A and D which they provide. Therefore, you should insist on one you know will give your baby the maximum protection—Squibb's!

Purchase a bottle of Squibb's Vitamin-Rich Oil for your baby now! At any reliable drug store. Older children, too, need the vitamins of Cod Liver Oil these wintry days—give them Squibb's Mint-Flavored Oil. Its taste is pleasant and it will aid them in building good general resistance.



FOR DAUGHTER

\$2.00 and under

Manicure set
Powder brush
Sheet music
Pencil
Atomizer
Face Powder
Hosiery
Soap and hand lotion
Lipstick and matching nail polish
Monogram pins

From \$2.00 to \$5.00

Chinese rose jar
Flower-decorated bureau mirror
Lingerie
Velveteen blouse

Foundation garment
French mules
Fountain pen
Jewel for hair
Bath set
Mexican leather sandals
Hygienic hair brush
Tinted suede gloves

From \$5.00 to \$10.00

Corduroy lounging pyjamas
Travel set of toiletries
Toilet set—brush and mirror
Fitted week-end case
Perfume
Camera
Sports club fee
Permanent wave

HANDY FORM FOR ADULTS



Older children and adults, too, need the resistance-building properties of Vitamins A and D. Squibb Chocolate-Coated

ADEX

Tablets or the new Adex Capsules contain the Vitamins of Cod and Halibut Liver Oil with Viosterol added. Easy to take, especially by those who object to the taste of oil.

SQUIBB

COD LIVER OIL
PLAIN OR MINT FLAVORED



Growth and Weight CHART

Send this coupon to E. R. Squibb & Sons of Canada, Limited, 36 Caledonia Rd., Toronto, and a chart will be sent you on which to record the growth and weight of your child for a seven year period. M239

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Province.....

What Price Your Child's Life?



Take Nobody's Advice Except Your Family Doctor's On Which Remedies Are MEDICALLY APPROVED For Children

Buy "bargain" clothes, shoes, playthings for your child if you wish. But before you bring unknown, bargain close-outs in drugs for your child to take — ask your doctor.

Any doctor, any child authority will tell you this. Tell you to know all there is to know about any medicine your child takes internally.

Do this about *any drugs* you buy for your child. And do it, too, for your sake as well as ours, about the frequently used "milk of magnesia" given children.

Ask Him About "Phillips'"

Ask particularly about Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. He will tell you, we know, that for over 60 years doctors have endorsed it as **SAFE** for your child. One of the finest that men of science know. *The kind of remedy you feel secure in giving to your child.*

Now Also In Tablet Form

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is now made in two forms. Liquid and tablet. Each tablet contains the exact equivalent of a teaspoon of the liquid

form, tastes like peppermint and they are easy to get children to take.

A big box costs only 25¢ at drug stores. But — see that the words "GENUINE PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA" are printed on any box or bottle you accept.

*Safety
for You and Yours*



NOW, ALSO IN TABLET FORM

You can assist others by refusing to accept a substitute for the genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Do this in the interest of yourself and your children — and in the interest of the public in general.

MADE IN CANADA

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

THE QUESTION BOX

Question—My baby's skin is reddened and rough in the groins and under the arms. He is very fat but is thinning well. What can I do to prevent the thriving?—(Mrs.) K.L.T. Orono, Ont.

Answer—Use a mild soap, or none at all for a week or two. A bran or salt bath may be substituted for the soap and water bath. Do not rub too vigorously after the bath. Use plenty of dusting powder. A bran bath is prepared by placing in the bath water a pint of wheat bran in a coarse muslin bag. Squeeze this for five minutes till the water resembles thin porridge. A salt bath is made by adding half a teacupful of coarse salt to two gallons of water. If the buttocks are chafed, be careful to remove wet napkins promptly. Keep the parts scrupulously clean and well powdered.

Question—Is there any danger to the baby in the use of a pacifier?—(Mrs.) J.P., Cranbrook, B.C.

Answer—The habit of sucking a rubber nipple is a silly one. It is usually the fault of a foolish or lazy mother. Its prolonged use will cause boggy lips. It is a carrier of filth and infection such as tuberculosis, syphilis, diphtheria and many other ailments. Adenoids may be caused by thumb-sucking and by the use of a pacifier.

The cure—Burn the pacifier and don't buy another.

Question—What are the best toys for children?—(Mrs.) K.J.P., Cochrane, Ont.

Answer—A baby naturally puts everything into its mouth, so one should choose toys which are smooth, that can easily be washed, and which are too large to swallow. Avoid toys with sharp points or corners,



those with loose parts that might be broken off and swallowed and small objects which might be swallowed or pushed into the ear or nose. Also painted toys, those covered with hair or wool. Cheap toys are often more appreciated by little children than expensive ones.

Question—My baby boy, 4-months old, seems nervous. He jumps when he hears noises. I am nursing him and he seems healthy and well. What is the cause of nervousness in babies?—(Mrs. P.L.A., Saint John, N.B.)

Answer—If your baby is gaining in weight and, as you say, seems healthy, you should not worry if he jumps at noises. Perhaps he has inherited a nervous constitution from his mother. The brain grows very rapidly in infancy, as much in the first year as during the remainder of life. Nervousness may be due to anaemia, poor digestion and poor nutrition. One judges that you are unduly anxious, but do not let people play with him. Keep him free from visitors, and do not use soothing syrups or a pacifier.



FOR SCHOOLGIRL

\$2.00 and under

Hyacinth bulbs in bowl
Novelty animal purse
Manicure set
Rah-rah (football) bracelet
Initial or school pins
Snapshot album
Diary
Painted wooden picture
Sewing kit

From \$2.00 to \$5.00

Bedroom lamp
Set of party undies
Badminton racquet

Wool for sweater

Silver frame for her favorite portrait

Ski boots

Table-tennis set

From \$5.00 to \$10.00

Desk for her own room

Leather jacket

Skis

Ski suit

Tube skates

Game board (over fifty games in one)

Housekeeping

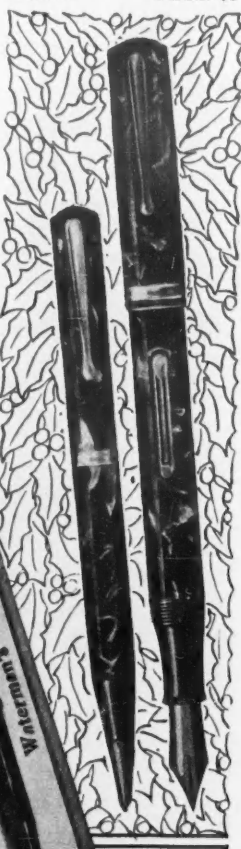


China—Courtesy
Wm. Junor Ltd.
Silver—Oneida
Community Ltd.

CHATELAINE'S DEPARTMENT OF HOME MANAGEMENT
Conducted by Chatelaine Institute Helen G. Campbell, Director

The Gift of Daily Service

No. 94—the world's greatest pen, with sturdy nib, for men and boys. Grey, also Moss Agate, Brown and Jet. Pen..\$5 Pencil..\$3



Lady Patricia—the finest of pens for women. Onyx, Persian, Jet, Moss Agate. Pen..\$5 Pencil..\$3



No. 92—an attractive style of pen in Green Pearl, Black Pearl, Steel Quartz, Jet or Green and Gold, Gold mounted. Pen \$3.50 Pencil \$1.50



Every Waterman's—no matter what the price—is styled for beauty and built for utility year in and year out. It is the most practical and the most acceptable gift you can make to personal and business friends.

There is individuality to the gift of a Waterman's for the recipient may take your gift to the nearest Waterman's dealer and exchange the point (14 kt. solid gold) for that best suited to his (or her) particular style of writing.

Models from \$2.75 to \$10

No. 3V—an attractive model in Claret, Black Pearl, Green Pearl, Steel Quartz for ladies, a very dainty pen. Pen..\$3.00 Pencil..\$1.25

THE PEN OF THE DAY

The Self-Starting
Waterman's
PENS • PENCILS • DESK SETS

Fashions and Fabrics

(Continued from page 39)

the draped necklines; the military vogue with its braiding and frog trimmings; the full sleeves that drop off the shoulders; capelets and the round short collars that make the face and neck seem rounder. Higher colors also belong to the slender when drapery is in style, and this year you can glory in a riot of brilliant shades that will completely lift you out of the drab everyday; glamorous reds, deep purples, glowing wines, vivid rust, tians and coppery browns, cypress and pine green, made even more brilliant by the glint of gold and silver.

In fabrics, the slenders have never had so much choice before. Yours are the gleaming lamés, brocaded metallics and lamé embroideries; the satins that shimmer with a thousand lustrous lights; silks with interwoven threads of sparkling Cellophane, rich soft materials that fold and drape; adding curves to undesirable, too straight lines—crinkled matelassés; stiffly standing taffetas.

If you are overly tall, you can work wonders by combining two materials, lamé and velvet, satin with matelassé; a blouse top of one and a skirt of the other cuts your height. Though you must avoid the vertical straight line you can wear the blotchy printed patterns that are the latest for the very formal evening dresses, and you can wear capes short and flaring of any luxurious fabric you fancy.

Slender lady, the fabric world salutes you! If you are not so tall and quite decidedly not

so slender, there is no need today to regret the extra inches; it is a perfectly simple matter to lose them by careful planning. Beltless dresses with clever diagonal seaming; belted dresses specially designed; and crossover bodices are generally considered to have the best slimming effects, hip-length jackets work wonders, long seams and panels suggest height, and therefore will tend to lessen breadth. The long fitted tunic dress is a boon to the larger woman as is also the covered shoulder line.

If you would appear much slimmer than you really are, it is wisest to choose the darker tones of new colors, the deep glowing browns, wine, reseda green and maroon, navy, deep rust. Lace which does not crease is very effective for evening, and also lace combined with satin, crêpe or chiffon. Heavy crêpes with small brocaded pattern, softly draped companion crêpes, oatmeal crêpes or sawdust crêpes, velvets carefully and smoothly made, sheers with the new tiny patterns in their transparent weaves or small overcheck of self weave. Choose materials with flat surfaces, avoid lustrous finish, for lustrous and metallic materials reflect the light and add to size and appearance. Dull surfaces with small bright accents may be used carefully, as also narrow long panels of lustrous material with self-matching dull material.

If you are quite small, avoid bulky drapery, short cape ideas and too full sleeves; find materials with fine line stripes in their weaves and add to your inches by having them cut vertically. Make clever use of small jacquard patterns, chiffons in scarf-like panels, and accordion pleating. Wear your dresses longer, your capes longer, and avoid trimmings—they often prove fatal.

In short, read between the lines when you purchase party fabrics.



FOR SCHOOLBOY

Under \$2.00

Popeye characters in soap
Cream shirt and rust tie
Field glasses
Compass
Toy garage and towing car
Trapeze set
Flashlight for bicycle
Leather mits
Stamp album

From \$2.00 to \$5.00

Globe on axis
Set of horseshoes

Chemistry set
Study lamp
Pen and pencil set
Camera

From \$5.00 to \$10.00

School blazer
Dressing gown
Wooden desk
Toboggan
Skis
Ski suit
Y.M.C.A. fee

by
M. FRANCES HUCKS
of the Institute Staff



Silver, Courtesy Oneida Community Ltd.

—AND THE DAY AFTER

THE "STIRRING" times which Miss Campbell describes on the opposite page are due for a temporary lull. The murmur of suppressed excitement which wakened the household at dawn yesterday, has worn itself out and there's no reason why you should "stir"—unless some member of the family simply must catch an early train back to work. You'll get a heap of satisfaction out of lying in your warm bed, half awake, half asleep, and letting thoughts of yesterday's fun and feasting play around in your mind. "Yes"—your sleepy consciousness tells you—"everything went beautifully." Didn't your husband's mother say she had never tasted a more perfectly cooked goose? Hadn't the children been as generous and peaceful as could be with the visiting cousins? Why, even sophisticated niece Ann, from the superiority of her nineteen years, had been moved to remark that your table really looked "frightfully smart."

And the fun isn't over yet. There's still the leisurely tidying up to do—folding tissue papers, sorting gifts, establishing that grand new floor lamp which you've wanted for ages, in its proper corner, and a dozen little "puttery" jobs which will prolong the holiday spirit.

First, there's breakfast—a peaceful, reminiscent meal today, and no fussing either, because it was planned early in

the week and the necessities included in the Christmas grocery order. Our suggestions for this Boxing Day breakfast begin with a round of lemon juice. Nothing like this sour, refreshing drink to clear a palate, to waken a drowsy, surfeited appetite, and help a somewhat overworked digestive system to start operations again. A pitcher of strained juice, another one of cold water, and the fruit sugar bowl and everyone helps himself, mixing to suit his taste. There's prepared cereal and a pitcher of milk for those who want this course, then a platter of crisply curled bacon and a pot of marmalade. The toaster—maybe the new one you received yesterday—turns out golden slices as requested; and the coffee pot—perhaps you were lucky enough to get a smart new electric one—fills the cups with steaming fragrant coffee. It's surprising how good breakfast tastes when you remember how you felt about food as you pushed away from the table yesterday.

Dinner at noon today and the remains of the goose to use up. Nothing to fuss about with this meal either, because you thought of everything early in the week. Of course, the part played by the goose in this return engagement depends on its original size, on the size of your Christmas party and the size of the appetites which said party brought along. But the menu plan is elastic. There's

enough goose left to serve it sliced, and as an introduction to this *pièce de résistance* we suggest mixing the contents of a can of tomato juice with a can of bouillon—or a bouillon cube dissolved in boiling water—and serving a cupful of this combination piping hot with a crisp biscuit. The platter of sliced goose garnished with sprigs of parsley and plump little pickled crabapples looks as appetizing as its predecessor did yesterday. You had planned to have some of the mashed potatoes left over. These are grand when you heat them up in a double boiler with a little hot milk or cream; add a bit of finely chopped onion cooked in butter until lightly browned, then fold in a couple of thoroughly beaten eggs. Turn the mixture into a casserole, cover the top with crushed cornflakes and bits of butter and brown it in the oven. Serve it right from the casserole—and it's good! In all probability there would be no vegetables left over—it's fairly easy to gauge the amounts that will be eaten even at a Christmas dinner; but if there are, they can be worked into a vegetable macedoine, with the addition of canned or fresh vegetables in sufficient quantity to make a family-size dish.

The Christmas pudding which is left will keep, fortunately, for although it was perfect yesterday and will taste grand tomorrow, we'd just as soon have something lighter today. A mixture of diced grapefruit (canned or fresh) and sliced bananas has a tang and novelty that will suit the taste of the fussiest; and if there is one mold of the cranberry salad left from yesterday, break it up and garnish each serving of fruit with a bright bit. A few crisp cookies or squares of shortbread brought from the cookie jar, are placed on the table and

[Continued on page 67]

by
HELEN G. CAMPBELL
 Director Chatelaine Institute



CHRISTMAS DINNER MENU

Oyster Cocktail
 with Spicy Sauce
 Roast Goose with Sage and Onion Dressing
 Orange Juice Basting
 Brussels Sprouts with or without Chestnuts
 Creamed Onions Cole Slaw
 Apple Sauce
 Celery Curls Gherkins
 Cranberry Ring with Grapefruit and Grapes
 Plum Pudding with Foamy Sauce
 or
 Ginger Cream with Fruit Cake
 Nuts Mints
 Coffee Tea

DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS

year. How could it be otherwise when the spirit of warm-hearted hospitality has us in its grip, and we invite the Family to celebrate with us? Or, it may be we bid as many nice homeless bachelors of both sexes as we can accommodate.

On December 24 there is good will but not peace or quiet in the kitchens of the land, with a big dinner in the offing and so much to be done. No time tomorrow for anything but the final cooking, and joy cometh in the morning if preparations are well on the way.

Preliminaries are settled earlier—the menu decided, supplies ordered, decorations planned and a dozen-and-one other things attended to. So, to begin at the beginning, in case you haven't done your Christmas shopping quite early enough, we suggest for your consideration a feast which you may accept holus-bolus, supplement, simplify or do with as you will.

It begins with a few oysters—for no amount of noise annoys an oyster, you know—and a perfectly scrumptious sauce to go with them. If you think you know of something better, by all means have it—another kind of fish, tomato juice, fruit or a thin light soup. Or, pass it up altogether.

A goose for your main course—they are plentiful this year and make grand eating when filled with a savory sage and

onion stuffing and basted with orange juice as they cook. Perhaps you prefer a turkey, a plump chicken or some other kind of fowl; and that's all right with us, for any one of them will grace your table with style. In fact, if you decide on the roast beef of Old England, a whole baked ham or a monster meat pie, I'll agree that your choice is a mighty good one for the occasion. So you can't say I'm arbitrary about it, even though I stick to my guns and my goose. With it, you could serve any number of accompaniments, but it seems to cry aloud for creamed onions and apple sauce—so here they are. For something green and at the same time party-ish, there is nothing better than Brussels sprouts with chestnuts to make an "extra special" dish, if you are inclined that way.

No potatoes? Oh well, have them if you like—mashed, rice, baked, browned or some other simple form. Not creamed, for the onions are "saucy," and not french fried or dolled up too much, for the goose will attend to all the richness you need.

After you have eaten wisely and well of this course, the cranberry salad provides a welcome bit of tartness, crispness, color and delicacy. It is a nice change to use the juice for a tender jelly, and for a Christmassy look it can't be beat.

What for dessert? Plum

[Continued on page 66]

WE ARE living in stirring times and the day before Christmas is the "stirringest" of all. Listen to the music in the air—the whirl of electric beaters; the tap, tap of spoons in deep mixing bowls; the subdued thump of rolling pins. And over and above it all, the sounds of pleasant hustle and bustle all through the house. Christmas—the busiest, happiest season of the whole

THAT'S WHAT CHRISTMAS GOODIES ARE MADE OF "SUGAR AND SPICE AND ALL THINGS NICE"—

Spicy Rolled Cookies

- 1/2 Cupful of butter
- 1 Cupful of sugar
- 1/2 Cupful of thick sour cream
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of baking soda
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of nutmeg
- 1/8 Teaspoonful of ground cloves

2 1/2 to 3 Cupfuls of flour

Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming. Add the sour cream and beat the mixture until the sugar is dissolved. Sift the baking soda and the spices with one-half cupful of the flour and add to the first mixture. Then add enough more sifted flour to make a dough which will be stiff enough to roll. Cut in Christmas tree shapes, sprinkle the surface with finely chopped nuts which are colored green and bake on a greased baking sheet for ten or twelve minutes in a hot oven—425 degrees Fahr.

Delicious Date and Almond Macaroons

- 1/2 Pound of almonds
- 1/2 Cupful of sugar
- 1/4 Cupful of water
- 4 Egg whites
- 1/2 Cupful of chopped dates

Blanch the almonds and cut in small pieces. Combine the sugar and the water and bring to boiling point. As soon as the syrup begins to boil, add the cut almonds and cook for five minutes. Mash or grind the nuts and when cool fold into the beaten egg whites along with the syrup in which they were cooked. Add the chopped dates and drop by small spoonfuls on to a greased baking sheet. Bake for twenty-five to thirty minutes in a slow oven—300 degrees Fahr.

Peanut and Raisin Rolls

- 1 Cupful of shelled peanuts
- 1 Cupful of seeded raisins
- Lemon juice
- Honey
- Finely chopped peanuts

Put the peanuts and the raisins through the food chopper and moisten with a little lemon juice and honey until the mixture can be easily formed into balls. Roll the balls in the finely chopped peanuts.

Bittersweets

- 1/2 Cupful of seeded raisins
- 1/2 Cupful of stoned dates
- 1/4 Cupful of chopped nuts
- 1/4 Cupful of maraschino cherries
- 4 to 6 Squares of sweet or bitter chocolate

Chop the raisins, dates, nuts and cherries fine, mix thoroughly and form into small balls. Melt the chocolate over hot water, dip the fruit balls into the chocolate and place on waxed paper to cool.

Cherry Roll

- 3 Cupfuls of sugar
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Cupful of sour cream
- 1 Cupful of candied cherries, cut in halves
- 1/2 Cupful of chopped nuts

Combine the sugar, salt and sour cream; stir until the sugar is dissolved and boil without stirring until the candy forms a soft ball when a little is dropped into cold water. Cool, add the cherries, nuts, and beat until the mixture is stiff enough to knead. Form into a roll and when cold, slice in half-inch slices.



FOR THE GRANDPARENTS

Under \$2.00

- Decorative jar of tea
- Box of assorted biscuits
- Flowering plant
- Bath salts
- Hot water bottle
- French-Canadian hand-carved wooden figure
- Smoking tobacco

From \$2.00 to \$5.00

- Invalid bed tray
- Bed jacket
- Winter woollies
- Stationery pad
- Sewing basket
- Magazine stand
- Leather slippers

- Adjustable reading lamp
- Warming pad
- Muffler
- Spectacle case

From \$5.00 to \$10.00

- Hamper of luxury foods
- Fur muff
- Needlepoint footstool cover
- Batik hanging
- Large tapestry handbag
- Hanging shelves
- Smoking jacket
- Globe on axis
- Walking stick
- Bowling club fee
- Set of chess
- Bookcase
- Binoculars

HOW TO SAVE RUBBING ON EXTRA-DIRTY SPOTS!



Use P AND G Naphtha Soap . . . It has TWO SPECIAL INGREDIENTS that GET OUT GREASY, GRIMED-IN DIRT FASTER.

Spare yourself! Save yourself hard, hard rubbing on yellowed neckbands, smudgy cuffs, soil-stained towels. Use P AND G Naphtha . . . it contains two special ingredients that clean up these extra-soiled spots . . . FASTER!

Special Suds-Building Ingredient

—the same fine tropical oil used to make shampoo soaps extra-lathery. Builds thick, close-packed suds that work deep . . . get out dirt faster than loose, watery bubbles.

Special Dirt-Loosening Ingredient

—helps soften water, actually assists the suds, makes P AND G Naphtha lift out deep-down dirt quicker.

Get the help of these P AND G "rub-savers"!

Just soap the dirty spots with P AND G Naphtha. Concentrate this good rich soap on the concentrated dirt!

Remember . . . dissolved flakes or granules can't give you this extra, soapy-rich help where you need it! But . . . see how a good soaping and a few minutes' soaking with P AND G loosens stubborn grime. Now . . . just the slightest rubbing washes these soiled places clean and spotless. WHITE!

It's true! P AND G saves you rubbing . . . whether you wash by machine or by hand. Easier rinsing, too! P AND G cuts down that hard-water soap-scum that turns clothes gray.

And—just one big, fine cake of P AND G does more than a hundred-piece wash! At a cost of only a few cents! Stock up—on a dozen cakes of the new P AND G White Naphtha Soap! It's fresh . . . and it keeps fresh! Quick to give good rich suds that whisk you through all your cleaning and dishwashing!



RUB LESS! You don't need to rub . . . rub . . . rub on dirty spots, if you use P AND G Naphtha Soap. It's scientifically made . . . with two special ingredients that loosen and lift out deep-buried dirt . . . quickly!

EASY
ON HANDS . . .
FAST
FOR DISHES

MADE IN CANADA



HOLIDAY Candy SPECIAL



APPROXIMATE
COST
12¢
PER POUND



Candy-making with Knox Sparkling Gelatine is great fun for the youngsters. Encourage them to make it as Christmas gifts to their friends, and if they want to eat it beforehand, let them have plenty—this candy is as pure and wholesome as candy can be. And remember, Knox Sparkling Gelatine candy is not only real fun to make and eat—but it is a real economy. Wouldn't it be a good idea to include Knox Sparkling Gelatine in your very next grocery order? And why not send for Mrs. Knox's valuable recipe book which is laden with salad and dessert recipes for the whole year? It is FREE! If you will just mail the coupon.

KNOX DAINTIES

4 envelopes Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 cup cold water $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt
4 cups sugar $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful peppermint extract
1 teaspoonful cinnamon extract

Red and Green Coloring (Liquid or Paste)

Heat sugar, salt and boiling water to boiling point. Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add to hot syrup and stir until dissolved. Boil SLOWLY for 15 minutes. Remove from fire and divide into two equal parts. Color one part a delicate red and flavor with cinnamon extract; color the other part a delicate green and flavor with peppermint extract. Rinse two pans (size about 8x4 inches) in cold water, and pour in candy mixture to the depth of about three-fourths inch and put in a cool place (not a refrigerator), allowing candy to thicken for at least twelve hours. With a wet sharp knife loosen around the edges of pan, turn out on board lightly covered with powdered sugar. Cut into cubes and roll in powdered or fine granulated sugar.

NOTE: If lemon flavor is desired, add three tablespoonfuls lemon juice and two teaspoonfuls lemon extract to one part of the candy and leave it uncolored. Any preferred flavoring or coloring may be used.

KNOX is the real GELATINE

KNOX GELATINE, Dept. C,
140 St. Paul St. W., Montreal.

Please send me FREE Mrs. Knox's book,
"Desserts, Salads, Candies and Frozen Dishes".

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Prov. _____



by
Helen G. Campbell
Director Chatelaine Institute

CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS IN YOUR OWN SWEET WAY!

IT MAY BE all right three hundred and sixty-four days of the year to count your calories and practise that good slimming exercise of pushing back from the table. But not on Christmas, for surely the best festival on the calendar should be a holiday in every sense of the word.

So let us consider the specialties with which we cater to the sweet tooth.

Most likely your pudding is made and mellowing and the mincemeat in your store-room, or on the grocer's shelf waiting to do its duty when the right time comes. Perhaps your cake is crowned with its almond icing ready for the great day.

Here is something quite novel in the line of desserts—flavorful jelly, chock-full of assorted fruits and nuts—just to prove that you can "go modern" with impunity even in your Christmas dinner. Of course, nothing will convince you if you belong to that school of thought which regards plum pudding the only right and proper climax to the meal, but those who hold to the opposite view have a wide choice of appropriate sweets—pastry with any kind of filling, plain, à la mode, or with cheese, ice creams from the simplest to the tutti frutti mixtures, fruit

roly-poly with a brown sugar sauce, a fairy-like soufflé, a light cottage pudding or any of the sponges, Bavarians and other fancier jellies tinted, if you like, with the season's color. It's a matter of taste and how much room is left after the turkey.

To fill your cookie jar, we suggest a list of toothsome morsels which include crisp rich wafers in the shape of trim little Christmas trees, macaroons and confections with a sophisticated air. You will probably add others, or keep a roll of dough in the refrigerator as a matter of preparedness for the week's entertainment, to serve as an accompaniment to simple desserts or with a cup of tea to afternoon and evening callers. The only rule is to have plenty on hand.

So, get on your apron, fill your kitchen with spicy fragrance and prepare to celebrate Christmas in your own sweet way.

Uncooked Plum Pudding

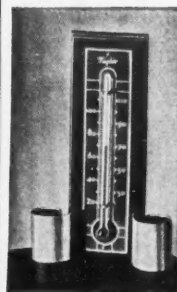
- 1 Package of orange-flavored jelly powder
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of sugar
- 2 Cupfuls of boiling water
- 1 Cupful of raisins
- 1 Cupful of chopped dates
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of currants
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ Cupfuls of broken nut-meats
- 1 Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of cloves

Combine the orange jelly powder, the sugar and spices and add the boiling water. Stir until dissolved and set aside to cool. Cook the raisins in a very little water until tender, cool and add with the dates, currants, nuts and spices to the slightly stiffened gelatine mixture. Turn into a cold, wet mold or into individual molds and chill until set. Serve unmolded with whipped cream.

Christmas shopping?

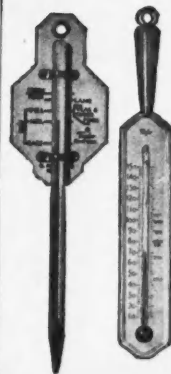
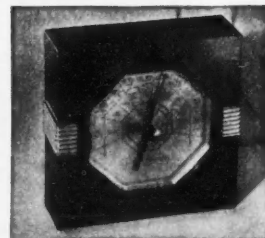
HERE ARE GIFTS THAT REALLY SATISFY

Check through these practical and welcome gifts. You'll know you are getting the best that money can buy, — the Taylor name is your guarantee of full value and perfect accuracy.



For Grown-Ups — TAYLOR INDOOR STANDING THERMOMETER. For desk or mantel. Burnished silver figures on polished blue lacquer background. Back of satin black finish fitted to polished scroll base. Each in a box, \$2.65.

TAYLOR STORM GUIDE. Fair-weather model. Satin black case to stand or hang. Chrome reed trim. Grained aluminum dial. Unbreakable crystal. Automatic altitude adjustment to 3,500 ft. Priced at \$15.00 each.



For Cooks and Housewives this ROAST MEAT THERMOMETER shown at extreme left tells when roast is rare, medium or well done. Prevents shrinkage of meat. White enamel with black figures. Easy to read and use. \$2.00.

For Babies and Bathers. BATH THERMOMETERS, for measuring temperature of water. Cream ivory, green trimming. Easy to read markings. \$2.25. Other accurate Bath Thermometers \$1.15 to \$2.25.

For the Family, TAYLOR WINDOW THERMOMETER. Permanent tube with magnifying lens. Outdoor temperature range. White vitreous enameled scale. Frame and bracket of polished chrome. Price \$5.00.



BOYS OF ALL AGES want compasses. A wide range is available. Every one made to the well known Taylor standard. Price range from \$1.50 to \$4.85.



Ask your local hardware, drug or department store for these lines. If they are unable to supply you, write TAYLOR INSTRUMENT COMPANIES OF CANADA LIMITED, 110-112 Church St., Toronto, Ont., who guarantee safe delivery.

Taylor

INSTRUMENTS

IN INDUSTRY, other types for indicating, recording and controlling temperature, pressure and humidity.

Our Housekeeping Cover

The photograph of the jubilant father preparing to carve the Christmas turkey was made by Photographic Arts. China, courtesy of Wm. Junor Ltd. Silver by Oneida Community Ltd.

THIRTY-ONE MENUS FOR DECEMBER



BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
17 Grapefruit Juice Bacon Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Casserole of Canned Salmon Brown Rolls Canned Plums Cookies Tea Cocoa	Roast of Beef Franconia Potatoes Cabbage Pineapple Up-side-down Cake Coffee Tea
18 Cereal with Chopped Dates Toasted Rolls Coffee Honey Tea	Curried Eggs on Toast Lettuce Salad Fruit Tea Cookies Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Cold Roast Beef Baked Potatoes Squash Steamed Fruit Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea
19 Pineapple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Minced Cooked Beef and Potato Patties Savory Tomato Sauce Fresh Raisin Bread Cream Cheese Tea Jelly Cocoa	Pork Chops Creamed Potatoes Spinach Fresh Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Coffee Sauce Tea
20 Baked Apples Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Clam Chowder Raw Carrot and Onion Salad Bran Muffins Tea Honey Cocoa	Baked Whitefish Parsley Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Blanc Manger with Apricot Coffee Tea
21 Stewed Apricots Creamed Fish on Toast (Left-over) Coffee Tea	Grilled Kidneys and Bacon Fried Potatoes Mustard Pickle Chocolate Junket Tea Cocoa	Cream of Corn Soup Frankfurters Buttered Noodles Sauer Kraut Orange Jelly with Sliced Bananas Coffee Whipped Cream Tea
22 (Sunday) Tomato Juice Cereal Ham and Eggs Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Mixed Fruit Salad Rolls White Cake Butter Icing Hot Chocolate	Grilled Lamb Chops Mint Jelly Scalloped Potatoes Buttered Carrots Molded Rice Butterscotch Sauce Coffee Tea
23 Half Grapefruit Bread and Milk Toasted Rolls Coffee Jam Tea	Beef Broth Tuna-fish Salad Sliced Bananas and Cream Tea Cocoa	Veal Stew Dumplings Buttered Beets Fruit Trifle Coffee Tea
24 Apple Sauce French Toast Syrup Coffee Tea	Sliced Fresh Bologna French Fried Potatoes Mustard Pickle Ice Cream Tea Wafers Cocoa	Ox Tail Soup (Vegetable Plate) Potato au Gratin Wax Beans (canned) Braised Celery Spinach Black Currant Roly-Poly Coffee Tea
25 (Christmas Day) Grape Juice Bacon Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Creamed Asparagus with Pimiento on Toast Olives Jellied Apple Sauce with Shortbread Cherries Tea Cocoa	Tomato Bouillon Roast Chicken or Turkey Cranberry Relish Sweet Potatoes Creamed Onions Homemade Pickle Celery Christmas Pudding, Hard Sauce Coffee Tea
26 Sliced Oranges Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Spaghetti with Tomatoes Lettuce with French Dressing Crackers Jelly Tea Cocoa	Casserole of Left-over Fowl with Hard-cooked Eggs Baked Potatoes Cole Slaw Baked Peaches with Coconut Coffee Tea
27 Cereal with Chopped Figs Scones Coffee Jam Tea	Cream of Mushroom Soup Jellied Vegetable Salad Toasted Scones Canned Fruit Tea Cookies Cocoa	Oven-fried Oysters with Lemon Mashed Potatoes Creamed Peas Cranberry Pudding Coffee Tea
28 Sliced Bananas Soft-Cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Corn Fritters and Bacon Brown Bread and Butter Grape, Apple and Celery Salad Tea Cocoa	Boiled Corned Beef Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Tapioca Cream Coffee Tea
29 (Sunday) Half Grapefruit Cereal Corn Bread Coffee Bacon Syrup Tea	Cold Sliced Corned Beef Potato Salad Dill Pickles Fruit Cup Tea Pearl Onions Fancy Cakes Cocoa	Consommé Roast of Pork, Apple Rings Browned Potatoes Buttered Cauliflower Pumpkin Tarts with Whipped Cream Coffee Tea
30 Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Baked Stuffed Potatoes Carrot and Celery Slaw Canned Berries Tea Cocoa	Cooked Pork in Mustard Sauce, on Toast Candied Sweet Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Banana and Nut Salad Coffee Tea
31 Stewed Prunes Milk Toast Bran Muffins Coffee Honey Tea	Cream of Onion Soup Crackers Baked Apples with Cream Tea Cocoa	Fried Calves' Liver Creamed Potatoes Peas Steamed Fruit Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances
Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month.



SHE SET A LAVISH TABLE and yet she served the MINUS MEAL

HER dinners were something to remember. Gleaming silver and soft candles. A profusion of food, deliciously cooked and flavored. Delicate sauces that subtly enhanced the flavor of each dish. Yet the courses she served lacked the proper amount of "bulk"—so necessary for regular habits.

Meals without "bulk" are "Minus Meals." Often they lead to faulty elimination. Headaches, loss of appetite and energy may follow. Eyes lose their sparkle. Skins may become sallow. Dispositions turn sour.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, a natural laxative cereal, furnishes this

"bulk" in gentle form. ALL-BRAN also supplies vitamin B and iron. Two tablespoonfuls daily, served with milk or cream, are usually sufficient.

This wholesome cereal is just as fine for cooking. It blends better with other ingredients, and adds a tempting nut-sweet flavor to the dish. Use in muffins, breads, waffles, etc. Sprinkle over soups, salads and other cereals. Try the appetizing recipe on this page.

You're happy when you're fit. Serve ALL-BRAN often. Sold by all grocers in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.



ALL-BRAN Molasses Cookies

1/4 cup shortening 1/2 tsp. salt
1 tbsp. brown sugar 1/4 tsp. soda
1/2 cup molasses 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 cup Kellogg's ALL-BRAN 1 tsp. ginger
1 1/4 cups flour 1/4 tsp. cloves

Cream shortening and sugar. Add molasses which has been heated to boiling. Stir in Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Sift dry ingredients, add, and mix well. Chill thoroughly in refrigerator. Roll dough very thin, cut into rounds, and bake in a moderate oven (400° F.) about 7 minutes. Yield: 5 dozen, 2 1/4 inches in diameter.

Keep on the Sunny Side of Life

Let's have a cup of Tea



There is nothing like a good cup of tea to check the fatigue of Christmas shopping. Set yourself up with one before you start. Drop in for another, half-way through. And . . . on your arrival home . . . put the kettle on *first thing*. Follow this simple, pleasant programme and the most strenuous bouts with Christmas crowds will leave you unruffled, both physically and mentally. For tea refreshes: soothes the nerves: builds up reserves of energy. It is always good . . . and good for you.

Let Mr. T. Pott tell you how to make a good cup of Tea

"Select a good brand of small-leaf tea. Boil fresh water. Warm up an earthenware tea pot. Put in one teaspoonful of tea for each cup and one for the pot. The moment the water boils furiously, pour it on the tea. Let the tea brew five minutes."

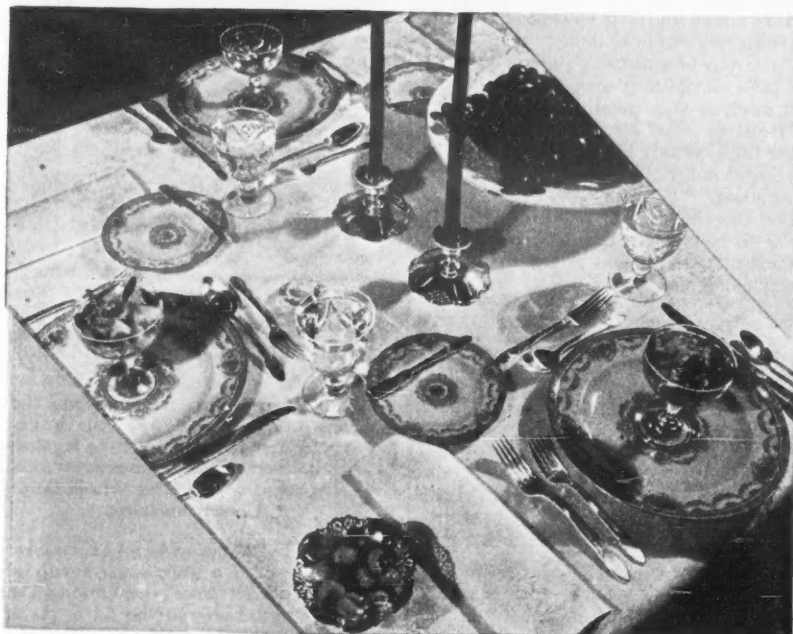


nothing so refreshing
as a good cup of TEA



MEALS OF THE MONTH

1	BREAKFAST (Sunday)	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
	Half Grapefruit Cereal Grilled Bacon Marmalade Coffee	Assorted Sandwiches Celery Caramel Layer Cake Grapes Hot Chocolate	Clear Tomato Soup Rib Roast of Beef Yorkshire Pudding Browned Potatoes Orange Bavarian Crisp Wafers Coffee
	Tea		Tea
2	Cereal with Sliced Bananas Soft-Cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Creamed Salmon on Toast Gherkins Canned Peaches Cake Tea	Shepherds Pie Chili Sauce Buttered Carrots, Cole Slaw Chocolate Junket Coffee
	Jelly Tea	Cocoa	Tea
3	Tomato Juice Milk Toast Bran Muffins Coffee	Scalloped Potatoes with Onions and Cheese Warm Muffins Baked Apples with Raisins Tea	Pork Chops with Dressing Mashed Potatoes Buttered Beets Cup Cakes Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee
	Honey Tea	Cocoa	Tea
4	Orange Halves Cereal Toast Coffee	Cream of Celery Soup Frankfurters French Fried Potatoes Apricot Whip Tea	Lamb Stew with Vegetables Steamed Mashed Squash Blanc Mange with Jelly Coffee
	Jam Tea	Cocoa	Tea
5	Stewed Apricots Cereal Grilled Sausages Toast Coffee	Scrambled Eggs Toast Fruit Cup Drop Cakes Tea	Oven-cooked Steak Baked Potatoes Rice and Raisin Pudding Coffee
	Tea	Cocoa	Tea
6	Apples French Toast Maple Syrup Coffee	Pea Soup Jellied Vegetable Salad Bread or Rolls Sliced Bananas and Cream Tea	Boiled Codfish Egg Sauce Parsley Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Cranberry Pie Coffee
	Tea	Cocoa	Tea
7	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Scalloped Cod and Potato Pineapple, Grape and Grapefruit Salad Nut Bread Tea	Pan-broiled Ham Slice Creamed Potatoes Apple Dumplings Coffee
	Stewed Fruit Tea	Cocoa	Tea
8 (Sunday)	Grape Juice Poached Eggs Toast Coffee	Oyster Stew Saltines Olives Hot Biscuits Tea	Hot Baked Ham Candied Sweet Potatoes Cauliflower Peppermint Ice Cream Fancy Cakes Coffee
	Jelly Tea	Celery Cheese Jam Cocoa	Tea
9	Cereal with Raisins Friszled Ham Coffee	Baked Beans Catsup Brown Toast Stewed Apples Ginger Cookies Tea	Barley Broth Grilled Lamb Chops Boiled Potatoes String Beans Cocoanut Bread Pudding Coffee
	Toast Tea	Cocoa	Tea
10	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Rice and Ham Croquettes Pimiento Sauce Lettuce Salad Canned Berries Tea	Beefsteak and Kidney Pie Glazed Parsnips Shredded Cabbage Jellied Prunes Cream Coffee
	Jam Tea	Cookies Cocoa	Tea
11	Stewed Prunes Soft-Cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Onion Soup Croutons Individual Fruit Shortcakes Tea	Roast of Veal Browned Potatoes Grape Tapioca Coffee
	Marmalade Tea	Cocoa	Tea
12	Apple Sauce Cereal Brown Toast Coffee	Cheese Soufflé Hard Rolls Celery Curls Ice Cream Tea	Ox-Tail Soup Cold Roast Veal Lyonnais Potatoes Buttered Carrots Gingerbread Coffee
	Honey Tea	Cookies Cocoa	Tea
13	Grapefruit Grilled Smoked Fish Toast Coffee	Baked Stuffed Onions Tomato Sauce Pear and Jelly Salad Left Over Gingerbread Tea	Finnan Haddie in Milk Baked Potatoes Chilled Lemon Pudding Coffee
	Tea	Cocoa	Tea
14	Tomato Juice Cereal Plain Muffins Coffee	Bean Soup Crackers Waldorf Salad Tea	Browned Hamburger with Onions and Gravy Boiled Potatoes Baked Custard with Shave of Almonds Coffee
	Jam Tea	Rolls Cocoa	Tea
15 (Sunday)	Orange Sections Waffles Bacon Coffee	Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Celery Dill Pickles Angel Cake with Chocolate Sauce Macaroons Tea	Roast Chicken with Dressing Mashed Potatoes Buttered Peas Hot Mince Pie Coffee
	Maple Syrup Tea	Cocoa	Tea
16	Sliced Bananas Cereal Toast Coffee	Tomato Soup Chicken Salad Hot Biscuits Jam Tarts Tea	Spanish Steak Boiled Potatoes Turnips Apple Crisp Coffee
	Marmalade Tea	Cocoa	Tea



Silver, courtesy International Silver Company of Canada. China and Glass, courtesy of Wm. Junor Ltd. Linen courtesy of the T. Eaton Co., Ltd.

THE CHRISTMAS TABLE

A TABLE set for the big family dinner on the 25th. The snowy cloth has that lovely sheen of satin damask—a handsome background for smart appointments and delicious foods. Appropriate, too, it seems to me, for the Christmas feast is a nice, old-fashioned bountiful one, not a succession of airy nothings and modern dishes which are very good indeed in their own season.

The china is French—the delicate tracery of the Maintenon design carried out in colors which tone in with the holiday's red and green. Goblets and sherbets are clear, shining crystal.

For the charming centrepiece, a low flat

bowl of embossed Queensware is filled with pomegranates and black grapes, with sprigs of holly here and there, out of respect for the day and the date.

Flatware in Sylvia pattern is attractive in this setting—or any other. It is molded on Fashion's long, slim lines and the classic simplicity of the design is keyed to the modern mood (in other words, it's a swell pattern). It was designed by a woman, I'm told, who made a place for your monogram.

The silver dishes are ingenious affairs, for one way they are candlesticks and the other comports. Smart, no end!

So, all in all, it's a nice table.



FOR HOUSEKEEPER

Under \$2.00

Whistling copper teakettle
Glass ovenware
Fruit drink jug and tumblers
Cookie-maker
Icing set
Linen tea towels

From \$2.00 to \$5.00

Electric aluminum teakettle
Silver tableware
Colored enamel or aluminum ware

Gadgets for sewing machine
Bath towels
Bed linen
Electric iron

From \$5.00 to \$10.00

Thermos jug and glass on tray
Electric aluminum percolator
Carpet sweeper
Sandwich toaster
Waffle iron
Linoleum rug



Patterns from left to right:—
Cromwell • Old Colony • Marquis • Sylvia
Her Majesty • Ambassador

WITH **34** PIECE
EVERY SET OF
1847 ROGERS BROS. SILVERPLATE

Pieces of Eight—the new Treasure Chest with Hollow Handle Stainless Steel Knives, 8 Salad Forks Free \$46.50.

For Example:

a 26 Piece Set in Two-toned Lift-top Chest (with Hollow Handle, Stainless Steel Knives)
Value \$34.75
8 Salad Forks, Value 6.50

Total Value..... \$41.25
Your Cost..... \$34.75

The Salad Forks are FREE

Write for useful booklet, "Your Table", hints on proper table setting. Address International Silver Co. of Canada Ltd., Concourse Bldg., Toronto, Dept. 2B.

FOR modern entertaining Salad Forks are becoming increasingly indispensable. The makers of "1847 Rogers Bros." Silverplate offer them to you FREE. Thus to the pride of possessing the original Rogers Silverplate—there is now an added satisfaction in Value and Timeliness.

With every purchase of any 34 piece set of "1847 Rogers Bros."—your Jeweller has for you FREE, 8 lovely Salad Forks, or 6 with a 26 piece set, and 12 with a 50 piece set—available in the design of your choice. This offer is for a limited time only.

See your Jeweller. Select your set of beautiful "1847 Rogers Bros." Silverplate and receive our additional "Gift" of the Salad Forks in any of the six beautiful patterns illustrated above.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

ORIGINAL ROGERS SILVERPLATE
is made only by

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED • TORONTO • HAMILTON • NIAGARA FALLS



Cow Brand Soda KEEPS TEETH looking their best

Just pour a little Cow Brand into your hand, pick up on a moistened tooth brush and brush the teeth thoroughly up and down. After a few days regular brushing with Cow Brand your teeth will take on new beauty and brilliance. Your mouth feels so clean and fresh too. The mild alkalinity of the soda is just sufficient to remove stains and discolorations without injury to delicate tooth enamel.

When Bicarbonate of Soda is needed Cow Brand can be used with confidence. Its unexcelled purity assures its safety for medicinal use. Just a few cents a package.

Keep an extra package of Cow Brand in the bathroom.



SOUR MILK GINGERBREAD

Put 1 cup sour milk in mixing bowl and sift in 1 1/4 teaspoons Cow Brand Soda. When well mixed, add 1 cup molasses, 2 1/4 cups flour sifted with 3 teaspoons ginger and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Then add 4 tablespoons melted shortening and beat thoroughly.

Pour into greased pan or small dripping-pan or greased muffin-pan and bake twenty-five minutes at 350 degrees F. Serve plain or with whipped cream or marshmallow sauce or hot chocolate or with apple sauce.

The recipes which appear in our advertising as well as those in our free booklet "Good Things to Eat" have been tried and tested in our own kitchen laboratory.

MAIL THIS COUPON

CHURCH & DWIGHT LIMITED,
2715 Reading Street, Montreal.

Please send me your free booklets on the medicinal and cooking uses of Cow Brand Baking Soda.

Name.....

Address.....

Men and Menus

(Continued from page 24)

The food was a harder problem. There was no menu, and we couldn't ask for what we wanted because we didn't know what offered; and if we had, it wouldn't have helped us, because the waiter would not have understood. We chatted amiably for a few minutes—we in English and the waiter in Czech—until he got tired of us and went off in search of customers who could tell him what they desired.

The beer lady, noting our distress and being a motherly old soul, came and tried to help, even fetching over several young Czech officers to see what was the matter with us. They too gave us up in despair, being in a hurry to get back to their Czech damsels.

"Bill," I said, "the honor of Canada is at stake. Never shall it be said that we lacked resource in Prague. I am about to make a consumer research in the kitchen. If I am not back in ten minutes, phone the concierge at the Esplanada for further details."

Grasping the old lady firmly by the hand, and murmuring "kitchen, cuisine, chef, grub," I managed to make her understand that I wanted to go to the base hospital; and when my meaning sank in, her practical mind instantly accepted it as the logical solution. Bill says that he will never forget the picture I made as I disappeared through that vast assemblage of beer-drinking Czechs, firmly grasping the beer lady by the arm. That he wasted no time worrying about my fate, and made full use of his time in my absence I shall explain perhaps at some future time.

Tomasino's turned out to be like the New York subway. There were several levels and the kitchen was on the lowest. Never, I suppose, in the six hundred years of its existence had any Canadian penetrated to the bowels of its kitchen. I claim the "Farthest South in Prague" record.

The kitchen turned out to be an enormous cavern, filled with steam, smoke, smell, four chefs, seven scullions, and a tabby cat with a fine family of tortoiseshell kittens. (I've noticed the same thing about the cats at home.)

What the beer lady told the four chefs is beyond me, but without waiting for them to disapprove—and after all, it is a pretty gallish thing to invade a chef in his own kitchen—I started lifting covers and opening oven doors, and saying "Some of this" and "A spot of that." The chef was really a decent head. He got the idea pronto, and followed me with ladle and carving knife, dishing up portions of the selected dishes. The trouble was that before I got through I forgot what I had ordered in the beginning, and when the beer lady and I started for home we had the following on two trays:

Two bowls of bean soup with bits of beetroot in it.

A salad largely composed of stuff that looked like mowings off the lawn.

Two large hunks of what I took for veal but which Bill swore was pork.

Two messes of sauerkraut (excellent.)

Suet pudding with raisins and jam in it.

Two tangerine oranges

If I thought that Bill would mourn my loss should I fail to return, or that he would heap praise on me when I came back with the spoils, I was to be sadly mistaken. For in my absence he had made a sale to two buxom

Czech maidens who were seated near by, and these were now burying their noses in black beer at our table. I shall pass lightly over the introductions—at the best it is hard to be introduced with a tray of food in your hands; but when the ladies are Czech, it is practically impossible for Canadians.

In a way it turned out rather well, because I had brought more food than we could handle. Our company helped pack it away and were really a great help, because they could ask for plates and salt and things like that. We discovered that the local salutation when one is hoisting a beaker of beer or similar drink is *Nazdarovia*, and before long we were *nazdaroviaing* our little playmates in great style.

At length when all the food was gone, chased by several more black beers, I noted that our beer lady was now dispensing what looked like sliced turnip as a sort of dessert, and that it was taken with gusto by the local inhabitants. She had a big basket of it, would stick a thing like a corkscrew into one, and wind up the handle at a great rate, whereupon it would come off in a long thin spiral. This, when salted, was eaten avidly.

We went for four portions of this, and it turned out to be a sort of overgrown radish and quite hard, and that is where Bill got into trouble. He was having a grand time *nazdaroviaing* his little Czech friend, and depending upon smiles and meaningful looks to replace words, when he started in on his radish. He must have struck a hard one,

because he clapped his hand to his mouth and said in a muffled tone: "Bert, I've lost a front tooth."

It was just the sort of absurd anticlimax you'd expect an advertising man from Toronto to bring upon us in Prague. Here we were, having practically the time of our lives, drinking beer and listening to the wild native songs of Czechoslovakia on their native heath—and he has to go and bust off a tooth!

"Too bad," I murmured. "You'll have to get a new one in Berlin."

"Get a new one in Berlin, me eye," he said (partially through the gap in his front teeth which the missing incisor had made). "We'll find it here and now. I'm fond of that tooth. Besides, my wife'd never kiss me if I had a Nazi tooth in front."

With that he made a dive for the sawdust-covered floor, while I reluctantly followed from mere motives of politeness. Our Czech maidens eyed us with greater amaze than before.

While we were scratting around in the sawdust looking for the tooth, a polite voice said in my ear, "*Excusez, m'sieu, est-ce que vous avez perdu quelque chose?*" This was the first French voice I had heard in Tomasino's, and I came back gratefully in my best Quebec lingo and explained the nature of our loss.

He turned out to be a guest from a neighboring table, a White Russian refugee in Prague, and a man of resource as well as courtesy, for he produced a flashlight from his hip pocket and joined in the search.

I had heard that the Czechs were a friendly race, but I was now to see a living proof of it. For, as the word spread from table to table that the "Americanskys" had lost a tooth, black beer and radish were forsaken in the search for the missing tooth, and practically as far as the eye could reach, were bent backs that indicated prospectors working the sawdust.

We found strange things that had been lost in that sawdust for many a long day, but of the missing tooth not a trace could be found, so we finally gave up the chase and returned to our chairs, our company and our beer. So that is how my friend Bill lost his tooth in Tomasino's, which is in the city of Prague.

[More adventures will appear later.]

A PLUM PUDDING WITH NO REGRETS

A Recipe for a Deliciously-Digestible Christmas Pudding

WHAT would the jokesmiths have done during the past two or three hundred years without the plum pudding? They have made fun of it in hundreds of ways—but all their jokes have been founded on the indigestibility of it—and that is no joke—no joke to fill your stomach with a mess of soggy pudding which clogs and disarranges the digestive system. It's more of a tragedy than a joke. But a plum pudding need not be indigestible. There's a way to make a plum pudding even more delicious than when made in the pasty, soggy, conventional way—make it with Roman Meal entirely, using no pasty flour or bread crumbs at all.



The above is from a photograph of Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., taken in his 77th year.

A pudding so made, will not have a suggestion of sogginess. It will be granular—open and porous to the digestive fluids which will pour through the food mass as freely as water pours through gravel, and digestion will be prompt and perfect at one time, thus avoiding fermentation from non-digestion of the starch, which cannot be avoided when the pudding is soggy and gummy, as must be the case when made of pasty flour.

Here is a recipe for a Christmas or Plum Pudding, which, if you will use it, will ensure that hereafter you will never use any other:

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

1/2 lb. raisins	1 cup grated raw potato
1/2 lb. currants	3/4 lb. chopped suet
1/2 lb. dates	1 cup grated raw carrot
1/4 lb. almonds	4 cups Roman Meal
1/2 lb. peel	1 teaspoon allspice
1 lb. cherries	1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 lb. brown sugar	1/2 grated nutmeg
4 eggs	

Put fruit, nuts, carrot and potato in basin, dredge well with one cup Roman Meal. Mix chopped suet with three cups Roman Meal, and add to fruit, etc. Cream sugar and eggs together and add this to mixture. Butter pudding bowl and pack to within one inch of top. Cover with waxed paper and tie cloth over bowl. Put in hot steamer and steam for about four hours. This recipe does not require baking powder or baking soda, although a little of either may be added if desired.

Keep in mind when considering the above recipe that the conventional plum pudding is very constipating as well as indigestible. By making your pudding of Roman Meal it will not only be delicious and digestible, but a natural laxative which will aid you in eliminating from the food or life canal the results of the other food excesses usually indulged in at Christmas time.

If you have been a Roman Meal user you already know its health-building properties and will be ready at once to try this new way of using it. If you have not used Roman Meal here is a delightful way to begin to use it, and one that will make you an enthusiast—so pleased will you be with its deliciousness and its nutritive and health-building results. You will realize you have never tasted the best in Plum Pudding before, and at the same time you will be building health instead of disease. Most foods used at Christmas Feasting add to the acid residues in the blood, which are the real cause of disease. Roman Meal is the reverse; it adds alkalis, the opposite of acids. And the Christmas Pudding Season brings us close to the New Year. Start it off by a more sensible, more healthful diet. If you will write me I will gladly send you my booklet, "How to Keep Well," and other health literature. Address Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., 516 Vine Avenue, Toronto.

Robt. G. Jackson M.D.

Brussels Sprouts with Chestnuts

- 1 Quart of Brussels sprouts
- 1/4 Pound of chestnuts
- 1/4 Cupful of butter
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of sugar
- Salt and pepper

Cook the Brussels sprouts in boiling salted water until tender. Remove the shells from the chestnuts by gasling in several places, rubbing with a cooking oil and placing them in a hot oven until the skins are loosened. Cook the butter and the sugar together until browned, stirring constantly, add the shelled chestnuts and cook until browned. Then add the drained sprouts, heat together and season with salt and pepper.

And The Day After

(Continued from page 59)

eaten or left alone as appetite dictates.

Well, that meal wasn't much trouble and left you plenty of time for tidying up during the morning. Of course, if there had been just "pickin's" left on the goose it might have taken a bit longer, but not much, to mix up the loaf which you had planned for such an event. Here is the recipe for it:

- 1 Cupful of breadcrumbs
(or leftover stuffing, if any)
- 2 Cupfuls of milk
- 2 Eggs beaten
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of paprika
- 3 Cupfuls of cooked diced
goose
- 1/2 Cupful of canned peas or
other suitable vegetable.
- 1/4 Cupful of chopped pimiento

The ingredients are mixed in the order named and pressed into a greased loaf pan. Forty minutes in a slow oven—325 degrees Fahr.—is the time for baking, and the baked loaf is allowed to stand for ten minutes or so before unmolding. It may be served warm or cold and if you feel like dressing it up specially fine, serve it with a sauce made by slightly diluting and heating a can of mushroom soup. It may happen that there were no potatoes left, or that you had chosen to

have the Christmas dinner without any, so put a few in the oven to bake for this day-after dinner. They're good with either of the goose entrées.

If appetites were extra big or the bird smaller than you ordered the best thing to do is to break up the carcass, put the bones and all in the stock pot, add the bits of vegetables and gravy that may remain and have bowls of hot savory soup for one of the meals. If it is a bit weak in flavor reinforce it with a bouillon cube, a can of prepared soup, a bit of scraped onion, parsley, or the few sticks of celery which remain from the feast table.

Instead of the fruit cup suggested for dessert, a floating island might be served. Just a delicate custard sauce flavored with almond, poured over canned peaches, perhaps, and topped with a golden meringue. Or another general favorite—chocolate cornstarch pudding—would be good. Have it very tender and smooth and topped with fresh shredded cocoanut.

Dinner over, the dishes all washed and the kitchen tidied, and there's a lovely long afternoon to do with what you will. A brisk walk in the wintry air would be a good idea—and maybe you could make a holiday call—just dropping in to hear about a friend's Christmas and maybe sampling her Christmas cake. (Every piece means another happy month, remember). Or, some friends come over to your place for a chat before your fireplace and you enjoy a cup of tea and a piece of fruit cake together. Maybe the weather's bad and nobody goes out—you settle down comfortably to one of the new Christmas books; or if there are enough in the house for a foursome, a game of bridge on the new card table would be entertaining.

So, it gets to be suppertime; which means, tonight, a menu such as this:

- Onion or Mushroom Soup
- Shredded Cabbage and Peanut Salad
- Hot Biscuits
- Canned Fruit or Jam
- Beverage

Preparing for this meal you could shred the cabbage right after dinner and put it to crisp in a cool place. Chop the peanuts then too, if you like, and partly mix the biscuits. All you need at suppertime in this case is a few minutes to open the soup and heat it, pop the biscuits in the oven; mix the salad in a big bowl and open the fruit. No, that isn't going to take long and it's going to taste good.

Another little spell of washing up with everybody helping and there's a long cosy evening ahead. It has really been a lovely day—different, very, from yesterday, but almost as enjoyable.



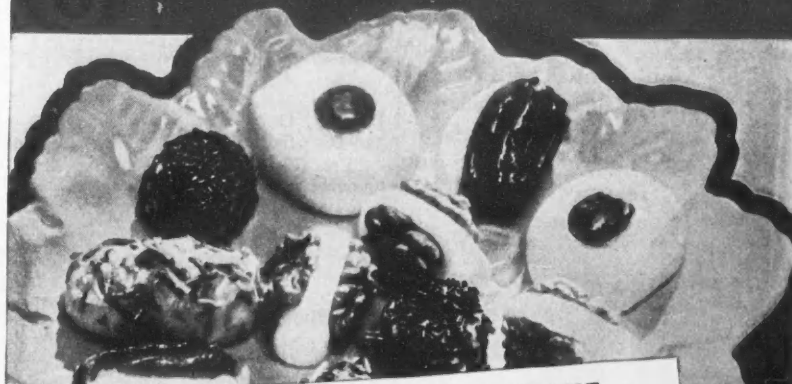
THE GREATEST GIFT

by ALAN CREIGHTON

There is no flash of tinselled lace
To bind most precious things.
No sparkling fineries encase
The best that Christmas brings:

The opened door, the rifted wall
Between those far apart;
The surge of tender thought for all
That flows from heart to heart!

Fondant Candies easy new way!



EAGLE BRAND QUICK FONDANT

- 1 1/4 cups icing sugar,
sifted
- 1/4 cup Eagle Brand
Sweetened Con-
densed Milk
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Blend sifted icing sugar gradually into Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, using fork. Add vanilla and continue mixing until smooth and creamy.

Fondant Variations: Use fondant between halved nut meats or as stuffing for dates. Or form into small balls candied fruits. Or flavor fondant with oil of peppermint or wintergreen, tint with vegetable coloring and form into round creams.

● Just blend 3 ingredients in a bowl! No cooking! No testing! And what creamy fondant you'll get! ● But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

FREE! New Cook Book of Wonders!

New! New! NEW! Just off the press! "Magic Recipes" is a thrilling new successor to "Amazing Short-cuts." Gives you brand-new recipes—unbelievably quick and easy—for pies, cookies, candies, frostings! Sure-fire custards! Easy-to-make refrigerator cakes! Quicker ways to delicious salad dressings, sauces, beverages, ice creams (freezer and automatic). Address: The Borden Company, Limited, Yardley House, Toronto 2, Ontario.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Prov _____
(Print name and address plainly).
3-125 This coupon may be pasted on a postcard. 122

AN IDEAL GIFT FOR YOUR FRIENDS

Solve the gift problem in a satisfactory, economical and simple way—choose

Chatelaine

A full year of entertainment and practical help.
See Special Low Gift Rates and full details of Every Gift Announcement Card on Pages 4 and 5.
"GIFTS THAT ARE YEAR-LONG"



**The
TOMATO
JUICE
COCKTAIL
needs**

**Lea & Perrins
SAUCE**

THE ADDED TOUCH THAT MEANS SO MUCH

FREE BUDGET BOOK

Send coupon below, without obligation on your part, for a 40-page Budget Book which will help you control your finances.

The Excelsior Life Ins. Co., Toronto, Ont.
Please send 40-Page Budget Book.
Name _____ Age _____
Address _____ H-3



"OPEN
your mouth and
SHUT your eyes
Niblets
IS ALWAYS A GRAND
SURPRISE!"



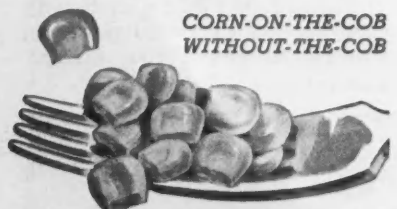
GRAND—because Del Maiz Niblets is big, golden, whole kernels cut from that food favorite of everybody... Roastin' Ears. Surprise... (especially during this time of the year) because no one hopes for or expects fresh corn.

And that's exactly what Niblets is... fresh corn from a can; "corn-on-the-cob-without-the-cob." Not just corn... but packed from an entirely new breed.

The kernels are a different shape... taller. The cobs are smaller. It's grown that way specially, so that when the whole kernels are cut from the cob, you get the big, plump, meaty hearts without the fiber that lies close to the cob.

There's nothing quite like Niblets... nothing quite so tasty, so good, so hunger-satisfying. Niblets makes all kinds of meal-appeal for folks from six to sixty... and beyond. Niblets is a golden magnet that draws young and old to the dinner table in a hurry.

But don't forget—not all whole kernel corn is Niblets. Del Maiz Niblets is a special brand, packed from an exclusive breed owned by Fine Foods and grown and packed in Canada.



FINE FOODS
of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ont.

Also packers of Green Giant Peas, Del Maiz Cream-Style Corn and Gerber's Strained Vegetables—Grown and Packed in Canada

Day Before Christmas

(Continued from page 58)

pudding will probably get as many votes as the Liberal Party and be elected by a vast majority. Mince pie is the popular and conservative choice of many, but if you want to reconstruct your menu, that ginger cream, recipe being given on this page will be a social credit to you. (Labor as I will, I can't get the C.C.F. into it except by saying that Christmas Cheer and a lot of Fun should be served up all through the dinner.)

If you have a fruit centrepiece you can turn to and devour that, or taper off lightly with the mints and a cup of coffee or tea, as you prefer. And there, if you are not replete and replenished it's no fault of mine!

I've let my enthusiasm run away with me, for I'm supposed to be talking about the preparations rather than the meal itself. But what else can you expect of a dieting woman?

It's a good idea to have a plan for that busy day of December 24, and to carry it out some way or other in spite of all the interruptions which are bound to occur. Content yourselves with three simple meals to save time and work up a big appetite for tomorrow. For suggestions, turn to the menu page. Or, you may have some equally good ideas of your own for meals which can be prepared in a few minutes. Those casserole and scalloped dishes are great for that and there is nothing better than a big bowl of soup for the main course, if you're a good hand with a can opener.

The Christmas dinner is what we are talking about—or should be. So let's begin.

Get the cocktail sauce out of the way and into the refrigerator. It is—quite properly—feverish with spice and should catch a real chill before coming to the table.

Prepare the goose by washing and scrubbing well with hot water to which a little soda (one teaspoonful to one quart) is added. Then rub the inside with salt and a very little sage and thyme. Or, some housekeepers like to use a few drops of lemon juice for sprinkling inside and out. Make the sage and onion stuffing or whatever alternative you think would do best by your goose. It might very well be a fruit forcemeat of prunes and apples, a perfectly seasoned mashed potato filling—with a little onion, of course, or some other favorite dressing. As for me and my house, we like the old-fashioned breadcrumb mixture I have suggested, and the added flavor of orange juice for basting, in the gravy and for garnish. You will need about four cupfuls of stuffing for an eight-pound fowl which will serve ten or twelve people. So stuff him, truss him, and have him ready to pop in the roasting pan (on a rack so the fat drips through as he cooks). Allow from eighteen to twenty-five minutes to the pound to cook thoroughly and acquire that shade of golden brown becoming to a goose as he rides on a platter.

Prepare the vegetables, shell the chestnuts if you are having them; and if you like, make the cream sauce which will keep in a covered jar and can be reheated when required.

Make the salad, turn into individual molds and put in a cold spot to set. Wash the lettuce and place where it will crisp and freshen. See about the dressing; if you use a prepared variety have plenty on hand, and if you like your own kind make up your supply.

Stir up the sauce for the pudding or put the ginger cream together—whichever you select.

Make or buy the mints, if that hasn't already been attended to. And salt or buy the nuts.

See that the linen supply has creases only in the proper places; have the silver shined

and the dishes ready. If you need to borrow anything, get that done today.

There may be something you can do about the table decorations today, and if so, get that much off your mind.

"Redd-up" the kitchen and make the house tidy—as tidy as you can with all the wrappings and ribbons and nice Christmas muss about.

Put the children to bed early and get ready to help Santa Claus. Then, sweet dreams until dawn and in the morning a Merry Christmas to you!

Cocktail Sauce for Oysters

- 1 Cupful of tomato catsup
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of vinegar
- 1 Teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce
- ½ Bouillon cube
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of boiling water
- Juice of 1 lemon
- Salt and cayenne to taste

Combine the catsup, vinegar and sauce and add the bouillon cube which has been dissolved in the boiling water. Add the lemon juice and season with salt and cayenne. Serve very cold with sea food.

Sage and Onion Dressing

- 4 Cupfuls of dry bread crumbs
- ¾ Cupful of hot water
- ½ Cupful of melted butter
- 1 to 1½ Cupfuls of minced onion
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of pepper
- About 4 teaspoonfuls of powdered sage

Pour the hot water over the breadcrumbs and let stand for 10 minutes. Press out superfluous water and add the onion which has been lightly browned in the butter. Season with the salt and pepper and the sage.

Ginger Cream

- ½ Teaspoonful of gelatine
- ¼ Cupful of cold water
- 1 Cupful of milk
- 2 Egg yolks
- ¼ Cupful of sugar
- Pinch of salt
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of ginger syrup
- 1 Teaspoonful of vanilla
- ¼ Cupful of preserved ginger, cut in pieces or sliced
- ½ Pint of whipping cream

Soften the gelatine in the cold water for 5 minutes. Scald the milk, beat the egg yolks slightly, add the sugar and salt and gradually add the scalded milk. Cook over hot water until the mixture thickens, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Add the softened gelatine to the hot custard mixture and stir until dissolved. Chill, add the ginger syrup, the vanilla and the sliced ginger. Fold in the cream which has been beaten until it will hold its shape and turn into the tray of a mechanical refrigerator or pack in ice and salt. Freeze until firm.

Cranberry Salad With Grapefruit and Grapes

- 4 Cupfuls of cranberries
- 3½ Cupfuls of boiling water
- 2 Cupfuls of sugar
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of gelatine
- ½ Cupful of cold water
- 1 Cupful of grapefruit sections, cut in pieces
- 1 Cupful of white grapes (seedless) or cut in halves and seeded

Wash and pick over the cranberries and cook until soft in the boiling water. Force through a sieve and add the sugar. Soften the gelatine in the cold water for 5 minutes and add to the cranberry mixture. Stir until dissolved and allow the mixture to cool until it begins to thicken. Add the grapefruit and the grapes and turn into cold wet molds. Chill until set and serve unmolded on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise and a garnish of the grapes.



BY APPOINTMENT

GOOD for Everybody

If you have never tasted Lyle's Golden Syrup, you have a delightful experience in store. Get some at your grocers today and try it. The whole family will be enthusiastic.

Lyle's Syrup is not a corn syrup—it is a pure sugar syrup imported from the famous Tate and Lyle refinery in England. It is sweet—far sweeter than corn syrup... more delicate in flavour. Just try it.



Your grocer has it.
1 lb., 2 lb., 4 lb. and
14 lb. tins.

Lyle's Golden Syrup

Packed by Tate and Lyle
Limited, 21 Mincing Lane,
London, England. 30

Made in Scotland FOR 100 YEARS

Pure, wholesome, reliable. For
NEW gelatine recipes for use
with mechanical refrigerators
write Cox, Box 73
Montreal, Department J. 21



ONLY worthy products and services are accepted for introduction to Chatelaine homes through the advertising pages of Chatelaine. By insisting on trade-marked lines of known quality and value, Chatelaine readers avoid costly mistakes when buying for their homes.

**NURSING
MOTHERS
SHOULD
DRINK
Delicious
OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD
BEVERAGE**

WHAT ELSE CAN YOU GIVE A MAN

that he'll use every day and carry over his heart for life!

A Gift that Every Woman, too, Would Joyfully Welcome. For this Revolutionary Pen Holds 102% More Ink — Shows When to Refill — Hence Ends Running Dry

Visible ink supply

Holds 102% more ink

This Handsome Plaskon Utility Gift Case serves as permanent depository for cigarettes or jewels

Ask to see these
Parker Vacumatic Pen
DESK SETS...

Giving a Parker Desk Set is liberating the home or office from messy inkwells — liberating a friend or loved one from eternal pen-dipping. Every Parker Pen is convertible to Desk Set use by the addition of the tapered pen end. Thus by giving a Parker Desk Set you give double use and value; the same favourite pen serves both in the pocket and at the desk.

MODEL ZA
 Handsome Gun Metal
 Mirror Base—\$5.00
 With Junior Vacumatic
 Pen—\$10.00

MODEL A.A.L.—Laminated Base to match the Parker Laminated Vacumatic Pens. In Silver, Burgundy or Green Pearl, \$9. With Pen and Pencil, standard size, \$20. With two Pens, \$24.

Other captivating creations in Parker Desk Bases from \$2.00 up (without pen).

This Christmas PARKER GIVES OUTRIGHT THIS SMART PLASKON UTILITY CASE

(for cigarettes, jewelry, or boudoir trifles) with the purchase of the Parker Laminated Pearl Pen and Pencil Set

This PRE-CHRISTMAS SPECIAL—this fashionable innovation—is a value that shoppers are secretly storing away so fast that these beautiful Plaskon Cases may be entirely gone any day.

So be an early-bird—go promptly and purchase the lovely Parker Vacumatic Laminated Pearl Pen and Pencil Set at any pen shop, department, jewelry, stationery, or drug store, and your dealer will mount it in this permanent Plaskon Case, for which he

will charge you absolutely nothing.

On receiving this gorgeous gift, your friend or loved one will merely transfer the Pen and Pencil to pocket, handbag, or desk, and put to use the smart Plaskon Case as a cigarette box, jewel case, or depository for bobby-pins, hairpins, etc. Made in Jet or African Brown with Ivory Plaskon lid—it's permanently strong, thoroughly durable, and extremely artistic.

So don't forget to ask for the famous "Parker" by name instead of for just "a fountain pen." For "Parker" is the name that your dear ones will look for on any gift Pen or Set—the name that will make them stand up and cheer on Christmas morn.

And remember that the Parker is the

only GENUINE Vacumatic Pen—contains NO RUBBER INK SAC—NO LEVER FILLER—NO SQUIRT-GUN PISTON PUMP—nothing to render it useless later. That's why it's MECHANICALLY PERFECT. Stop at the nearest pen counter and see the gift that leads all Christmas lists. The Parker Fountain Pen Company, Limited, Toronto.

WRITES TWO WAYS

This side writes fine, medium or broad

This side writes hair-line or fine

WITHOUT ADJUSTMENT

Merry Christmas!

Parker
VACUMATIC

Junior, \$5; Senior \$10

Pencils, \$2.50, \$3.50 and \$5

MADE IN CANADA



SILVO will keep
your **SILVER** lovely

This kindly polish will bring
back the radiant beauty,
make your silver glow
with velvet sheen. Silvo
is quick, safe and
gentle.



This delightful
Lady Hamilton de-
sign, Community
Plate, stresses
charming simplicity.
Silvo cherishes the
exquisite beauty of
all your silver.

Write us for free sample of

Silvo
LIQUID SILVER POLISH

RECKITT'S (Overseas) LIMITED, 1000 Avenue St., Montreal, P.Q.

Fry's Makes the cake

THE lasting, delicious fla-
vour of Fry's UNSWEET-
ENED CHOCOLATE in a cake
—in the glossy frosting or
delicious filling—results
from Fry's 200 years of
experience with cocoa
products. FRY'S UN-
SWEETENED CHOCOLATE
gives you generous food
value with the world's
most-loved flavour—
chocolate—at its best.

Fry's Unsweetened Chocolate is
packed in convenient separate 1
oz. squares which avoids waste
and ensures accurate measure-
ment. Send for recipe book.

Fry-Cadbury Ltd.,
Dept. 352, Montreal, Que.



Transatlantic Tunnel

(Continued from page 15)

I'd do it. Only—don't cry, Ruthie. I don't like wet parties."

"I'm—I'm a fool," she sobbed. "I don't know what I'd do without you. Maybe it's you I ought to've married."

"Now, don't worry; you've got the better man."

"I—I haven't got him. That's just it."

IN NEW YORK, reporters and sound-men surged about Mac. There was a volley of questions.

"Say, Mr. MacAllan, wouldn't you like to give us some of your personal experiences of what you feel like in the Tunnel? Here, wait a minute—wait a minute. What do you do down there nights when you're through? What sort of effect will the Tunnel have on the political situation? Aw, come on, Mr. MacAllan, give us a break. Is it true the Tunnel kills a man a minute? We've got to have a story—give us a break."

Half-laughing, half-angry, Mac thrust his way through them and made for Lloyd's house. Varlia, the millionaire's daughter, met him, and the ubiquitous newsreel men got a shot of the pair as she greeted him—a trifle too effusively, it struck Mac. He turned to Mostyn.

"Is that what I came over for?" he asked.

Mostyn smiled. "Yes, and you're going to take it and like it! My group controls a third of the tunnel shares, remember—"

"Thanks. . . if you'll excuse me." He entered Lloyd's office and shut the door. "See here," he complained, "I don't know if Mostyn's useful to you, but you're going to lose him suddenly unless you tell him to leave me out of his publicity."

Lloyd raised his eyebrows. "Oh, that?" he said. "That wasn't altogether Mostyn's idea; it was Varlia's if you want to know—Varlia's and mine. D'you know why you're really here?"

"Not to be photographed."

"That's just where you're wrong. You don't seem to realize there's a world crisis on. People are beginning to lose confidence in the Tunnel, and that reacts on everything connected with it. As far as the public is concerned, you are the Tunnel. We've got to get you on the front page—and keep you there."

"Over my dead body!"

"Yeah, that'd put you on the front page all right, but it wouldn't last. You've got to go places, make speeches, be photographed with the President—all that sort of thing."

"And what about the Tunnel?"

"You can't build the Tunnel without money. You expect me to find it. Well, I can't, unless people have confidence in it, don't you see? They believe in you—you're a romantic figure—"

"A dancing doll, eh? Very well—I'll do it, if that's the way you put it. Bring on your photographers—"

Thus in garish type, and splashed captions across world-circulation sheets appeared: "LOYD BEAUTY GREET'S TUNNEL KING—BIG DIGGER TURNS PLAY-BOY." Varlia Lloyd, the predatory beauty, looked with hungry eyes upon MacAllan, the doer of things, the man of action, the builder. Mostyn, Lloyd's partner, loved her too; but Varlia would have none of his type.

And back in England, Robbie the faithful friend comforted Ruth.

"Please be happy!"

She shook her head. "I'm terribly unhappy. When I had Geoffrey, it wasn't so bad, but now that he's away at school all the time. . . I don't want to hamper Mac—I don't want to be a burden to him, but I'm alone, Robbie. When he does come home, his real self stays behind there in the Tunnel.

I've lost him, Robbie. I'm not jealous, but sometimes I wonder—"

"He's never looked at anyone but you."

"Are you sure?"

"Don't be silly. Now, I want you to do something to please me. Get a job of work, Ruth."

"Work?"

"Yes; the hobby of the rich and the curse of the poor—work." He grinned at her.

Ruth looked down. "Something really worth doing."

"Yes; just as Mac thinks the Tunnel's worth doing."

She hesitated. "You know, if I were a man and could work in the Tunnel, then perhaps I wouldn't hate it so much, Robbie. I'll—I'll think about it."

She did more than think. Unknown to the rapt Mac, she applied for and got a post in the Tunnel hospital, where the tragic debris of the workings was tended. The reporter's rumor of "a man a day" was not altogether a scare; there were more than the normal risks of industry down there in that big tube under the sea. A new disease—they named it "Tunnel fever"—made its appearance, with paralysis and blindness as its chief symptoms. And one day Ruth fainted at her work.

MEANWHILE, FOR all Mac's publicity, Tunnel shares went down and down. There was something more, Lloyd reflected, behind their decline than mere public lack of interest and nervousness. Someone was deliberately forcing the market down. After a while he discovered who it was. In Grellier's office, Mostyn faced him.

"We know you've been selling," he said.

"But why? Why, Grellier?"

The munitions man looked at him narrowly. "I wonder if you understand," he said. "Sit down and take this in. I've every confidence in MacAllan as an engineer. I think the Tunnel is going to succeed. Then why unload, eh? Well, the dear public isn't so confident as I am, Mostyn. It's selling already, at any price. If I dump my three million on the market, it'll knock the bottom out of it altogether. The shares will go to practically no price at all. All right; when they get there, we'll buy 'em up—including those, I hope, of our dear friend, Lloyd. And that, my boy, spells control, complete control, of the Tunnel syndicate for us—"

"Us?" Mostyn was watching him carefully. "You mean—"

"I mean I'm not going to have the time to look after it," Grellier said. "I was hoping I'd be able to find an efficient Chairman. Now, if you throw in your own shares with mine, it'd be easier to find one, maybe."

Mostyn continued to stare at him for a full minute. "I get you," he said at length. "Yes, all right. I'm with you."

AND BACK in England Ruth was—blind. In her sitting room she faced Robbie.

"I'm going away from here," she said clumsily. "With Geoffrey; taking him with me—"

"What on earth d'you mean? Mac's on his way home."

"Yes; that's why I'm going. Because of—because of this." She touched her eyes. "You've—you've got to help me lie to him,

invent something. Tell him anything, only don't ever let him know the truth—"

"But—I can't. I see him every day, hang it. And anyhow he loves you; he'll love you more than ever."

"Three years he's hardly known I exist—since the Tunnel took him. Yes, I still love him, but does he love me? I won't have him stay with me out of pity. . . Just sorry for me. . . Anyhow, he's no longer alone."

"You mean—Varlia Lloyd? That's nothing—not a thing."

"How do I know that? Oh, Robbie, I do add to your troubles, don't I?"

He laughed uncomfortably. "Oh, that's all right. But how am I to tell him?"

"You can, Robbie. You must."

WHAT'S THIS—a joke? Mac stared round his empty house.

"No. Ruth's gone." Robbie's voice was harsh. "She's—left you. She's not coming back."

"Not—coming back? But why? You don't mean there's anyone else?"

"Why should you think that? And yet, why not? You've neglected her ever since this Tunnel was started. How many times have you broken your date with her, and then sent me to amuse her? She must be sick of the sight of me. And now for months you've been away in New York, with the papers full of you and Varlia Lloyd."

"Why, that was publicity—policy—surely you told her—"

"Yes, I told her. But did you ever bother to? You left her to think what she liked. And now she's left you. . . and you can't understand it!"

"Where is she?"

Robbie laughed unpleasantly. "You're too late. . . by several years. And what's more, I'm through, too. I can't work with you. . . any more."

Mac rubbed his eyes dazedly. "Ruth. . . leaves me and you. . . can't work with me any more. I see; so that's it, eh?"

"No! Not what you think, anyway."

"Any other reason?"

"N-no. Just that I. . ."

Mac stood rubbing his chin. "We've been friends for twenty years," he said slowly. "That, I suppose, is over. But you're not quitting. You're going through with it. Whatever happens, you're going through with it."

SO THE Tunnel, with Grellier and Mostyn now in control, went ahead. More years passed, with young Geoffrey growing up, living with his mother in a tiny cottage—and Mac deeper immersed in his work than ever.

"He shuts himself away from everybody; won't talk to anyone except about business," Robbie reported.

"Surely he'll talk to you?" Ruth asked. "No; he won't even talk to me any more."

That was the kind of bargain the Tunnel drove with its makers—that and more tragic ones. The work began to run into unforeseen difficulties; a seepage of water at the American end threatened the lives of every soul underground, and the danger was only averted by the sacrifice of fifty men, cut off in the emergency chamber. And then, worse. . .

Rising temperatures at each of the two tunnel faces—now not more than a few miles apart—prognosticated something serious. Men dropped like flies, and there was a steady trickle to the hospital.

"It's Hades up here," the foreman said at the drill-face. "It's my belief we're running straight into a submarine volcano, sir!"

"Rubbish," snapped Mac. "Drive ahead. We can't divert the Tunnel; it'd take years."

Nevertheless, the day came when he had to face Grellier with just that fearful possibility. The magnate shrugged his shoulders.

"As I understand it, this might be a volcanic belt extending hundreds of miles. That's possible, eh?"

"Anything's possible, Monsieur Grellier."

"Then—until you can give me an approximate time-limit for the work and an estimate of the final cost, I am not prepared to put any more money in the Tunnel."

[Continued on page 75]

"TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL"

is a Gaumont-British picture, directed
by Maurice Elvey.

MacAllan	Richard Dix
Robbie	Leslie Banks
Ruth	Madge Evans
Varlia	Helen Vinson
Lloyd	C. Aubrey Smith
Mostyn	Basil Sydney
Grellier	Henry Oscar
Mary	Hilda Trevelyan
Harriman	Cyril Raymond
Geoffrey (grown up)	Jimmy Hanley

—with special portrayals by—

George Arliss as Prime Minister of England
Walter Huston as President of the U. S.
Mr. Arliss and Mr. Huston kindly
volunteered their services as sup-
porting players for this film.



C397—Twenty-two distinct Canadian Artists Series Christmas Cards, priced at \$1.00.

DESCRIPTIONS OF HANDICRAFTS ON PAGE 70

C363—The Bracelet Wool Holder. Made of celluloid, it is practically no weight on the wrist, and keeps your wool clean and close at hand. 30 cents postpaid.

C322—Bookmark in black taffeta silk. The candlestick and words to be worked in gold chain stitch, and the candle and wax in white satin stitch. 2½ by 11 inches, finished; complete materials at 15 cents.

C410—Coal Mit. "Let me sit by the fire, and I'll lend a hand with the coal." This black felt cat will bring you luck in keeping your hands clean when working around the stove or grate fire. Stamped mitten, with cottons for working and ring, 35 cents.

C336—Needlework or Manicure Scissors. In fine steel with gilt body and long, sharp points. Price 35 cents.

C397—Christmas Card Assortment. Again, this year, the Studio is supplying Christmas cards of Canadian Artists Series. We have seen nothing to approach them for beauty and value. Practically all cards are copies of famous paintings—the largest, a copy of an old masterpiece in sepia, is worth framing. On fine, heavy stock, the printing is of the finest—beautiful, clear-cut coloring and well-expressed greetings. Twenty-two really fine cards, complete with matching envelopes; price per box, \$1.00, postpaid.

C393—Evangeline Apron. In deep delft blue linene, bound and worked in white, or in green linene with yellow—so fresh and dainty and handy to slip on. Thirty inches long by thirty-six inches. Stamped linene with cottons for working; price 50 cents, binding 20 cents.

C394—Pillow Cases and Towels. A very refined and unusual design in simple buttonhole and satin stitch. The stamped pillow cases are of finest, circular, linen-finished cotton, 36 by 42 inches, price per pair \$1.35. Towels are of finest white linen huckaback, 18 by 33 inches, at \$1.10 per pair. White or colored cotton for working, either pair 20 cents.

C395—Breakfast Tray Set in simple stitches. Friendly green trees and bright little flowers make this a particularly happy set—comprising tray cloth 15 by 24 inches, serviette, tea cosy and egg cosy. Stamped on white, cream or yellow linen, price \$1.00; cottons for working 20 cents. A cosy form can be supplied at 35 cents. Any small piece of flannel will answer for the egg cosy.

C398—Tea Towels. Large size, 22 by 32 inches, in the new French peasant pattern. Of finest Irish linen, ready hemmed and stamped in piquant design. Color combinations of green and yellow or blue and red. Price per pair, including cottons for working in colors to match towels, \$1.00.

C399—Bed Jacket, in simplest design. Instructions for making are sent with wool in white, pink or blue; price \$1.00.

C400—Crocheted Hat a la Russe. A snappy little affair, quickly worked and charming to wear. Instructions for making with wool in black, dark brown or hunter's green, price 60 cents.

C401—Knitting Box. The very latest

novelty, thirteen inches high. A very striking design but quickly worked—the crane in smoke blue and cords to match. Small lazy daisy designs are stamped on other three sides of box. Complete materials, including cardboard for foundation, \$1.00.

C402—Hollyhock Border Cushion. To be worked in buttonhole and satin stitch in vivid colors. Size 18 by 22 inches, stamped on black silk taffeta. Front and back are priced at \$1.25; on fine black art felt 90 cents. Cottons for working come to 30 cents and a form can be supplied at 60 cents.

C403—Dress Protector. To keep your dresses fresh and clean while on the hangers. Stamped on pink or blue taffeta silk, it is priced at 50 cents; stamped on finest white cotton, 25 cents; cottons 10 cents.

C404—Beverage Set. Tray cloth in green or yellow linen with tiny serviettes in rainbow colors—two each yellow, green, pink and blue. A machine stitching in red is run around each piece before fringing, and the little roosters are worked in simplest stitches. Tray cloth, 15 by 24 inches, and eight serviettes 6 by 9 inches. Price \$1.00 per set; machine cotton in red and colored cottons for working, 15 cents.

C405—"Dancing Girl" Fingertip Towels. Silhouettes in cross stitch stamped on fine white linen, size 13 by 18 inches. A single hemstitching or machine stitching is run across one end before fringing and selvedge finishes the other end. Narrowest possible hems are required down each side. The designs are very quickly worked and the result is very smart and modern. Price, with cotton for working, 55 cents per pair.

C406—Colored Linen Huckaback Towels with ready hemstitched hems—in the new tile blue, yellow and green, size 18 by 33 inches. Exquisite floral designs in cross stitch—poppies, fuchsias and honeysuckle. Please state color of towels and design desired. Price per pair \$1.45; cottons for working poppies 20 cents; for other two designs 17 cents pair.

C407—Hot Water Bottle Cover. You will find art felt much more serviceable and lasting than the usual knitting or crochet, and in pale shades of green, blue or pink, worked in dainty wools, it is as pretty as it is useful. Stamped art felt, wools for working and button are priced at 75 cents.

C408—An Old Fashioned Girl and Her Beau. A dainty pair of silhouettes in cross stitch. Size 7 by 9 inches, stamped on fine white linen; price per pair, including cotton for working, 35 cents.

C409—Cornflower Luncheon Set. (A tea cosy can also be supplied in this design.) In lazy daisy and stem stitch, with yellow crosses forming centres of flowers—a charming and fascinating design, yet simple and quick to work. Stamped on white or cream Irish linen, the 36-inch cloth with four serviettes is priced at \$1.45; the 45-inch set is priced at \$2.00. Cottons for working come to 20 cents. Stamped linen cosy is priced at 55 cents; cottons 10 cents, and a form can be supplied at 45 cents.

Cousin Carrie's Xmas Gift . . . or the quick Clean up

EXPERIENCES ANNUAL BEWILDERMENT AS TO WHAT TO GIVE COUSIN CARRIE FOR XMAS

AH! AN IDEA! A BISSELL TO MAKE THE DAILY CLEAN-UP QUICKER AND EASIER.

TAKES BISSELL HOME—ADMIRE BEAUTY OF THIS MODERN, STREAMLINED CARPET SWEEPER

DELIGHTED WITH HI-LO BRUSH CONTROL THAT AUTOMATICALLY ADJUSTS BRUSH TO RUGS OF HIGH OR LOW NAP: THUS CLEANING THOROUGHLY

MADE IN CANADA

\$5.95 [\$6.25 in West]

Modern women use their vacuum-cleaners just for periodic cleaning . . . they use the new, smartly-styled Bissell for the daily, quick clean-up. Only sweepers with Hi-Lo Brush Control—automatically and fully adjusts brush to rugs of high or low nap. Noiseless . . . costs nothing to run. At your dealer's. Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co. of Canada, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.

REFLECTS HOW HANDY FOR QUICK DAILY CLEAN UP. SAVES VACUUM CLEANER FOR PERIODIC CLEANING. . . DECIDES TO KEEP BISSELL HERSELF

BISSELL...the world's finest sweeper

Good morning

There is a fine feeling of neatness and cleanliness in Aristo Rubber Aprons. They prevent soiling - reduce washing and add a grace to household tasks. Economical as well.

The Canadian General Rubber Co. Limited, Galt, Ont.

ARISTO

RUBBER APRONS

Earn Extra Money At Home

Here At Last is a delightful Home Business for women. Many earn fine profits regularly. Why not You? Learn "Furcraft Service" easily, quickly. A real opportunity to use your natural talents. Mrs. Sowers says, "I average \$40 per month." Mrs. Pulley says, "I made \$80 last month from Furcraft, thanks to you." Investigate! Write Today.

FREE BOOK tells all about this high-class craft. Nothing like it. Earnings start now. No traveling, no selling. If you want to Earn Money, Rush letter or post card for the Free Book Today. No obligations.

N. W. FUR CO., 349 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

BABY

Needs Cuticura

SOAP AND OINTMENT

for that chafing!

SOLD AT ALL DRUGGISTS



SOME LAST-MINUTE GIFTS

From Chatelaine's
Handicraft Studio

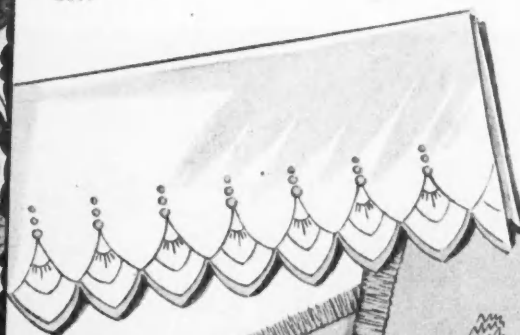
For description and prices
see opposite page



C407



C399



C394

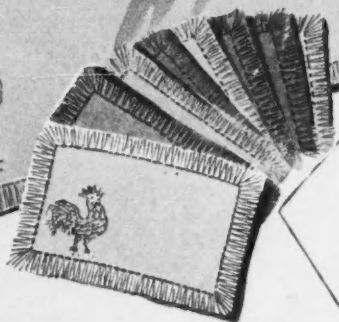


C395

C393



C404



C403



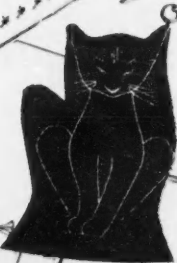
C408



C336



C410

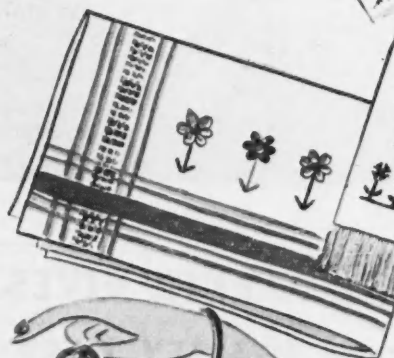


C405

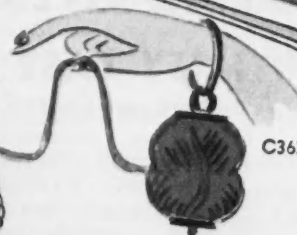
C322



C400

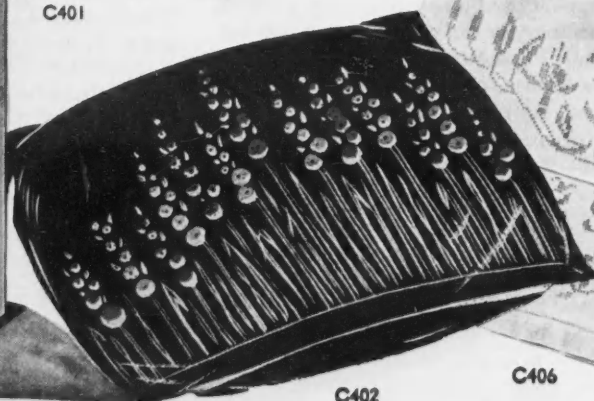


C398



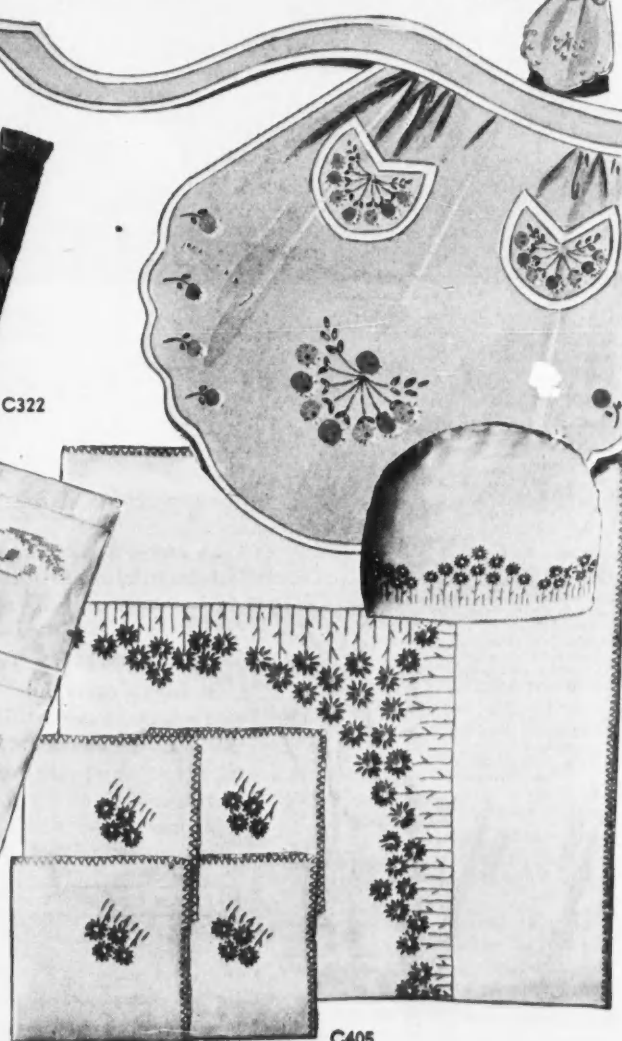
C363

C401



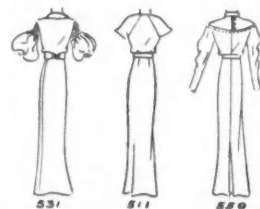
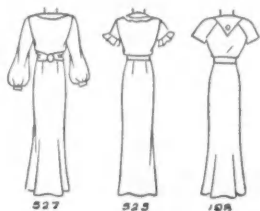
C402

C406



C405

DETAILS OF CHATELAINE PATTERNS SHOWN ON PAGES 39, 41, 43



No. 527 — Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 39 inch material.

No. 525 — One-piece or tunic-dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches. Size 36 requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 35 inch lining for tunic dress.

No. 198 — Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 39 inch material.

No. 531 — Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 511 — Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires 4 yards of 39 inch material.

No. 550 — Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 538 — Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 39 inch material.

No. 548 — Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 39 inch material.

No. 26 — Three-quarter length smock. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 42 and 44 inches. Size 34 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 551 — Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches. Size 34 requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.

These are Chatelaine Patterns. They may be obtained from stores in most cities, or direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. If your favorite dealer does not carry them in stock, we would be glad to have you give us his name and address. When ordering patterns name the number and size of the style desired.

The Girl on the Island

(Continued from page 44)

don't use make-up much. I have a lip-stick."

Mrs. Creswell shuddered. "Please don't trouble. It doesn't matter."

"I'm so sorry," Holly hesitated, then said more briskly. "Breakfast will be ready in a few minutes."

"I never take breakfast, thank you." When the girl had gone, Mrs. Creswell put her head in her hands and groaned for Phoeny.

Paul noticed, of course

"You're looking tired, mother. Would you like just to sit about? Holly and I were going for a walk round the island, but if you'd rather—"

"In this rain?"

"We like walking in the rain." He grinned at Holly. "That's the only thing we've found to agree upon yet."

"I'll go with you," Mrs. Creswell decided suddenly, and to Holly who came in just then, a beret over her tumbled hair and buttoned into a stained and ancient raincoat, over her bathing suit, she said:

"I've decided to come for a walk with you. The air will do me good."

Whatever Holly thought about that was not apparent.

"It's very wet air," she said dubiously. "In that frock . . ." Then solved the problem generously. "You take this raincoat. I can borrow a flap of mackintosh that Maria has."

That was how she put it, solving the problem, but it created one for which Mrs. Creswell found no solution—that was, looking like a tramp. She turned away from the mirror which gave her that

horrid vision of herself, and thought in bitterness that looking like a tramp at nineteen was quite possibly a joke; certainly so, to judge by the shouts of laughter which Holly, in Maria's dreadful garment, provoked. But at forty-five, after a sleepless night and without make-up, one could not look like this. Better to stay at home and let those two laugh themselves into intimacy all over the island.

SO IN the end she went, hating it, feeling her face turn blue under the pitiless rain. Skin like leather that girl must have—brown leather. Rain and wind did nothing but whip color into it. And they were running, the pair of them, clambering over rocks while she stumbled along in her inadequate shoes. And more than his forgetfulness of her did she loathe Paul's solicitude when he came clambering back to help her, to commiserate on her state.

"Mother, darling! You look at your last gasp. You shouldn't have come out."

"I'm quite all right," she said acidly; a tone she never used with him, and he looked at her strangely.

"Anyhow, it's time we were getting back."

He called to Holly, and she, posed on a rock, turned to answer with a hail. She looked most improbable, the rain-cape winged out by the wind; a bat, with a woman's glistening, naked legs, and shapely head.

"Picturesque?" Paul said, but Mrs. Creswell simply could not meet requirements. She turned and began to squelch up the beach in her sodden shoes. She was almost dumb with irritation when Paul, who had waited for Holly, caught her up, and not appreciative of his swinging her along on his arm.

"Holly, have you lots to eat? I'm starving."

"Lots," Holly said. "Thank goodness. I got in the week's provisions yesterday."

"I hope," said Mrs. Creswell, "that we won't consume the entire week's supplies."

Neither of the two noticed the edge to that. Paul said, "Mother lives on air, you might have noticed. She's one of those

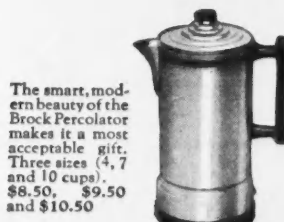


A WORTHY EXPRESSION OF YOUR CHRISTMAS WISHES

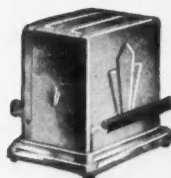
THIS Christmas, let your gift be a subtle compliment to the good taste of the recipient. Let the intangible qualities of friendship and affection find expression in the real and enduring quality of electrical gifts by Westinghouse, thus keeping memories fresh with constant evidence of your thoughtfulness by gifts which daily minister to the needs and comforts of those you would remember.

Your Westinghouse dealer has a wide variety of attractive gift suggestions . . . beautifully boxed and worthy of interpreting your Christmas greetings to those you hold in high esteem.

CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY, LIMITED
HAMILTON, ONTARIO • Dealers throughout Canada



The smart, modern beauty of the Brock Percolator makes it a most acceptable gift. Three sizes (4, 7 and 10 cups) \$8.50, \$9.50 and \$10.50



The trim lines and gleaming nickel finish . . . the extra convenience of toasting two slices both sides at a time . . . that's why she'll like an Autocrat Toaster \$8.75

For the hostess who likes to entertain informally nothing could be more useful than this beautiful Waffle Iron. . . \$9.95



This electric warming pad will prove an endless source of comfort and convenience . . . whether you give it to your grandmother or your daughter . . . \$6.00

Every house needs
Westinghouse
Electric
APPLIANCES

Trade your Money for *Known Quality*



BE absolutely sure of this: It is our steady national advertisers who give you maximum value for your money. Into their products they put better quality, better workmanship and better value, than you can count on from makers of those imitation or substitute products which you may be asked to buy or accept, recommended to you with this strange saying, "They are not advertised, but they are just as good". What is it, think you, which led the makers of imitation products to make them? It is this: The belief that *you* can be induced to accept them.

Do not trade your dollars for products which imitate those whose favour with you they are trying to take away. Remember that national advertisers cannot afford to deceive you. They have too much at stake to do anything to destroy your confidence in them and their product. Their investment in plant and in goodwill is too heavy to let it be menaced by false statements. Your loyalty and favour are too valuable to be lightly lost.

"Repeat" business is dependent on complete satisfaction with the product and its price. National advertisers are ever on their toes to make their product as good and as cheap as it can be made—to retain continuity of your custom. These same things cannot be said with equal truth of their non-advertising imitators.

Many products now in general use started as luxuries at high prices. National advertising has so increased their consumption and production that they are now available to everyone at moderate prices.

Refuse imitation products which are offered to you for acceptance with the specious recommendation of "They are just as good."

[[This is one of a series of talks on why nationally advertised products should always be asked for and insisted on.]]

Transatlantic Tunnel

(Continued from page 68)

Mac stormed, besought and pleaded, but in vain. Grellier, Mostyn, Lloyd—all fought shy of the immense proposition now. Only Varlia Lloyd was loyal. She went to Mostyn. "You could afford to finance the Tunnel work for three months, couldn't you, while they find out what this thing is?"

"I could, of course, but—" "You've always got everything you wanted, haven't you?"

"Always—yes." "No—not quite always. You wanted me. How much do you want me—in dollars?"

He grinned. "Oh, I see—a bargain, eh?" She nodded. "Yes. Shall I tell Mac he can go ahead?"

"I'll tell him myself."

THUS MAC, all unknowing, got the funds for his last desperate drive past the fiery peril, and Mostyn got—But Mostyn had forgotten, had not reckoned with another factor. Grellier. Grellier had relied upon him to throw every obstacle in the way of the Tunnel, so that the final strings of control might pass into the hands of the Armament Corporation. And now Mostyn had betrayed him.

With such opponents, Grellier had his own methods. Before Mostyn could take his reward from Varlia, he was followed, set upon, and murdered. But the Tunnel—the Tunnel proceeded, and now Mac had a different and more pressing anxiety. His son, a grown youth now, appeared with Robbie, masked and overalled, at the infinitely dangerous Section K. Mac paled.

"What's the meaning of this?"

"Well, it's a bit of a responsibility being your son, you know. All the fellows at school always expected me to do the risky things because of you. I did, too."

Mac turned away. "You can stay."

Father and son, together at the drill face, in the terrific heat and the constant, terrible danger—and in her little cottage, Ruth sitting waiting day in and day out for the return of her son. A visitor one afternoon—Varlia. With Mostyn gone, the strange girl made another attempt to win Mac.

"You remember me, Mrs. MacAllan—I met you once, when the Tunnel was first planned."

"Yes, of course I remember you."

"I'd—I'd like to speak to you alone. I want you to divorce Mac, Mrs. MacAllan—"

Ruth sighed. "I'm so sorry for you."

"You're not. You're only sorry for yourself. I can't understand how you can be so callous. Can't you see how he's suffered? How he's changed? Can't you see..."

Something in Ruth's expression stopped her. She gasped and stammered. "You—you're blind?"

Ruth nodded slowly. "Yes, I'm blind," she said. "That's why—I couldn't see." Varlia fled, sobbing. In face of this, she knew that her romance with Mac lay in ruins; even her grasping soul quailed before those sightless eyes.

AND IN the Tunnel came disaster. "Emergency, section K!" the panic-stricken message flashed to the control room. "Gas explosion! Close section K!" Mac, at the controls. "How many men are there?"

"Hundreds. They're just changing shift. Close section K!" Close section K! Mac, grey-faced, shouting into the instrument. "My son—have you seen my son!"

"Close the section. For heaven's sake close the section or every man dies!" Mac's hand shot to the levers.

Crowds at the Tunnel mouth, shouting. "Murderer! Murderer! My son—where's my son? My father—my husband..." Ruth and Robbie, watching. "Where's

Mac? Can you see him?" Ruth asked.

Mac, howled at, almost torn to pieces. "They're against him, Robbie," from Ruth. He tore himself from her. "Wait here! I must go to him."

At the jaws of the Tunnel they met. "I'm going back," panted Mac. "I've got to find out what happened. I want four volunteers."

"I'll get you three."

"Four."

"I'm coming with you."

Ruth alone in the crowd. "If—if anything's happened to Geoffrey, Robbie! Is he all right? Tell me he's all right, Robbie? Why don't you answer me?"

A secretary, woodenly reading out names. "List of known casualties: Simon Brown, dead. Robert Turner, dead. John Graham missing. Geoffrey Marland, dead—"

"Who?" Ruth's voice broke.

"Marland, madame. Geoffrey Marland—"

"Get out of here!" Mac appeared suddenly. "Get out, I say! Get out!"

The man scurried off, and Mac turned to Ruth. "So—you did work in the Tunnel, didn't you? Oh, Ruth, why didn't you trust me?"

"Mac, is Geoffrey... all right?"

There was a little silence. "He couldn't have suffered much... honestly... the smoke, it must have been over quickly."

He took her in his arms. "Yes, it's pretty hard on us both, my darling. I did like him so much. He liked me, too, I think. Silly kid, he thought I was a sort of god... and the god let him die. Give me a little comfort."

Robbie, quiet and unflurried. "The latest reports from section K, Mac. Temperature rising. I've got the men... they're waiting."

Mac, at tense attention again. "Fine! Bring them along!"

"You can't go!" from Ruth. "No, I won't let you. You're all I've got... I love you so. Must the Tunnel take everything?"

"Yes."

"It has taken everything. Oh, I'll get back my sight, they say; but who'll give me back my son?"

Mac swung round to her. "You're right; it's taken everything. But if I'd my choice again and my life again, I'd do just the same. Because I believe—I believe that my work will bring peace to the world."

"Peace?"

"Say you believe it—"

"If you believe it—yes!"

"Tell me to go, then. Kiss me... and tell me to go!"

Ruth faced him with streaming, sightless eyes. "I... want what you want," she said. "I believe what you believe. I love you, and I tell you to go."

IN THE murk and stifling gloom, at the American face of the Tunnel. Men bending, listening.

"They'll never get through—"

"We can hear 'em. Shut up and listen. There they are!"

Very faint, echoing through the darkness.

"Hello! Hello, America!"

Whispers and excited murmurs. "They're through, boys! They're through!"

Mac's voice once more. "How far do you make it? Are you ready to blast?"

"We're ready, if you'll take the risk."

"Let's chance it. Go ahead."

A muffled, thunderous report, a gigantic trembling of the surrounding earth. Fumes, swirling and lifting—a great jagged hole. And in the hole Mac's face, lit with a kind of holy excitement.

"Hello, America!"

"Hello, Europe!"

Above ground, on both sides of the Atlantic, bells and rejoicings, celebrations, with the Prime Minister of Great Britain and the president of the United States echoing one another over the air. The peace of the world assured by this link between the English-speaking nations—the downfall of Grellier and all his evil plans. Peace for the world, as Mac had said; but for him and Ruth and Robbie, once more united in friendship and understanding, there was also peace—tinged with regret for a price paid, a young life given, but peace notwithstanding.



SUCCESSFUL MEN have often come from humble homes

Many, in spite of adversity, have struggled day and night to acquire an education. Others have found the struggle too great. Some, "whose hands the rod of empire might have swayed, or waked to ecstasy the living lyre", had no chance to use their talents, and the world is that much poorer.

Today, by an easy plan, every child can be fully assured of a future in which he or she will be able to prepare for a place with successful men and women.

The finest Christmas gift you can give your child is a Mutual Life Endowment for educational purposes.

And while planning for your child's future consider his mother too. Our "Life, Premiums to 60" Policy will protect her and bring you peace of mind. The premiums cease at age 60 and liberal dividends are paid during the life of the policy.

Full particulars of these policies will be sent on request.



MUTUAL LIFE

OF CANADA

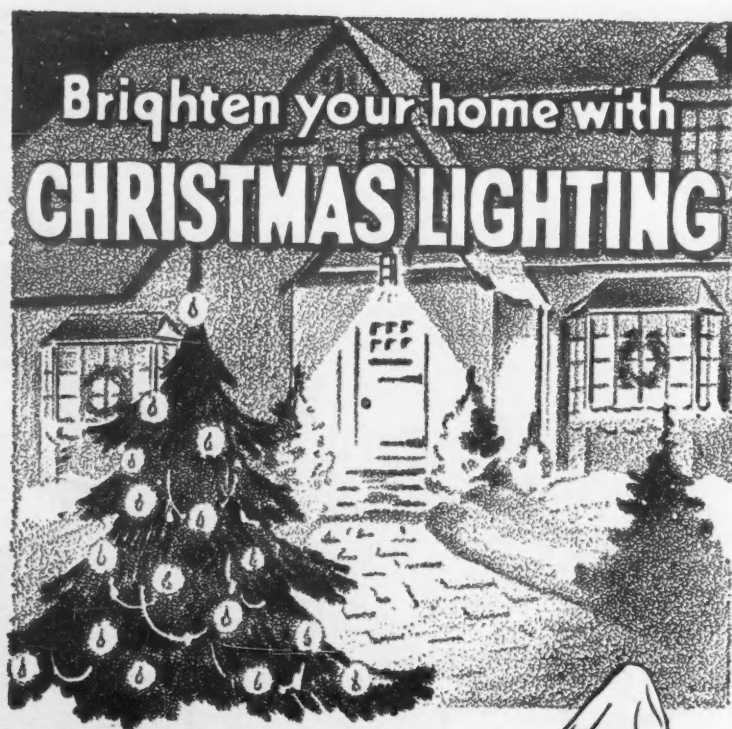
Established 1869

Head Office:
WATERLOO, ONT.

EVERY DOLLAR OF
SURPLUS EARNINGS
PAID OR ALLOTTED
TO POLICYHOLDERS

The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada, CE
Waterloo, Ontario.
Please send me details of your "Life, Premiums to 60" Policy and your Children's Endowment Policies.

Name _____
Address _____
Age _____ Ages of children _____



LET colorful lights add festive beauty to your home—indoors and outdoors. Choose now from the many beautiful effects achieved with dependable EDISON MAZDA Lamps.



L-135

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

MADE IN CANADA

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., Limited

THE CHATELAINE SEAL OF APPROVAL

CHATELAINE INSTITUTE SEAL on a product is a real safeguard to the buyer. Chatelaine Institute Approved Products have passed thorough housekeeping tests. In addition, every approved



food product has satisfied our chemists in regard to purity and quality. Similarly, every approved appliance has satisfied our engineers on the soundness of its construction.

Fine craftsmanship in silverware deserves the beautiful finish that only "Goddard's" can give.

"Goddard's"

Plate Powder
In Boxes

Liquid
Plate Polish
In Tins

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers
J. Goddard & Sons, Ltd., Leicester
England

**"It's the Best
Christmas Gift
I ever had"**



10 full-power SPEEDS
unvarying

A correct speed for every job—new type elongated beaters aerate more thoroughly and not a particle of any ingredient escapes them. Everything made more delicious. Mashes potatoes, for instance, so they melt in your mouth. Whips cream in almost no time. See it at Hardware, Electric and Department Stores, or write factory: Flexible Shaft Co., Ltd., 343 Carlaw Ave., Toronto, Ont.

MIXMASTER

The only electric food mixer by that name.

fortunate people who never need food. Just right to be marooned on an island."

It was strange, Mrs. Creswell thought, detached from a moment from her physical misery, that the child of one's flesh could live year in and year out with one, eating many thousands of meals opposite one, and never discover the truth about one's appetite. Even now, after years of discipline there were times when Mrs. Creswell found the smell and the sight of the food she denied herself a sheer agony.

"That's why she's like a willow wand," Holly said nicely. "But Maria is the best cook in the world. And she has made bread specially. Hot bread, Paul!"

It made Mrs. Creswell quite sick to sit through that meal; to watch the two eating with such zest; to begin and end her own meal with the hors d'oeuvres; to refuse the fish swimming in its sea of black butter, dotted with fried parsley, and the rolls of stuffed meat, and the sweet which was chocolate and cream diabolically con-founded. Holly was dismayed, and regretful because she had none of the special biscuits which Mrs. Creswell had eaten for so long, that she had forgotten the taste of bread. But fruit—of course there was. She went herself to the kitchen and came back in a state. It had been forgotten. She had certainly bought a great deal yesterday. But there seemed to be none.

"Well, it won't hurt me to starve for a bit," Mrs. Creswell said as pleasantly as she could. But it hurt, terribly, and the next day her resistance broke. Broken, her will was swept away, and she ate, ravenously of all those terrible, wonderful things Maria prepared; every mouthful, she knew, a yielding to the enemy she had fought for the last ten years. She ate guiltily and thought of Pheeny's triumph.

All through that wild afternoon she slept, and woke to find that Paul and Holly had arranged the days which lay ahead. Because it would be days. Sometimes these gales lasted a week, a fortnight. And so something would have to be done to prevent boredom. They were going to work. Holly had a room at the top of the house where she worked, because this was not entirely a holiday. She was drawing, designing. She took her work very seriously. Paul's face was alight as he told his mother what they intended to do. "I'm going to plan a house, and Holly's going to design furnishings for it."

Hate and rage did things to one's face, Mrs. Creswell found one morning when she had the courage to look into her mirror for a protracted period. This was more than lack of make-up. These lines came from within, from her thoughts, from her boredom in that silent house; while the two, shut away up there in the top room were doing God knew what. Working probably, but that was the worst thing of all. And suddenly, looking at her face, following the lines round her mouth, she saw what Maria's cooking had done—Maria with her infernal oil and butter and cream. Might that precious cow which mooed through the stormy nights be annihilated! It was the cream. Of all earth's things hardest to resist was the cream. And one was shut up, nothing to do, no escape from that cream and the smell of butter frying! It was her chin. Just that. Just that one contour gone, and her face was changed. She was middle-aged with that chin, and those lines. No creams, no powders, no rouge for her lips which could not afford to be without rouge. She was just a middle-aged woman in a slightly soiled frock; and not even a pleasant middle-aged woman, because she could not keep her thoughts out of her eyes or her mouth. She became almost hysterical looking at herself there, and for the first time was grateful for Paul's absorption in this horrible girl. Perhaps, she thought, he would not notice. For four days

he had not said, as he used to say daily, "You look marvellous."

That night Paul's eyes were on her. Often. Whenever she looked up, he was staring at her, and when he came to say goodnight he sat on the end of her bed and looked at her more than he spoke—young, intent looks of discovery, and she could almost see what was happening in his mind, saw him making that comparison which he inevitably made; assessing, valuing, bewildered at first, but getting clearer, and at last, shy and shining, he let her know he had found sanction for his resolve. When he told her, it was not with the ease and assurance of one comrade to another which had always marked their relationship.

"I want to marry Holly, mother. I know you don't like her, but you will if you'll let yourself. And mother, whatever happens, I've got to have her."

His egotism made her hate him for a moment, but her hate moved quickly to the girl who had taken him. This girl, no better, no worse than dozens he had flirted with, but the first he had actually perceived, in her own element, undiminished by comparison.

Inevitable. The word dinned in her ears all through a sleepless night. Inevitable. But she had thought to beat the law.

She did not give in without a fight. She battered at him, out of outrage and bitterness. But the spell was broken.

Holly, under attack, did not show resentment. She was very quiet, and considering her youth, very wise.

"I'll dislike you always; you know that, don't you?" Mrs. Creswell said.

"I don't think you will," the girl answered slowly. "I don't think you will, when you get used to it."

"I'll never get used to it! And don't imagine this is permanent. You've been thrown together here, and Paul has seen you against the one background where I could not compete with you. But I'll get him back."

"No, you won't. I'll fight as I've fought all this week. Perhaps I've fought meanly, hiding your bag, making Maria cook the things she did, keeping Paul in the studio—mean, but as fair as you've ever been to the girls he ever showed signs of liking. I had to destroy the glamor of your appearance and your personality so that he could see me, and he won't lose in the end. I can do all the things you've done with him. I can learn. And I can give him the thing you can't, the thing he has a right to, the adventure of his own life. You must let him have it. You must! And if you'll let go, you'll find it won't really hurt, after a while. I've seen, I know what it's meant to you, to keep Paul the way you've kept him. Why don't you give up and be comfortable and middle-aged, and just be his mother instead of being a rival to every girl he meets? He wants you like this. He has room for you as his mother, with me as his wife. But no room for you as you have been."

There was finality in Paul's decision to return to town to his job. Holly was going back, too, he said, and to his unspoken pleading Mrs. Creswell gave no answer. He insisted on this? Well then, she would go off with Pheeny to some quiet place. She would return in the autumn. They did not plan to be married before then? In the autumn they would see about things. Solitude she needed to re-establish herself, and then she could cope with this matter. But when she said good-by to them, she had, for the first time, a premonition that the solitude would merely presage the final emptiness. In their faces as they looked back to her was the shining, inevitable thing. And later, weeks later, in the emptiness, though she rebelled against seeing it, she perceived the nucleus of something strange, something new which might develop into an amplitude which might fill her world.





They were
we had a
I supposed
atching the
aid, rather
come down
ee we're on

at deduc-
people vote
I for reme-
ns can be
doubt. But
g the need
ational co-
ical oppor-
solve the
s so many
times.

side to the
compara-
ge centres
s. When

g out the
structure.
vernments

sympathy,
her a mat-
s an essen-

, no relief
ch as you

the title of
For there
ows. The
I you look
h which it
d." Which
urnace and
ome. And
ldly clear
w through

against one
es in the

sufficient
d with the

the greet-
quite catch
christmas"
uch more
ng merry.
n making

S
ve looked
own.

SPAGHETTI



Be an artist in your kitchen

A Heinz Emergency Shelf provides you with as many colourful combinations as an artist uses in painting a picture. Mix the rich, warm brown of Heinz Oven Baked Beans with the red of bacon strips and the fresh green of choice vegetables—what a picture for a hungry family these cool days!

Or turn out a tin of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti—golden strands of tender goodness curling in the luscious red tomato sauce that only Heinz can make. Thousands of cooks all over the world have voted this Spaghetti a masterpiece. The recipe, perfected by a famous Italian chef, has never been surpassed. Of course, the recipe isn't all. Heinz Cooked Spaghetti has unusual flavour because the dry spaghetti, itself, is Heinz-made

and because the Heinz sauce gives the dish a delicious Canadian accent.

In Heinz Cooked Spaghetti there is colour to entice, flavour to please and nourishment to satisfy hungry husbands and growing children—Durum wheat—milk—butter—special cheese—all blended and simmered with the patience and skill of artists by Heinz experienced chefs.

There are four kinds of Heinz Oven-Baked Beans—all actually baked in ovens—slowly—so that every big brown bean is mealy, crunchy, easily digestible. Then comes steeping in a delicious Heinz sauce. You used to hurry home from school as a youngster to get beans that tasted like these. Heinz uses the same old-fashioned oven method but saves you all the work.

You'll find Heinz Oven-Baked Beans or Cooked Spaghetti a blessing whenever you want a nourishing comforting meal for your folks. Ask for Heinz Cooked Macaroni, too. Prices are invitingly low.

H. J. Heinz Company, Toronto
Canadian plant established at Leamington, 1909.



BEANS

Chatelaine Advertisers Offer Suggestions to Help Solve the Christmas Gift Problem . .

ONLY worthy products and services are accepted for introduction to Chatelaine homes through the advertising pages of Chatelaine. Readers, therefore, can buy the lines advertised in Chatelaine with confidence of satisfactory service. By insisting on trademarked lines of known quality and value, Chatelaine readers avoid costly mistakes when buying for their homes.

Adex Tablets	55	Knox Gelatine	60
Arden, Elizabeth	49	Kodak	29
Aristo Products	52-71	Kruschen Salts	46-48
Bayer Aspirin	44	Lambert Pharmacal Co.	1
Beecham's Pills	50	Lea & Perrin's Sauce	67
Bissell Carpet Sweepers	71	Lewis Medicine Co.	50
Blondex	46	Listerine	1
Boots Chemists	47	Lyle's Golden Syrup	66
Borden Co. Ltd., The	67	Maybelline	47
Bromo Quinine	46	Mercolized Wax	40
Brownatone	48	Midol	39
Campbell's Soup	19	Mitcham Lavender	42
Canadian General Electric Co.	74	Mixmaster	74
Canadian General Rubber	52-71	Mustrole Co. Ltd.	46
Canadian Kodak Co. Ltd.	29	Mutual Life Ins. Co.	75
Canadian Spool Cotton, The	42	Northam Warren Ltd.: Cutex	37
Canadian Westinghouse Co. Ltd.	73	Oneida Community Ltd.	4th Cover
Cash, J. & J.	47	Orlex	50
Castoria	53	Ovaltine	66
Ceylon Tea Bureau	62	Parker Pen Co. Ltd.	69
Chalfonte Haddon Hall	42	Pedodyne Co.	48
Chesebrough Mfg. Co.	52	Phillips' Milk of Magnesia	54
Chipso	6	Pineoleum	46
Church & Dwight Ltd.	64	Pond's Extract Co. of Canada Ltd.	25
Coats' and Clark's Spool Cotton	42	Potter Drug & Chemical Co.	71
Courtaulds (Canada) Ltd.	38	Potter & Moore Ltd.	42
Cox Gelatine	66	Procter & Gamble: Chipso	6
Cream of Wheat	27	P and G Naphtha Soap	60
Cutex	37	Rexall Drug Stores	46
Cuticura Remedies	71	Rolls Razor	48
Dall Lace	46	Roman Meal	64
Dearborn Supply Co.	40	Rubinstein Cosmetics	47
Dominion Textile Co.	2nd Cover	Silvo	68
Dr. Jackson Roman Meal	72	Squibb Cod Liver Oil	55
Eagle Brand Fondant	67	Standard Brands Ltd.: Fleischmann's Yeast	23, 40
Edison Mazda Lamps	74	Sterling Products: Bayer's Aspirin	44
Evan Williams	42	Phillips' Milk of Magnesia	54
Excelsior Life Insurance Co.	67	Stevens-Hepner Ltd.	40
Fels-Naptha Soap	31	Tampax	28
Fine Foods of Canada Ltd.	66	Tangee	48
Fleischmann's Yeast	23-40	Tate & Lyle Ltd.	66
Flexible Shaft Co.	74	Taylor Thermometers	60
Ford Motor Car Co. of Canada	3	Vapo-Cresoline	48
Fry-Cadbury Ltd.	68	Vaseline	52
Goddard's Powder	74	Viceroy Mfg. Co.	52
Gouraud's Oriental Cream	42	Vicks VapoRub	52
Groves Bromo Quinine	46	Waterman Fountain Pens	56
Heinz, H. J.	3rd Cover	Woodbury's Creams	34
Helena Rubinstein Ltd.	47	Woodbury's Facial Soap	35
Hinds Cream	32	Yardley's Ltd.	50
Honderick Furniture Co.	20		
Houbigant	30		
International Silver Co. Ltd.	65		
Jackson's Roman Meal	64		
Jergens, Andrew, Co.	45		
Kellogg Co.: All Bran	63		
Keystone Ivory	40		

Compiled as a convenience to the readers of Chatelaine; this index is not guaranteed against occasional error or omission, but the greatest care is taken to ensure accuracy.

Windows..

by

H. NAPIER MOORE



IN KEEPING this appointment with you I'm afraid I have established a record in indolence. Since breakfast I have been nursing a pad of paper and a pencil, intending to get down to business. It's dark now, and I haven't got any farther than this.

The fact is that I have spent an entire day looking out of a window. It's a great weakness of mine—looking out of windows. I'm probably Canada's champion persistent window-looker.

It's a train window through which I have been gazing today. I'm especially good at looking out of train windows. During the past twenty odd years I have criss-crossed this Dominion so often that you'd think I would be able to settle down and read a book or look at picture postcards. But not me.

Here I've sat, for the umpteenth time, watching Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta go by; eyes glued on the vanishing point of the ribbons of steel pricked on an amazingly distant horizon; the ocean of rolling plain, now void of wheat and patched with rich blacks; watching the tiny figures of men guiding miniature horses and machines, spending Thanksgiving Day in earnest labor, for there has been snow along the line; watching the scattered rows of red-coated sentinel elevators silhouetted against a golden sky; the flash of passing boxcars filled with wheat.

THERE ARE other people looking out of windows, too. Across the fields, in isolated farmhouses, in rough shacks, there is a woman who runs to the window to watch the train go by. I think she must look at it rather wistfully. For where we are, unexpectedly early frosts killed what would have been a fine crop. In a few hours a year's hard toil has been rendered useless. There'll be no new dress for her; no new clothes and shoes for the youngsters. But when her man comes back to supper she'll be smiling.

Which is why the West will win out, as it has won out in the past. No man is licked when he has a wife with the spirit of the prairie woman.

A FEW weeks ago I saw another woman looking through another window. It was a gorgeous window, on Fifth Avenue, New York. This woman stood at the corner, and in a little pad, made rapid sketches of the latest French dresses which draped the models on the other side of the glass. Before the day was out her employers would be turning out cheap imitations of those dresses, to be sold off racks all over the continent.

Some of them will be hanging on a rack in a department store in the Northern Alberta town toward which we are speeding. But because of a night of frost a lot of women won't be able to even look at them.

The dining-car window. They were bright-looking youngsters, and we had a minute's chat. I said lamely that I supposed they got a lot of fun out of watching the train come in. One of them said, rather doubtfully: "Yes. But we really come down to watch the people eating. You see we're on relief."

"All aboard!" Off again.

YOU DON'T have to be a wizard at deduction to find out why numbers of people vote for Social Credit and other hoped for remedies. Whether or not these plans can be made to work is a matter of doubt. But there can be no doubt concerning the need of national understanding, of national co-operation and the sinking of political opportunism is an honest endeavor to solve the problem of living which confronts so many of our fellow Canadians in these times.

HAPPILY THERE is a brighter side to the picture. Some areas have fared comparatively well. Retail stores in the large centres report greatly improved business. When people get money they spend it.

The problem is one of evening out the hills and valleys in our economic structure. With that problem most of our governments are engaged.

But the matter of human sympathy, human understanding isn't altogether a matter of legislation, of statutes. It is an essentially personal matter.

No government, no city council, no relief board can have a human touch such as you yourself can provide.

THIS IS a Christmas issue. And the title of this article really fits in very well. For there are two kinds of Christmas windows. The kind you look out of and the kind you look into. There's the window through which it is hard to see because it is "steamed." Which means that there is coal for the furnace and warmth and cosiness within the home. And there's the window which is coldly clear because of lack of fuel. The window through which hungry children gaze.

There's a green wreath hung against one window, and blank, staring panes in the other.

Unless, of course, there are a sufficient number of people who are imbued with the real spirit of Christmas.

It has always seemed to me that the greeting "Merry Christmas" doesn't quite catch that spirit. I think "Happy Christmas" comes much closer to it. There is much more content in being happy than in being merry. Selfish people have no difficulty in making merry. They are never happy.

So I wish you

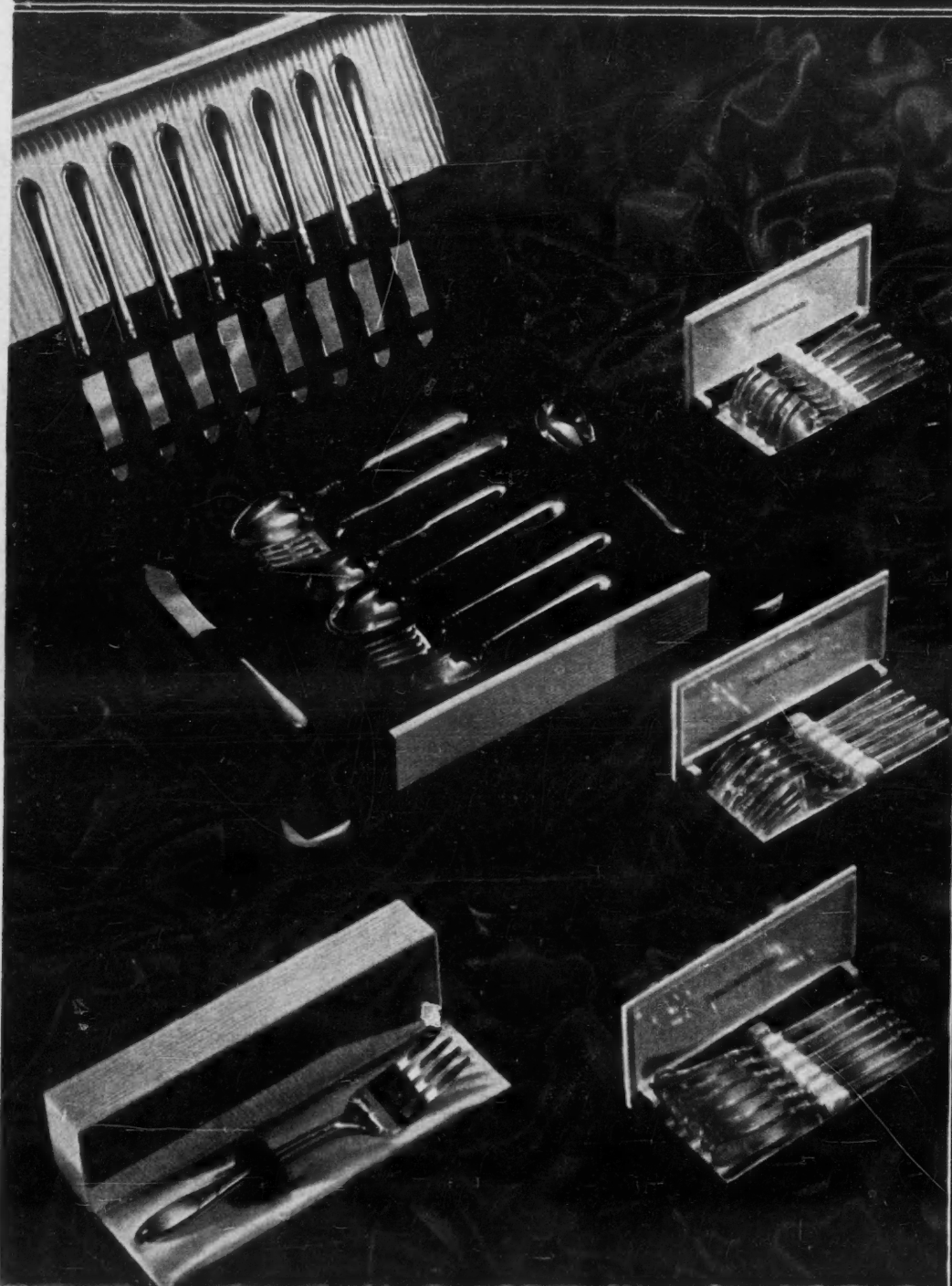
A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

Which means that you will have looked through other windows than your own.

AN HOUR ago we stopped for a few minutes. On the platform stood three small girls. They too were gazing through a win-

The Exquisite Tribute

Christmas morning, let her eyes feast on loveliness. Give Community Plate... of all Silverware the loveliest... and you have given beauty for all the years to come. You may choose from six distinguished designs, awaiting you wherever fine Silver is sold. Gift pieces are priced at \$1.50 and up.



COMMUNITY PLATE

— Leadership in Design Authority —

